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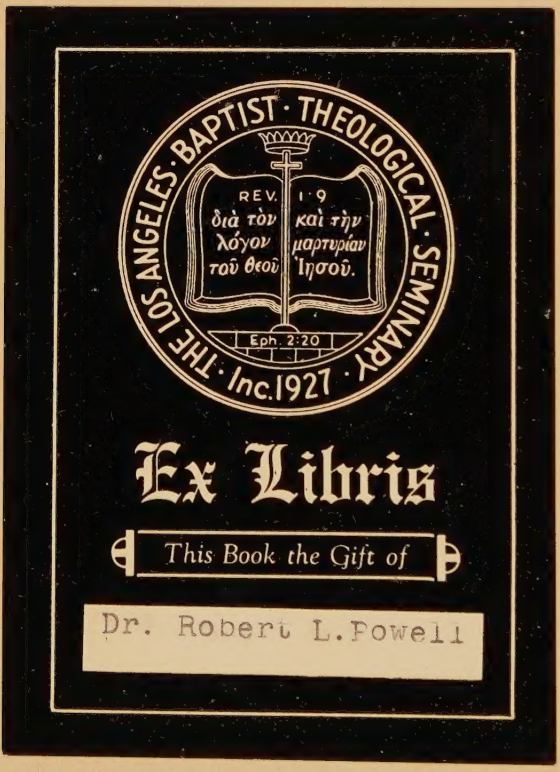
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JAMES GILCHRIST LAWSON

Author of

"Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians," "Daily Manna," "Greatest Thoughts about the Bible," "Greatest Thoughts about Christ," "Greatest Thoughts about God," of the Markings in "The Precious Promise Bible," "The Christian Worker's Testament," Etc.

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Preface

THE best religious anecdotes are rich treasures of Christian truth. They are often the best vehicles for conveying facts and, if striking and appropriate, are the most effective and powerful form of argument.

Jesus' preaching consisted very much of anecdotes and parables. He knew how to reach the multitudes who could not well grasp and understand abstract truths. The success of that prince of evangelists, D. L. Moody, was owing in very great measure to the frequency and aptness of his anecdotes and illustrations; and the same is true of many other noted evangelists and pastors.

Abstract truths are very much like untried theories; but anecdotes are their practical application and demonstration, and are therefore more convincing than arguments. No reasonable person can argue against theories which have been tried and proved.

Good anecdotes are the most important and most condensed facts of history. They embody the world's greatest experiences and noblest deeds stated in simple form which appeals to any intellect. They impress the mental vision and haunt the memory more than do abstract facts. They bring us into mental touch with the great minds and characters of all ages and climes.

It is hoped that this volume of the world's best religious anecdotes will be a help to ministers, evangelists, Sunday School teachers and Christian workers of all classes; and that it will prove a blessing as a devotional book in the hands of multitudes of readers. With this prayer in his heart, the compiler consigns this volume to the public; trusting that the Spirit of God will use the anecdotes herein contained in the way that seems best in the sight of the Almighty Director of the universe.

J. G. L.

Chicago.

Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes

ACCEPTING CHRIST

He Listened Right Off

A teacher in a mission school in Africa had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus, and a little boy said the same. "Have you felt for some time that Jesus has been calling you?" asked the teacher. "Oh, no; it is only to-day; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer.—*World Wide Missions.*

ABUNDANCE PROMISED

Spurgeon's Experience

The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work, I felt weary and sore depressed when swiftly, suddenly, as a lightning flash, came: "My grace is sufficient for thee." And I said: "I should think it is, Lord," and burst out laughing. I never fully understood what the holy laughter of Abraham was until then. It seemed to make unbelief so absurd.

It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry; and Father Thames said: "Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee." Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after seven years of plenty fearing it might die of famine, and Jacob might say: "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Again, I imagined a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself: "I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere. But the earth might say: "Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee."

O brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your soul to Heaven, but great faith will bring Heaven to you.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Our Check Book

All things are yours; . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's (1 Cor. 3:23).

A prominent evangelist said that on the eve of starting out on a long journey, a wealthy friend said to him: "You are going on a far trip. You may need more money than you have. Here is my check book—take it along with you. The checks are signed, and you can fill out as many as you need." The evangelist was astonished at such confidence, and as he went from city to city, and mixed with well-to-do business men, he said to himself: "You may be rich, but I have more in my pocket than you have. I have at my disposal all that my friend is worth." Each one of us has a Friend, and He has placed at our disposal all the rich store of His promises. They provide for every contingency, every adversity, every difficulty that can happen to us. They are left at our disposal. They are the "exceeding great and precious promises"—our hope and confidence.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Our King Gives His Best

A piece of jewelry was submitted to the most expert valuer in New York City. He applied his test for weight, cut, colour, etc., to the emeralds, balanced the gold against the little brass weights in his scales, considered a minute, and then wrote upon the sheet a valuation, which was so small a fraction of the expected figure that the eager customer uttered a cry of dismay. "They are not first-rate stones, you see," he explained. "Not first-rate!" cried the owner. "How can that be? They are a royal gift." "Ah," said the gray-haired connoisseur, "I have handled many royal gifts, and long ago learned that kings keep their best for themselves." It is not so with the bounty of our King.—*Christian Advocate.*

The Run-Over

My cup runneth over (Psa. 23:5).

When a boy, I went with mother to buy sugar. The good grocer, in filling the scoop, would let a big lump fall off on the counter. "You may have that lump, my boy," he would say; "it's the run-over." At first this seemed an accident; afterwards I thought it was intention. Anyway, it cost mother nothing, and I believed the grocer could well afford to give it. He had barrels of it. So when mother went to buy

sugar I always wanted to go along; I enjoyed the "run-over." When we go to the Lord for spiritual filling, we need not fear the running over. If we refuse to allow it, we may go away the poorer. But if we welcome the run-over, others around us, hungering and thirsting, will be blessed by the richness and the sweetness of heaven's exhaustless grace.—*The Sunday School Times.*

All Our Needs Supplied

When James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to search for Livingstone, he said: "Draw on me for a thousand pounds to-day to provide your equipment, and when that is exhausted draw on me for another thousand, and when that is done, draw another thousand, and when that is done, draw another; but find Livingstone." God asks us to glorify Him by a life devoted to Him every day, and He authorizes us to draw on Him for the wisdom, grace, and strength needed to enable us to reach this end; when one day's supply is exhausted, we are to draw another, and then another, and then another, until the complement of our days is filled up.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Drawing on God's Bank

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell of a poor woman who framed a check for twelve thousand dollars, which had been given to her by a dying friend. She had no idea that it was of any immediate use, and retained it as a keepsake. Mr. Spurgeon soon turned it into cash for a comfortable competence for her. What a blessing it would be if we could translate God's love and power and promises into present possessions!—*The Sunday Circle.*

"Therefore" in God's Word

An uneducated man, on his conversion, wished to learn to read, so that he might read the Bible for himself. He started, and made such good progress that he soon began to read the New Testament through. A Christian friend, meeting him one day, asked how far he had got in his reading. He replied that he was now reading in Romans. "And how do you get on with that?" was the question. "Well," answered the man, "there is a great deal I can't quite understand, but whenever I come to a 'therefore,' I get a blessing." He could not comprehend all of those great arguments, but Paul always sums up with a "therefore," containing the sum and substance of his theme, which even the simplest may understand. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5:1).—*The Christian Herald.*

ACCURACY

Three Boys and a Clock

Three boys in a house were told to go and take the exact time by the clock in the town. The first lad went, looked at the clock, came back and said:

"It is twelve o'clock."

In after life he became a prosaic bookseller.

The second boy was more exact. He said, on returning, that it was three minutes past twelve. He became a doctor.

The third lad looked at the clock, found out how long it had taken him to walk to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time of the clock and reported the result thus:

"It is at this moment twelve hours, ten minutes and fifteen seconds."

That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.—*London Daily News.*

ADVICE

Uncle Eben on Advice

"When you goes lookin' foh some one to help you decide sumpin'," said Uncle Eben, "remember dat it takes 'most as much smahtness to pick out reliable advice as it would to make up yoh own mind."—*The Washington Star.*

AMUSEMENTS

Could Do As He Pleased

The Rev. John MacNeil, in "The Spirit Filled Life," says that when God cleanses the heart he cleanses the springs of action so that the man now "wants to" do the will of God. "I thought you told me you could do what you liked," was the taunt hurled by a young man at his friend who enjoyed full salvation, on his refusing to go to the theater. "So I can." "Why, then, won't you come with me as I asked you?" "Because I don't like," was the rejoinder. When all professing Christians *will* to do the will of God, the prayer for His will to be done on earth will soon be answered.—*The Sunday School Times.*

ANIMALS

A Dog's Loyalty

One of the most famous regimental pets that ever lived was "Jack," who was found when a poor little puppy by a sentry outside St. James' Palace. Snow was on the ground at the time, and the dog had evidently been ill treated, so the kind-hearted sentry picked it up and fed it. The dog eventually became very much attached to the sentry, whose regiment—the Scots Guards—adopted the animal as a pet. Jack went all through the Crimean War, fighting tooth and nail by the side of his master, and once going so far as to save his life; one of the enemy came at the soldier with his gun clubbed, but Jack went for him. Sad to relate, however, Jack's master was killed at Inkermann. When the regiment came home, Queen Victoria was so touched by the story that she had a miniature Victoria Cross made, which she presented to the gallant little animal, together with the Crimean medals."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Horse's Devotion

Riding over the field at Aguaje, on the Mexican Northwestern Railway, where a battle had recently been fought, a ranchman came upon a horse saddled and bridled there, ready to perish with thirst and hunger. His rider, a Federal officer, lay dead on the ground with a rope clenched in his cold fingers fastened to the horse's bit. The horse could have broken loose and found water and food, but he loved his master, and was dying out of devotion to him. What an eloquent lesson the dying creature taught on the fidelity of love!—*The Christian Herald.*

ANGELS

Be a Seraph

The son of Bishop Berkeley once asked his father what was the difference between the cherubim and seraphim. His father replied that the word "cherubim" came from a Hebrew word signifying "knowledge," and that "seraphim" came from a Hebrew word meaning "burning," from which it was inferred that the seraphim were spirits famed for their burning love. The boy said, "I hope when I die I shall be a seraph, for I would rather love God than know all things."—*From "Pure Religion," by the Rev. W. L. Mackenzie.*

ANGER

Curbing a King's Anger

Whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord (1 Cor. 11:27).

George IV, wishing to take the sacrament, sent for the Bishop of Winchester to administer it. The messenger having loitered on his way, considerable time elapsed before the bishop arrived, and some irritation had been manifested by the king. On the arrival of the prelate, his delay was complained of and its cause explained. His Majesty immediately rang his bell, and commanded the attendance of the messenger. On his entering the room he rebuked him sharply, and dismised him from his service. Then, turning to the bishop, he said. "Now, my Lord, if you please, we will proceed." The bishop, with great mildness, but at the same time with firmness, refused to administer the sacrament while any irritation or anger toward a fellow-creature remained in the mind of the king, who, suddenly recollecting himself, said, "My Lord, you are right." He then sent for the offending person, whom he forgave and restored to favour in terms of great kindness and condescension.—*The Free Methodist.*

Controlled His Temper

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city (Prov. 15:18).

One of the South's leading business men relates the following as his own experience: "My father was an invalid, and as his son it fell to me to manage his affairs. On one occasion I had more than the usual amount of overseeing to do, and I asked father, who was able to be about a little, if he would do the chores around home that day while I finished up my work on the lower farm. He assented, but when I returned late, tired and worn, he told me that he had not done what he promised to do. The hot words were just ready to leap out, but somehow I choked them back, and said, "It's all right, father, I'm not so very tired after all," and I started off, when father called me back, and laying his hand on my head, he said, 'George, you're the best son a father ever had; God bless you.' I went to my tasks and performed them. When I returned my father could not speak to me—he was done with all

earthly tasks—but from that day to this, whenever the temptation to anger has come, I have felt the pressure of his hand upon my head."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Bad-Tempered Christians

It is related that a young man went one day to the famous New England preacher, Jonathan Edwards, to ask for his daughter.

"You can't have her," said Mr. Edwards.

"But I love her."

"No matter, you can't have her."

"But she loves me, too."

"I say you can't have her."

"But I am well off and can support her."

"You can't have her, I tell you."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? What have you against me?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, why can't I have Emily?"

"Because I think you are a pretty decent sort of a man—too good for her."

"What? Mr. Edwards, what in the world do you mean?"

"She's got a wicked temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her."

"But I thought she was a Christian?"

"So she is, young man, so she is. But before you have lived as long as I have you'll find that there are some people in this world that the grace of God can live with, but you can't."—*Selected.*

Two Kinds of Springs

A soft answer turneth away wrath (Prov. 15 : 1).

In Iceland there is a spring. Nothing will grow near it. Many visitors go to see it and peer cautiously into its deep crater. Then, to rouse the spring to action, they drop in a stone. Soon a gurgling sound is heard, and up shoots a column of dirty boiling water, carrying with it sticks, mud, and stones. I know another spring. It lies like a mirror framed in grasses and heather among the moorland hills, lifting its face to heaven, and reflecting God's beautiful sun and clouds. Drop a stone, and there is no angry response. Only for a moment is the reflection broken; then the stone is taken into its bosom, and peace is restored. Many people resemble one or other of these two springs. Provoke some, throw them an unkind, or even a teasing, word, and in a moment they boil over with passion and resentment. Others, like the quiet mountain spring, just tremble a little, then hide the hurt within their heart, keeping their own spirit sweet and calm. It is the "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath."—*J. A. Clark, Leicester, Eng.*

Like a Gatling Gun

A woman told me that she knew she had a bad temper, but that she was "over it in a minute." So is a Gatling gun, but it blows everything to pieces.—*Billy Sunday.*

Properly Tempered

When the Sheffield or Birmingham workman has plunged the heated metal into cold water, he has only hardened it and made it more brittle. To "temper" it he must reheat it to the degree known to be best for the particular use for which the metal is intended. It thus becomes less hard and less snappy, easier to work and harder to break: the excellence of all sharp-edged tools depends on the tempering thus given to the metal. The heat into which we sometimes get, and which we describe as getting into a temper, is not of the true tempering at all, as Bishop Burnett says when he writes of some one: "He had a violence of passion that carried him often to fits like madness, in which he had no temper." Spiritual discipline yields a better result than that, a finer consistency, a more perfect fitness for service. The symbol of God's purifying and qualifying discipline is fire, but not wild fire.—*The United Methodist.*

Boiling Without Steam

The Quaker's habit of calm sometimes deceives onlookers as to his real feelings. There was an occasion on which Mrs. Abigail Gray's peaceful countenance aroused resentment in the heart of her niece, one of "the world's people." "I don't see how you could sit there, Aunt Abigail, and hear that man talk, and never look as if you cared," she said tearfully, referring to a late interview with an unprincipled shopkeeper; "there I was boiling, and not even so much as one of your cap ruffles stirred." "If thee could have seen far enough below the cap ruffles," replied Mrs. Gray, sedately, "thee would have seen that I was boiling also, but without steam, my child." We may feel grieved at injustices and persecutions—but it is our privilege to keep

the spirit in perfect control.—*Nettie Newell Annable, East Troy, Pa. From The Youth's Companion.*

Conquering His Temper

A Korean Christian told in a prayer-meeting how he conquered anger, his besetting sin. The missionary had explained to him that every burst of anger pierced the heart of Jesus. "So I hung a picture of the Lord Jesus on my wall," he said, "and every time I lost my temper, I put a thorn on that picture. The picture was soon covered with thorns. A great love came over me that He should suffer because of my temper, and now He gives me grace in temptation. I say, 'Not I, but Christ within me,' and His sweetness comes instead of my bad temper."—*Forward.*

APPEARANCES

Judging by Appearances

A gentleman was once seated opposite Coleridge at dinner, with a magnificent forehead and a very fine and venerable bald head. The eyes of this patriarch were scintillating, apparently, with the fires of genius, and the whole bearing of the man was suggestive of immense capacity, laboriously suppressed. "Ah!" thought Coleridge, "if he would but speak, what grand things we would hear! what 'large utterances,' worthy of the early dramatists! what poetry, and eloquence, and truth, and thought!" Suddenly the gentleman who could boast of a venerable head, and a great talent for silence, spoke; the oracle delivered its burdening message, and to this effect: *"Hand me them dumplins! Them's the jockeys for me."—The Biblical Museum.*

ASSURANCE

Stopped Doubting God

If Barak could trust Deborah thus confidently, how much more may we trust God! When Dr. Wilbur Chapman, long ago, told his good friend Mr. Moody that somehow he could not get the assurance he wanted as to his salvation, Mr. Moody finally asked him bluntly, "Who are you doubting?" Dr. Chapman saw that he was doubting God; and from that day he stopped this unintentional sin. God is the same on our dull days as on our bright ones. The mountain-top experience may be ours every day that we cast ourselves entirely upon the Lord, for it may be enjoyed quite irrespective of outward troubles or circumstances.—*The (London) Christian.*

Ready for the Lord to Come

There was a small, under-witted but faith-filled lad in this country at the time of the great meteoric shower of November, 1833. When, on every side, men and women were that night in terror at the thought that the hour of final doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with a cry: "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you? The Day of Judgment has come." Instantly the boy was alive to the call, and was on his feet shouting, "Glory to God! I'm ready." In that court no superficial professions will pass muster; we must be ready and watching.—*The Christian Herald.*

Realizing God's Promises

We know that his witness is true (John 21:24).

When the saintly Charles Stovel lay dying, after a long life of fruitful service for God and man, a friend who visited him asked whether the promises upon which he had rested so many years yielded him solid support and comfort in his dying hour. The old man answered somewhat gruffly, "I am all right, if the signature is all right." He turned his face to the wall and remained silent for a few minutes, and then he added in a voice that rang with joy and confidence, "The signature is all right, and I am all right." In those few moments of silent prayer he was enabled to realize that all the promises of the Gospel are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus," endorsed by Him whose signature is the pledge and guarantee of their faithful fulfilment.—*The (Scottish) Monthly Visitor.*

No Joy Without Assurance

We know that we have passed from death unto life (John 5:14).

Nothing disqualifies us for doing God's work more than a doubt as to our salvation. Mr. Moody used to illustrate this in this way: "If I were in the river and didn't have a firm grip on something, I couldn't help anybody; I've got to get a good hold for myself before I can help some one else. There's no liberty, peace, rest, joy, power, until we have assurance."—*The Expositor.*

Must Have the Assurance

I know him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to

guard that which I have committed unto him against that day (2 Tim. 1:12).

"I hab hearn folks say, 'Hope I has religion, but I doan know'; but I neber hearn a man say, 'I hope's I has money, but I doan know.' Dat sorter 'ligion dat yer hopes ye's got, but doan know, ain't gwine to do no mo' good dan der money what yer hopes ye's got, but doan know."—*From Moody's Stories.*

He Had the Assurance

Lord Guthrie, according to *The British Weekly,* said in a recent address that one Sunday when he was on his way to church in London he passed a lay-preacher addressing a crowd in the open air. "I have not been to college, but I have been to Calvary," he heard the speaker say. That day he heard Canon Liddon, Dr. Oswald Dykes, and C. H. Spurgeon. After the lapse of many years he found himself unable to recall a single sentence uttered by any of the celebrated preachers on that day, but there still remained with him the words of the earnest layman.—*The Sunday School Times.*

How He Knew

Archibald Brown tells the story of a Scotchman who in a public meeting bore witness that he was saved and *knew* it. An infidel asked: "How do you know it?" "I happened to be there when the thing was done!" was the quaint rejoinder.—*The Homiletic Review.*

THE ATONEMENT

When His Record Failed

There is born to you . . . a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord (Luke 2:11).

A great minister, who was noted for his Christ-like spirit, as well as for his consecrated ability, dreamed that he had died and stood at the gate of heaven knocking for admission. He gave his name, only to be told that his name did not appear upon the books. At last, after earnest entreaty, he was bidden to enter and was told he would have the privilege of appearing before the Judge of all the earth, and if he could stand his test he might abide in heaven forever. Standing before his throne, he gave his name, and the following questions were put to him: "Have you led a righteous life?" And he said, "No." "Have you always been kind and gentle?" Again he replied in the negative. "Have you always been forgiving to those who have been around you?" "Alas, no, I have miserably failed here." "Have you always been honest and just?" And he answered, "I fear not." As question after question was put to him by the Judge, his case seemed more and more hopeless. The last question was asked him, and to that, too, he was obliged to give the same negative reply. Just when he seemed to be in despair, the brightness about the throne became brighter, and suddenly he heard a beautiful voice, the most beautiful to which his ears had ever listened. It was sweeter than a mother's voice; it was more beautiful than all the music of heaven; it filled all the arches of the skies and thrilled the soul of this man as he stood before the Judge trembling, and was about to fall. The speaker said: "My Father, I know this man. It is true that he was weak in many ways, but he stood for me in the world, and I take his place before thee." Just as the last words of the sentence were spoken, the dream was over, and the man awoke; but he had his lesson, and it is a lesson for us all. We have in ourselves no standing before God. It must be in Christ.—*From J. Wilbur Chapman, in The Expositor.*

Life Through His Name

That believing ye may have life in his name (John 20:31).

A London waif, cold and hungry, was invited one night by a city missionary to one of the houses of refuge for little wanderers. He was told to simply ring the bell and, when they asked him who he was, to say the three words, "In His Name." He ventured up the steps, and true to the promise of the worker, received a royal welcome, and with a good supper and a warm bed dreamed that he was in heaven. A few days afterwards he was hurt in a London thoroughfare by a passing wagon. The card of the rescue home was found in his pocket, and he was taken to the hospital, and word was sent to the mission. He was tenderly nursed during the few lingering days of his life, and gently taught of that other portal which was also entered "In His Name." And often in his last hours would he repeat over and over again, "'In His Name,' that's what lets you in."—*From a sermon by Rev. A. B. Simpson in The Alliance Weekly.*

Preaching That Saves

Behold the Lamb of God (John 1:29).

An Indian chief told this story: There came a preacher who wished to show us that there is a God. We an-

swered, "Do you think we don't know that? Go back where you came from." Another came and said, "You must not steal, you must not get drunk, you must not lie." We answered, "You fool! Do you think we don't know that. Teach that first to the people you belong to." After that came Christian Henry Rauch to my hut and said, "The Lord of heaven bids me say He will make you blessed and deliver you from your misery; for this purpose He became man and shed His blood." As soon as he had done speaking, he lay down quietly by my bow and tomahawk and slept as sweetly as a child. Ah! I thought, what a man is that! I could strike him dead, but he has not a fear. I could not forget his words. I dreamed in my sleep of the blood of Christ shed for me. Thus through grace the awakening among us began. Therefore, I say, preach Christ, our Saviour, and His birth in Bethlehem, and His death on Calvary, and His redeeming grace, if you would find an entrance among the heathen.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

A God-Given Dream

The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw that ring overboard, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring the ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again"; and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air. John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the One who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. That dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.—*From a sermon by Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.*

The Place of Safety

The prairie fire is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. If the wind is blowing very strongly, the prairie fire will travel faster than a horse can gallop. Those who have settled on the prairies see the devouring flames come, and they know they cannot run away from them. What do they do? They burn a large space in the vicinity of their home; in a short time a very large piece of ground is absolutely cleared and blackened. Then they go and stand on the ground where the fire has been already. When the great devouring prairie fire comes up it stops there—it can go no farther—there is nothing to burn. There is one place of safety for us. It is where the fire has already been. That is the Cross of Calvary, the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*The Sunday at Home.*

God's Royal Gift

He gave his only begotten Son (John 3:16).

A piece of jewelry was submitted to the most expert valuer in New York City. He applied his test for weight, cut, colour, etc., to the emeralds, balanced the gold against the little brass weights in his scales, considered a minute, and then wrote upon the sheet a valuation, which was so small a fraction of the expected figure that the eager customer uttered a cry of dismay. "They are not first-rate stones, you see," he explained. "Not first-rate!" cried the owner. "How can that be? They were a royal gift." "Ah," cried the gray-haired connoisseur, "I have handled many royal gifts, and long ago learned that kings keep their best for themselves." It is not so with the bounty of our King. In His wondrous love He gave His only begotten Son.—*The Christian Age.*

Rejecting the Cross

Some years ago a European was captured and held for ransom by a Mohammedan tribe in North Africa. The time at his disposal was devoted to sketching, and many of the natives were delighted at the exhibitions of his skill. They determined to use it to the advantage of both; he was to draw for them the plan of a mosk, and in return he was to get his freedom. The drawing was eventually produced, and was

considered excellent until some keen observer noticed that the building was to be in the form of a cross. So angry were they that they immediately put the architect to death. Even so was it with the rich young ruler. He admired the plan of salvation, but objected to the cross.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Saved Through Christ

Moody says: "Some one has said that a little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as an elephant. It was not the elephant's size and strength that made him safe. It was the ark that saved both elephant and fly. It is not your righteousness, your good works, that will save you. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, you can be saved only by the blood of Christ."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ Our Substitute

Christ is the sinner's substitute. Dr. James M. Gray says: "In Dr. Bainbridge's 'Around the World Tour of Christian Missions,' written now twenty years ago, I suppose, there is this curiously interesting and suggestive incident: When in his journey the traveler had reached Tokio, Japan, intending to remain there some little time, he was waited upon one morning by an official, with this singular inquiry: 'Who stands for you?' Supposing it to be a question of passports, he presented his, but that was not what was wanted. He then offered some letters of introduction which he had, but they also were unsatisfactory, and the question was repeated, 'Who stands for you?' It was then explained that there was an ordinance in that city to the effect that no foreigner could take up his residence there for any length of time, unless he provided himself with a 'substitute.' And as a matter of fact there were natives who hired themselves out to foreigners for this purpose. If the foreigner transgressed any law the substitute suffered the penalty for it. If the penalty were even death, the substitute suffered death. Dr. Bainbridge secured a substitute, and was thereafter permitted to remain in peace and security as long as he chose."—*Our Hope.*

Barabbas and the Atonement

I once heard John McNeill say that of all the people in Jerusalem he thought Barabbas had the best idea of the atonement of Jesus Christ. "You will remember that he should have been crucified and Jesus released, but the order was exactly reversed. The door of the prison swings open and Barabbas is free, and as he comes out into the light of day all the people seem to be hurrying in one direction. He hears that Jesus of Nazareth is to be crucified. He stops a moment to think, and then he exclaims, 'Why, that is the man who is dying in my stead; I will go and see him.' He pushes his way out through the gate of the city and up the hillside until he reaches the surging mob about the cross. He stands in the outer circle a moment, and then pushes his way to the very inner circle, and stands so near that he can reach out his hand and touch the dying Saviour, and I can hear him say, 'I do not know who you are, but I know you are there in my stead.'" And, said John McNeill, "Until you can give a better theory of the atonement, take that of Barabbas—Christ, your substitute, dying in your place."—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in "From Life to Life."*

Redeemed Long Ago

Some time ago an evangelist traveling on the cars was singing to himself the song, "I've been redeemed." A fellow-passenger, hearing him, joined in the song. After singing, the evangelist put the question to the stranger, "Have you been redeemed?" "Yes, praise the Lord!" was the answer. "May I ask how long since?" "About nineteen hundred years ago." The reply was astonishing, and thoughts of insanity were astir in the mind of the evangelist. "Nineteen hundred years ago?" "Yes, sir; but I'm sorry to say it's not much more than a year that I've known it."

A lawyer once hunted the States for a man to whom there had been left a large fortune. He was found at last in California, an inmate of the poorhouse. If he had only known what was his, what a change it would have wrought for his good! Christ died for all men. How few know the fact compared to the number that are ignorant of it!—*George Cavanagh, quoted in Current Anecdotes.*

Keeping the Cross in Sight

As we travel through Switzerland, especially in winter time, we notice as we climb over the paths, some of them near the precipice, that the path is marked by a great cross. As we look ahead a little there is another cross. Yonder another. Look across the valley, there is the cross. You can find your way

along the pathless way if you just keep your eyes fixed on the cross that you see out in front. All the way in the Christian life the Cross is before us. It is there at the beginning, and when we get a little farther it is the Cross still, and when we are near the goal, it is the Cross still. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Our only hope is in the Cross.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Calvary the Hill of God

Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ (Gal. 6:14).

W. T. Stead used to tell the story of a man and woman who were once leaving a mission in London where they had just sung:

"Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep,
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep.
He will lead me safely in the path that he has trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God."

"What are the hills of God, Ned?" asked the woman. The man slowly replied, "I don't know, but *I should think one of them is Calvary.*" Yes, one of those hills of God's joy is Calvary, and it must be climbed before the whole range comes in sight.—*Rev. A. D. Belden, B.D., in British Congregationalist.*

The Crimson Thread

Very many lives have been lost in the Alps and in other mountain ranges by the breaking of defective ropes. The Alpine Club took up the subject of insecure ropes, and has effected quite a reform in the quality of the material out of which they are composed and the manner in which they are made. The ropes that pass the inspection of the Alpine Club, and are guaranteed to hold, are marked by a crimson thread wrought into them. In climbing spiritual altitudes, the rope that is safe is the one that has the crimson thread woven into it, the stain of the Spotless Victim.—*The Christian Herald.*

Why He Did Not Find the Atonement

A Unitarian preacher once said to an acquaintance: "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange that the doctrine of the atonement which you hold should not have been found by me." The answer is worth remembering: "I am not surprised at this. I tried once to light my candle with the extinguisher on it."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Holy Spirit and the Cross

"You may have a spirit without the Cross, but never *the* Spirit."—*R. F. Horton, quoted in the Epworth Herald.*

Christ's Great Love

All the world has sung the praise of Princess Alice. One of her children having died of a contagious disease, she was in the room where another was dying, and the court physician said to her, "You must not breathe the breath of this child, or you yourself will die." But seeing the child mourning because of the death of her brother, the mother stooped down, and in sympathy kissed the little one, caught the disease, and perished. All the world sang the heroism and the self-sacrifice of Princess Alice; but I have to tell you that when our race was dying the Lord Jesus stooped down and gave us the kiss of His everlasting love, and died that we might live.—*From T. De Witt Talmage.*

His Substitute Died for Him

For the Son of man . . . came . . . to give his life a ransom for many (Matt. 20:28).

The story of the Napoleonic campaigns is familiar to all, how in the early wars a man was drafted in France, and being unable to go to the field himself hired a substitute and paid a good price for him, who went to the war, and fell on one of the battlefields. In a subsequent draft the same man was drafted again. He went to the recruiting office and produced his papers, proving he had hired and paid for a substitute, who had died on the field; and entry was accordingly made against his name: "Died in the person of his substitute on the battlefield of Rivoli!" —*A. T. Pierson, in The Scriptures, God's Living Oracles.*

Blood in Science and Salvation

It is known in chemistry that scarlet and crimson colours are ineradicable. They never wear out or fade away; but, with Christ's blood, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." In science, blood is a bleacher; in medicine, by the

transfusion of blood, a dying person recovers his life, for there is life in the blood. Therefore, it is not strange that, in the higher realm, the sinsick soul partakes of the divine nature through the blood of Jesus, so that he exclaims, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—*From a sermon in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Preaching the Atonement

During the recent visit to China of Dr. Sherwood Eddy, Rev. R. A. Jaffray tells of a little meeting that was called where Dr. Eddy invited criticisms or suggestions on his messages. A Chinese pastor said, "I noticed that you spent the best of your time and laid the stronger emphasis on the character and the teachings of Christ. May I suggest that you rather lay stress on the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ—for it is these two points that make our Gospel message distinctive and entirely different from all messages of other religions.—*Abbreviated from "The Outlook of the Church," by Tertius, in the Globe, of Toronto.*

The Exchange with Christ

A Scotch minister was once preaching at Inverness, and was about to enter the pulpit when word was brought to him that an aged Highlander, now eighty years of age, who had been converted at sixty, lay dying. Though there were only a few minutes to spare he went over to the man's house near by, and said to him, "I have just four minutes. Do you think you could tell me in that time how you were converted?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I could tell you in two. When I was sixty years of age, the Lord Jesus came along and said to me, 'Sandy, I'll exchange you.'" "Exchange, Sandy; and what did you give Him?" asked the minister. "I gave Him all my years of sin and my sinful heart, and He gave me in return His righteousness."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Finding the Atonement

Old John Newton tells us that the learned Dr. Taylor, one of the greatest Hebraists of his day, said, "Mr. Newton, I want to tell you something. I have collated the Hebrew Scriptures fifteen times, and I have never found the doctrine of the Atonement in the Hebrew Scriptures." "Dr. Taylor," said John Newton, "once upon a time I tried to light my candle with the extinguisher on, and I am not at all surprised that you have not found the doctrine of the Atonement in the Hebrew Scriptures; and not until you find yourself to be a filthy lost sinner, although you are a Hebraist, will you find the doctrine of the Atonement in the Hebrew Scriptures."—*From the Rev. George C. Grubb, M. A.*

Red Changed to White

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (1 John 1:9).

During the late South African War I stood in one of our main thoroughfares watching a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching to the quay to embark for the front. A friend came up to me and asked me what colour I thought their tunics were. "Why, red, to be sure," I replied. "Look through that," he said, handing me a bit of red glass. And to my amazement, when I looked through it, I saw a white-coated regiment pass before me! You look incredulous. It may seem improbable; but test it for yourself to-morrow. Get a piece of red cloth and view it through a red glass, and you will find the cloth becomes white. So with our sins. Though they are as scarlet, the red blood of Christ will make them white as snow.—*Good Words.*

God's Love for Us

Do we realize what it meant to God to give us His beloved Son? A mother asked her child, "How much do you love me?" The child was puzzled for a moment, and then, looking out of the window to the moonless stars, said, "All the way from here to the stars and back again." God, through Christ, loved us all the way from heaven to the cross and back again.—*The British Weekly.*

Soul-Saving Preaching

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many (Mark 10:45).

I have a friend in Scotland who is a fishing-tackle maker and an enthusiastic fisherman, and he told me once of losing his bait in a mysterious way, without catching anything. The explanation was that by some accident the barb had been broken from the hook. He said that this was exactly what happened when people preached the love of God to men, but left out of their gospel the essential truth that it is Christ on the cross in whom the love is revealed.

In other words, the condemnation of our sins in Christ upon His cross is the barb on the hook. If you leave that out of your gospel your bait will be taken, but you will not catch men.—*From "Studies in Theology," by the Rev. James Denney, D.D.*

What Salvation Cost

Dr. John Robertson, of Glasgow, relates how, when his earlier ministry was thrown among the fisherfolk of Stonehaven, he vividly recognized what it cost this Suffering Servant of the world. "The skipper of Boat A 39 commands the best prices in the market. One day Boat A 39 is far out on the heaving sea. The skipper's son is working on the boat, when she suddenly lurches, the tackle swings around, and he is swept into the sea. Before help can get to him the sea is as calm as if nothing had happened. The sea never divides again, and they go home. 'What's the price of your fish to-day, skipper?' The price of the fish is my boy's life.' Aye, fish from Boat A 39 are dear to-day!" What did it cost to save me? Oh, bleeding Lamb of God! —*The Sunday School Times.*

Accepting the Atonement

There are many like that Indian native who told a missionary that he believed in Jesus Christ, and meant to give Him his love some day. A native helper turned to him, and said, "If you and I were walking through the jungles and came face to face with a tiger, if I placed myself in front, and said, 'Run, brother, for your life!' would you love me?" "Yes, surely." "When, some day?" The native saw the power of his friend's argument, and said, "I will give myself to him now, and you must baptize me to-morrow."—*Irene Alethea Hetherington, Plumstead, England. From G. C. Leader.*

Christ "Swapped" Him

A clergyman was speaking to the fishermen on the shore at a town in the east of England. His subject was justification, and he was trying to make it plain to the men what Christ's work on the cross really was. At last he cried: "Now will one of you tell me, in your own words, what the Lord Jesus *did* do there?" An old salt looked up, and with the tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, said, "He swapped with me!"—*From a sermon by William S. Rainsford, quoted in "Under Canvas."*

A Gospel That Saves

Said Bishop W. F. McDowell before the first national convention of Methodist men: "I would not cross the street to give India a new theology; India has more theology than it can understand. I would not cross the street to give China a new code of ethics; China has a vastly better ethical code than ethical life. I would not cross the street to give Japan a new religious literature, for Japan has a better religious literature than religious life. But I would go around the world again, and yet again, if it pleased God, to tell India and China and Africa and the rest of the world—

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'"
—*From Militant Methodism.*

A Father's Atonement

History tells us of the love of Zeleucus, the king of ancient Locri, who issued a law, the penalty for the violation of which was that the offender should lose both his eyes. His own son was the first transgressor. When the king discovered this, the father love asserted itself, and after the son had sacrificed one eye the father substituted one of his own eyes for the remaining eye of his loved son, that the dignity of the law might be maintained and the love of the father made manifest. These are but faint types of the great love of our Heavenly Father, who gave His only Son in behalf of rebellious and sinful humanity. He never fails us, although we often fail Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Cost of Salvation

In Arizona an Indian boy was plowing corn. His little sister was playing back of a mud hut among the stones. On this great desert there are many rattlesnakes. The little girl turned over a stone, and there was a great rattlesnake. It coiled and struck her deep in the flesh of the leg. She screamed aloud; her brother heard in the field and rushed to her aid. Seeing at once what had happened, he killed the snake with the heel of his boot, then took his sister in his arms, and, holding his two hands tightly about the wound, placed his lips to it, sucked out the deadly poison, and spit it out on the ground. He had saved her life, but he lost his

own, for he had a sore in his mouth which the poison entered. The Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, when we all had been bitten by the old serpent, heard the cry of need. He came down to us from heaven, dealt a blow to the "old serpent the Devil," and took the sin poison for us. And it was our sin that caused His death.—*From "Wonderful Word."*

Accepted in Christ

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair;
"Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
Exceedingly glad in Thee;
"Rejected and despised," that I might stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Saved by a Stream

In the old fighting days between England and Scotland the English soldiers were hunting the fugitive Robert Bruce, and they hit upon a clever scheme to discover him. They put on his track his own bloodhounds, and Bruce soon heard their deep baying. Then his solitary attendant heard the sound, and said: "We are lost. The English have unleashed the hounds, and are on our trail." "No," answered Bruce, "it is all right. They will not catch us yet. There is a stream yonder. We will plunge into it, and the dogs will lose our scent." So when the hounds came to the water they lost the trail, and the attempt to discover Bruce failed. And so with our sins. Steadily they pursue us, and the only way to free ourselves is to plunge into the cleansing fountain of Christ's blood, where we shall be made whiter than snow.—*From the Helpful Friend.*

The Victory of Golgotha

"When these people in Central Africa speak of the death of Christ," says Mr. Dan Crawford, "they always say 'the *victory* of Golgotha.' Before leaving Africa I said to one man: 'Now, before I go to England, just you tell me what that means. I cannot understand it. When the very God became very man and died the death of a felon, I cannot understand how you people see anything but defeat in it.' And then that man said something that made me proud my days had been spent in Central Africa. First of all he took a little bit of stick and held it up and said: 'Here is the Cross.' Then he took another little bit and laid it across the first one and said, 'Just here at the Cross when Satan did his very, very worst, just here, just then, God did His very, very best.' At the Cross the very worst and the very best meet."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Protected by the Sun's Heat

A traveler recently returned from Africa relates that one day, overcome by intense heat, he fell asleep on the baked earth, but on awaking had the sensation of freshness, and found it was caused by the thoughtfulness of his attendants, who were standing around him, receiving upon themselves the fierce glare, and sheltering his recumbent body from the ardent rays of a vertical sun. In truth the whole world rests in the shadow of Him who stands between us and the consuming fire of outraged law, and by virtue of His interposition a thousand blessings are ours.—*Dr. W. L. Watkinson, in Mistaken Signs.*

The Red Line

I am told that travelers never need be lost in Venice, although the streets are narrow and the canals intricate. There is in the walls beside the canals and in the pavements of the streets a thin line of red stone, by following which the traveler will come to St. Mark's Church. So in all the Bible history, law, poetry, prophecy, there is the red line which leads to Christ. He is the focus to which they point.—*D. L. Moody, in the Sunday School Chronicle.*

Saved by Christ

D. L. Moody told the story of a conversation he had with a man in Manchester. "Are you a Christian?" the evangelist had asked. "No, but I wish I were." Then Moody proceeded to quote passages from the Bible, but the man said they did not meet his case. "The fact is, I cannot feel that I am saved." "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or was it the ark?" asked Moody. The man thought a while, and then said, "Good-night, Mr. Moody, it's all settled."—*The Christian Herald.*

The Atonement for Sin

When I was a pastor in Chicago, a father had sent for a great physician from Austria. The papers said that his fee was twenty thousand dollars, besides all his expenses. He came to do

something for the little daughter of the rich man. I do not know what was the matter with the child, but it was something serious because of what the father *did* about it. What is sin? I do not know, but I know it is very serious from what the Father *did* about it.—*C. B. McAfee, D.D., in Record of Christian Work.*

The Atonement Universal

In the city of Madras, India, there is a chapel on the wall of which there is the upper portion of a cross. On one transverse end of the cross there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is brown, after the colour of the skin of the people of the East. On the other side of this section is another pierced hand, white, after the colour of the skin of the people of the West. It is a glorious symbol of a world Christ.—*From an address by the late President C. C. Hall.*

Blessings of the Cross

On Lone Mountain, around whose base cluster the cemeteries of San Francisco, was formerly a tall, white cross. After some years it was destroyed by a wind-storm. The sailors who were accustomed to enter Golden Gate Harbour had it replaced at their own expense. The white cross, which they could see when miles out at sea, had become a familiar and welcome signal, and they could not bear its absence. How the world, which is giving little thought to the meaning of the cross of Christ, would be lost in bewilderment and distress if deprived for one day of its blessings!—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Scholar's Comfort

"I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners:' to this I cleave, and herein I find rest."—*Rev. K. A. Arvine, A.M.*

The Best News

It is told of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, that one day, as he was out walking, he happened on a poor old woman, whom he greeted with the common question: "What's the news to-day?" Her reply was that the only news worth telling was that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "Ah," returned the great poet, "that is old news and new news and good news."—*East and West.*

Did Not Save Himself

He saved others; himself he cannot save (Matt. 27:42).

On one occasion, when our ancestors in the New England colonies were threatened by Indians, they built stockades around their settlements for protection. They placed in each stockade, on a high pole, an iron receptacle which held pine-knots and other inflammable material, which, in case of danger from the Indians was to be lighted as a signal. There was one certain group who built their stockade apart from the rest, and one day they found themselves surrounded by Indians with poisoned arrows. They thought of lighting the signal fire, but for any one to climb the tall pole would mean certain death. So they determined to fight on as best they could. Finally one of the members said, "Brethren, if the torch were lit our friends would know we are in danger; I will go up and light the signal." Climbing the pole, he succeeded in lighting the signal, but immediately after fell back lifeless, shot through by poisoned arrows. The neighbours saw the signal and came to the rescue, and every life was saved except the man who lit the signal fire. The rescued people placed on the hero's tomb these words, "He died for us." He saved others; himself he could not save.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Could Not Sting Both

A little child was in the garden with his mother, when a bee stung his mother on the palm of her hand. The child huddled close to the mother and cried, for fear the bee would sting him, too. "Look," said the mother, "the sting of the bee is in the palm of my hand. He cannot sting you also." And so Jesus has suffered the sting of death for us.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

AVARICE

Lost Everything Through Greed

In some of his books Count Leo Tolstoi has given the story of the place in Russia where it was said that a Russian peasant could have all the ground that

he could measure out from sunrise to sunset. So he started for the place, and when the sun rose in the morning he started on his journey after the land. He saw the waving trees in the distance, and said, "They shall be mine." He saw the glisten of the lake beyond them, and he said, "I will take that in." He saw the fertile plain just ahead, and determined that it should be his own; but when he had gained these, he lifted his eyes, and, behold, the sun had gone beyond the meridian! Then he bent every energy to reach the starting-place. The sun dropped lower and lower and lower; but he reached the starting-point just as the sun went down, and he gained it all. But Count Tolstoi says that when they picked him up he was dead. And the author adds: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—*Immanuel Messenger.*

Another Version of the Same Story

Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness (Luke 12:15).

Pakhom, says Tolstoi, had received permission to possess as much land as he can walk around from sunrise to sunset. At the moment of sunrise he is ready to start. He starts leisurely. It occurs to him that by quickening his pace he can possess more. At once he does so. By a faster pace he can take in much beautiful country. Still faster he runs. The fever burns in his veins. One word is with him, more, more, more. The sun is hasting to its setting. With tremendous energy he forces his body to the last possible exertion, and, as the sun sinks behind the horizon, he reaches his goal—to drop dead. Pakhom's men took the hoe, dug a grave for him, made it just long enough from head to foot; and buried him. We see the whole tragedy of the age in this ceaseless pursuit of more.—*From "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century."*

A Miserly Woman

These miserly people, remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* reap nothing but discomfort from their false economies. Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Silas Long, of Sussex. "Martha," said old Silas one day, "I think I'll go and get a few apples from the orchard." He looked at her timidly. She said: "Well, be careful now, Si, only pick the bad ones." "Suppose there ain't no bad ones, Martha?" "Then ye'll have to wait till some goes bad, of course," the old lady snapped. "We can't afford to eat good, sound fruit worth three cents a bushel."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Monkey and Gourd Trap

Dr. Samuel Smiles tells that in Algiers the peasants attach a gourd to a tree, and place rice in the gourd, which is left with an opening merely sufficient to admit the paw of the monkey they wish to catch. The monkey comes, sees the gourd and rice, puts in his paw, grasps the booty, and tries to pull out his clasped hand. Instead of letting go of the rice and pulling out his paw, he hangs on to the rice and stays there until the native appears and makes him captive. Poor, foolish, monkey! And yet can it be that such an incident has an application wider than the monkey?—*Onward.*

Died Fondling Money

A collector at Bombay had among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold coin marked "Christian Idol." Dean Farrar says that a famous physician once told him how he was attending the death-bed of a rich man, who seemed as if he could not die; with aimless and nervous restlessness his hands kept moving and opening and shutting over the counterpane. "What is the matter?" asked the physician. "I know," answered the son for his speechless father; "every night before he went to sleep my father liked to feel and handle some of his banknotes." Then he slipped a ten-pound note into the old man's hand, and feeling, handling, and clutching it, he died.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Always Looking Downward

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward, in walking along, he kept his eye steadily fixed upon the ground in hope to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coppers, gold, and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.—*Great Thoughts.*

Thought Most of Making Money

A mill owner, who had given half the money required to build a stately church, when asked what he thought of the sermon of dedication, to which he had been outwardly listening, said: "The fact is, I did not hear what the pastor was saying. I could not help thinking all through the service, as I looked at the spacious proportions of this edifice, if it was a cotton mill, how many spindles I could set up in it." The man was mill-hardened.—*From Dr. G. F. Pentecost.*

Money First

Mr. Fred Maddison, Member of Parliament for Burnley, sent the following letter to the Birmingham Gunmakers' Association: "You ask me to oppose the Spurious Sports' Bill because it will injure the gun trade; but so does the continuance of peace. Really, even a Member of Parliament is entitled to have something better than this addressed to him. When the slaughter of pigeons and small birds has to seek its apologists in gunmakers, its end is surely near. The nearest parallel to your trade circular that I can think of is the petition of the silversmiths of Ephesus, whose devotion to Diana increased as their trade was threatened by the teaching of Paul. Your association might have followed a better lead."—*The Herald of Peace.*

Plucking the Public

What doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life (Mark 8:36).

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself. "All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!" He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively, "Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—*The Christian Herald.*

On the Way to the Cemetery

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! (Mark 10:23).

A cartoon was noticed in the paper the other day. It showed a man in his shirt-sleeves in a gutter picking up gold. Behind him as far as could be seen were bags of money—of gold he had picked up. Just a little way in front of him was a cemetery. There he was with the sweat pouring from his brow, working as hard as he could gathering up his riches, but always going nearer and nearer the cemetery. A true picture of many a man using hands and mind and strength gathering gold,—on the way to the cemetery.—*Rev. J. N. Lackey.*

A Hymn for Misers

In a certain book the line in the hymn: "Guide me, oh, Thou Great Jehovah," which should read: "Land me safe on Canaan's shore," was printed: "Land my safe on Canaan's shore." That revised version might be acceptable to many.—*The (London) Sunday School Times.*

BACKSLIDING

Losing Faith in God

A small boy, new to the Sunday-school, was greatly pleased with his picture-card and its text, "Have faith in God." On the homeward way, however, the precious possession slipped from his fingers and fluttered from the open street-car. Immediately a cry of distress arose: "Oh, I've lost my 'Faith in God'! Stop the car! Please stop the car!" The good-natured conductor signaled, and the card was recovered amid the smiles of the passengers. One of them said something about the "blessed innocence of childhood," but a more thoughtful voice answered: "There would be many truer and happier lives if only we older ones were wise enough to call a halt when we find ourselves rushing ahead on some road where we are in danger of leaving our faith in God behind us."—*The Presbyterian of the South.*

Graduated from the Bible

It is related of a certain minister that he taught an unschooled, elderly man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end, the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he found only the wife at home. "How is John?" said he. "He's canny, sir," said the wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah! I suppose he can read his Bible very comfortably now." "Bible, sir! Bless you! He was out of the Bible and into

the newspaper long ago." There are others like this man; they have gotten beyond putting the kingdom first.—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

The Cause of Many Falls

Thou didst leave thy first love (Rev. 2:4).

Gipsy Smith tells a story of a young couple with whom he once stayed. They had an only child to whom they were devoted. One night at suppertime a thud was heard on the floor of the room above. Both parents realized their little son had tumbled out of bed, and hurried to the rescue. No harm, however, was done, and the next morning Mr. Smith chaffingly questioned the little fellow about the noise he had heard, who, when asked *why* he tumbled out of bed, replied, "Cos I stayed too near where I got in."—*The Alliance Weekly.*

Wandered from God's Ground

The old shepherd who offered prayer in a Welsh revival meeting put it exactly right when he lamented his backslidings in these words: "Lord, I got among the thorns and briars, and was scratched and torn and bleeding; but, Lord, it is only fair to say that it was not on thy ground; I had wandered out of thy pasture."—*The Epworth Herald.*

BAPTISM

Cleansing the Soul

Be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name (Acts 22:16).

Among the negro servants of Mr. Marshall was one who had erroneous views on baptism. He thought that immersion was all that was needful to salvation, and that the water which cleansed the body would, if consecrated by a minister, purify the soul. His master laboured hard with James to convince him of his error, but to no purpose. After all his array of reasons and proofs, James' face was stolid and severe. The heresy still remained untouched—immersion was regeneration. Then the master changed his tactics. "James," said he, "if I take an ink bottle and cork it tight, and put a string round the neck, and drag it through the river, how long will it take to clean out the inside?" The negro's face lighted up in a moment, and he said, "Massa, you'll never get it clean that way in the world." In this way he was able to get the truth to his servant's mind and heart, and to bring him to the only fountain that can cleanse the soul.—*The Christian Herald.*

Why He Was Baptized

One of the earliest patients at the dispensary in Toro (Uganda) was an old man who came to receive medicine for an ulcer. He became possessed with a desire to know the truth, and was put into the old men's Bible class for instruction. One day he came to the missionary with streaming eyes and said, "I want to be baptized." The missionary asked him, "Mpisi, will baptism save us?" And he answered, "Oh, no, only Jesus who died on the cross." "Then what is the use of baptism?" "Well," said he, "Christ told us to believe and be baptized, and it shows we want to leave our bad habits and follow the habits of Christ." That simple-minded, untutored old man had caught the true meaning and purpose of baptism—salvation from sin through the Saviour's atonement; an act of obedience to Christ's command; and a sign and seal of the covenant of grace, followed by a life of true devotion.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Branding the Mavericks

Out on the cattle ranches of the West the unbranded calves that roam at large are known as "mavericks." They are claimed by the man who is the first to get his brand on them at the annual "round-up." A little Western girl had been baptized one Sunday by the Methodist minister of the town. Her schoolmates questioned her the next day as to the meaning of the ceremony. "Well," she said, "I will just tell you. I was a little maverick out on the prairie, and that man put the Jesus mark on my forehead so that when He sees me he will know that I am one of His children."—*From "Experiences of a Minister in the Far West," in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

BEAUTY

The Beauty of Salvation

He will beautify the meek with salvation (Psalm 149:4).

A Japanese mother asked the head of one of our mission schools if only beautiful girls were admitted. "Oh, no," the missionary answered, "we take any who desire to come." "But," protested the mother, "all your girls are very beautiful." The teacher answered, "We tell them of Christ, and seek to have them take him into their hearts,

and this makes their faces lovely." Said the mother, "Well, I do not want my daughter to become a Christian, but I am glad to send her to your school to get that look on her face."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE BIBLE

Riches in the Bible

Some time ago an old man living in New Jersey discovered about $5,000 in a family Bible. The bank notes were scattered throughout the book. In 1874 the aunt of this man had died and one clause of her will was as follows:

"To my beloved nephew, Steven Marsh, I will and bequeath my family Bible and all it contains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just and lawful debts are paid."

The estate amounted to a few hundred dollars, which were soon spent and for about 35 years his chief support has been a small pension from the Government. He lived in poverty and all the time within his reach there was the precious Bible containing thousands of dollars, sufficient for all his wants. He passed the Bible by. His eyes rested on it, perhaps his hands handled the old leather-bound Bible with its brass clasps, but he did not open it once. At last while packing his trunk to move to his son, where he intended to spend his few remaining years, he discovered the unknown riches, which were in his possession. What thoughts of regret must have come to his mind. If he only had opened that Bible years ago, he then might have used the money to great advantage. Instead of it the treasure laid idle for 35 years. And he might have had it and enjoyed it all that time.

This is a sad story. But there is something infinitely sadder than the experience of this man. It is the neglect of the Bible of God's people. Our God has given to His people a costly treasure in His own Word. In this Book of books the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God are stored up. Here the riches of His love and grace are made known and the highest wisdom man is capable of possessing is told out. All the child of God needs spiritually is to be found on its pages; all wants are there supplied. And yet these riches, put at our disposal by a loving Father, are unknown and unused riches. Instead of being enjoyed, used, and in using them multiplied, they are neglected. Many of God's people are dragging along in a spiritually impoverished state, when they might have all their need supplied and constantly increase in the knowledge of God. Occasionally we receive letters from aged Christians, including preachers. They tell us how they deplore the fact that they did not know certain truths 30 and 40 years ago. "How different my Christian life and experience as well as my service might have been," is what an old Christian wrote to us recently. And all this time those riches were in the Bible, they might have enjoyed them. Oh, the neglected Bible! May we arise and possess our possessions.—*Our Hope.*

The Bible As An Educator

John Ruskin is not the only man who can say, "If I have accomplished anything in the world I owe it to the verses of Scripture my mother instilled into me when I was at her knee." No man can ever get clear away from the influence of those first few years with his mother.

There are twenty-four chapters in the Bible with which Ruskin says his mother "established my soul in life." And he adds, "That property of chapters I count confidently the most precious and upon the whole the one essential part of all my education.

I have known many men, who, like Ruskin, have had a "property" of verses if not whole chapters, but I have never known a weakling, or, as Uncle Billy Watson expresses it, "a two-for-a-cent" man among these reciters of Scripture.

There seems to be some mysterious brain-building quality in the words of the Old Book. And it enriches, educates, refines. It gives a voice and a vocabulary.

The man who has God's Word hid in his heart has a tongue with which he can always talk to God. And if need be talk to the world.

Some years ago one of my Iron Rose Bible Class men was led into the Kingdom. He began to read his Bible and commit it to memory. He was just a plain rolling mill man in the steel mills. It was his rule to commit to memory three new verses every day and review five chapters. He came to know a large portion of the Book by heart.

One day one of the country's celebrated ministers came to speak at a gathering at which I presided.

"Doctor," I said, "I am going to call upon a plain working-man to make the opening prayer. I want you to take particular notice of this prayer.

"Brother Merrick, will you please lead us in prayer?"

And "Brother Merrick" simply took God's own words out of His own Book and handed them back to Him with scarcely a word added, save a conjunction now and then to link the sentences together.

The Doctor of Divinity's head was soon up and gazing in wonderment at the transfigured face of the man who prayed in the very language of heaven itself.

"Why, that's the greatest prayer I ever listened to. Who is the man?"

"Just a plain rolling mill man, educated by the Word of God."

It is a wonderful old Book, isn't it?

—*Wm. H. Ridgway.*

Soldiers Wanted Bibles

A war veteran, in the *Red Cross Magazine*, tells of seeing a line of men several hundred feet in length, outside a certain "Y" hut in France. "It looked a line-up for the World's Series in New York City," he said. "What do you think they are waiting for," asked the Secretary. "Chocolate or cigarettes," I answered. "No, you will be surprised when I tell you," he replied. "They are here because I announced that we were to have a new bunch of Testaments. That crowd is going into the trenches to-morrow." This is not an isolated case. The same thing happened over and over again. There has been an overwhelming demand for the Book over there, the boys carried their Bibles openly, showed them about, and read them unashamed in the trenches. It was taken as a matter of course among them. Nobody ever thinks of commenting on the fact that a pal is reading his Bible. "I know there never were enough Bibles to supply the demand, though they were shipped by the hundreds of thousands," said the veteran.—*Red Cross Magazine.*

An Economical Jew and the Bible

Forty-five years ago a Jew stepped into the Bible House in Constantinople to buy a Bible, because he could get the Old Testament in this way a dollar cheaper than through the Jewish Publication Society. He read the New Testament bound up with the Jewish Scriptures and was converted to Christ. His wife followed his example and for many years the two conducted in their store a volunteer Bible agency, selling the Scriptures in thirty-three different languages.

Twenty-five years ago he moved from the Near East to the Far West, engaging in business in San Francisco. His only passion was to preach Christ and to distribute the Scripture, especially among the Jews. Two years ago he went to the San Francisco agency of the Bible Society and gave to the Society a deed to all his property in the city to be spent for the distribution of Bibles among the Jews throughout the world. Eternity alone will reveal the souls saved as a result of the reading of the New Testament by this Jew. Is the distribution of the Word worth while?—*Christian Monitor.*

Saved Through Reading the Bible

"You say was I a Christian? Not me! I was wild and going to the devil," said the Canadian lad. "But one night I was wounded and lay in a deserted shell hole, shot through the thigh, and unable to move for fifteen hours. I was feeling for a cigarette in my pocket to ease the pain a bit, but all I could find was a little pocket Testament which some one had given me, but which I had never read. I managed to get it out and, thinking it might be my last hour, and that I might never be found, I started to read to try and forget my wound. I read the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, and, sir, that little book changed my life. I have read a chapter every day since then. I was picked up by the infantry and carried to a hospital. One night when I could not sleep for the pain, the nurse asked me if she could do anything for me, and I asked her to read the Bible to me. She said she had never read it in her life, and I said it was about time she began, if that was so. After she read it, she said it helped her, too. Yes, I say my prayers on my knees in the tent now. Another boy has joined me this week; and the language in the tent is getting better. I'm off to the front to-morrow to take my turn again. But I'm no longer alone up there in the trenches. It's different now."—*From the circular, "Must Help Win the War."*

Feeding on God's Word

If then you ever get weary and languid for a moment, "Taste the powers of the world to come," and you will be refreshed and invigorated. We have a beautiful illustration in the story of the sick soldier. He was given up to die, and his father hastened from a long distance to his bedside in the hospital. He lay half-conscious, and nothing that father or attendants could

do could rouse him till the father said: "Here is a loaf of your mother's bread which I have brought you." "Bread from home," said the dying man; "give me some." And from that hour he began to mend. Bread from heaven! Don't fail to eat it every day, O Christian. You are in the world, but not of it, and you will die if you eat the native food. Feed upon the Word of God; live upon the promises of God; satisfy your souls with the hope of God which He has revealed to you in the Scriptures. "This is the bread which cometh down out of heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die."—*From "Yet Speaking," by Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

Neglecting the Book That Saves

A European who had been seized and imprisoned by an Abyssinian king was allowed to go at large, but a heavy iron fetter on each ankle kept him from making his escape. A European traveler saw and pitied him, but dared not openly help him, as he was watched by the king's officers. He was, however, allowed to give the captive a book. The poor prisoner was disappointed. He did not want books, and would have been much better pleased with a gift of food or clothing. The book was laid aside and forgotten. Three years afterwards, in an idle moment, he examined the book. There was something hard in the back of it. He pulled it out, and, behold, it was a file! It was the thing of all others he most needed. He made his way to the woods, filed off his fetters, and in a few days had reached the coast and was safe from pursuit. He could not forgive himself for having endured those three years of slavery. If he had only looked in the book before, he might have been free. So men neglect the Bible, which would set them free from the slavery of sin.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Sword of the Lord

If we are to be God's soldiers, we must be armed with His weapons. A man enlists in the army; there is a sword given to him; it is not a sword he has had made for himself, but one that has been submitted to certain tests. It is the Queen's sword, and as such it is her will that it shall be so made as to be worthy of the mettle of every soldier who will wield it, and of the empire that supplies it. The soldier is not allowed to risk his life by getting his village blacksmith to make one for him. It must have the stamp of the Government upon it. The battle is the Queen's, and the sword is the Queen's; and when the soldier gets that sword he feels that the whole British Empire has staked its credit upon the quality of that sword.—*From a sermon by D. Davies.*

Regular Study of the Bible

The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life (John 6:63).

In one of my early pastorates I asked one of my parishioners how she was getting along in her Christian life. She replied: "Very poorly. My life is a disgrace to me and to the church; it is a disgrace to Jesus Christ. I don't understand why it is." "Do you study your Bible every day?" I asked. "Oh, no; but I study it occasionally, when I have time." A little baby was lying in a baby-carriage near by, and I said: "Suppose you should feed that baby once in two hours to-day and once in six hours to-morrow, then let it go without eating at all for three or four days because you were busy, and then go back and feed it every two hours the next day, and keep up that process; do you think the child would grow?" "No," she said; "I think the child would die under that treatment." "And yet that is just the way you are treating your soul."—*R. A. Torrey, D.D., in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Gen. Gordon's Bible

It is said that Queen Victoria once presented herself before the keeper of the treasure chamber in Windsor Castle with a request for the richer of the two small caskets in his custody, each made of solid crystal, exquisite in workmanship and very costly. Selecting the richer and finer of the two, she drew from her pocket a copy of the Bible, and locked it in the casket, which was then returned to its place, richer than ever for the new treasure it contained. The Bible stored in that shrine was General Gordon's. It had been his daily support and solace, and was with him at Khartoum. It was worn and marked with the thousand notes of daily use and daily study, which indicated the relation of its hero owner to it and what it had been to him. It was not a new copy of Scripture, fresh, unsoiled, and unused, that was thus royally set; it was not selected for the beauty of the binding, the richness of the material, or the excellence of the workmanship. It was chosen because it had

once borne the relation it did to a heroic life. It had helped to create that life, to raise it high, to make it pure and strong, to fill it with faith and light and hope.—*The Independent.*

Feasting on God's Word

They received the word with all readiness of mind, examining the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so (Acts 17:11).

In a Chinese Hospital, a village Christian woman was asked, "Do you read your Bible much?" for she possessed a well-worn copy. "I read it constantly," she answered, "every day. I never wish for the last dish when reading it." The word she used was the name of the dish which announces the end of a Chinese feast. Reading the New Testament was to her such a feast that she never wished it to come to an end.—*The Sunday School Times.*

His Mother's Version

A Bible class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different influences. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it. "I think I prefer the King James Version for my part," he said, "though of course the Revised is more scholarly." His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said. "Your mother's?" cried the first young man. "Why, what do you mean, Fred?" "I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about *her* version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."—*From The Christian Advocate.*

When You Read the Bible Through

He read . . . all the words of the book (2 Chron. 34:30).

"I supposed I knew my Bible,
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
Now a snatch of Genesis;
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
Certain Psalms, the twenty-third,
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs—
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!

But I found that thorough reading
Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
When I read the Bible through.

"You who like to play at Bible,
Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel, aweary,
And yawn through a hurried prayer,
You who treat the crown of writings
As you treat no other book—
Just a paragraph disjointed,
Just a crude, impatient look—
Try a broad and steady view:
You will kneel in very rapture,
When you read the Bible through!"

—*Amos R. Wells in The Sunday School Times.*

Sharing God's Word

Great peace have they that love thy law (Psa. 119:165).

"One day at the Front," says a soldier, "when death and destruction were all around, and when none knew how soon he would be summoned into the presence of God, several desired to read from His Book concerning the solemn things of life and death. But only one Testament was available. How to multiply it was the problem, and to solve the difficulty the little book was torn page from page, each man receiving a portion. So there in the trenches, as the enemy's shells flew overhead, the soldier boys pored over the sacred Word, seeking in it some message of strength and comfort to answer to the strange circumstances in which they found themselves.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Knowing the Author

"A young lady once laid down a book which she had just finished with the remark that it was the dullest story she had ever read. In the course of time she became engaged to a young man, and one night she said to him: "I have a book in my library whose author's name, and even initials, are precisely the same as yours. Isn't that a singular coincidence?" "I do not think so," he replied. "Why not, pray?" "For the simple reason that I wrote the book." That night the young lady sat up until two o'clock reading the book again, and this time it seemed the most interesting story she had ever read. The once dull book was now fairly fascinating, because she knew and loved the author. So a child of God finds the Bible interesting be-

cause he knows and loves the Author. It is his Father's message, addressed to him.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Burdette's Favourite Text

How many quotable things are being printed from and about the late Robert J. Burdette! One of the most discriminating and popular is one that concerns his favourite text of Scripture. When asked what it was, he gave this answer which multitudes will appreciate: "When I think of a favourite text, half a dozen dear ones leap to my lips. Stormy days I want a cloak; cold days I want the sunny side of the wall; hot days I want a shady path; now, I want a shower of manna; now, I want a drink of cool, living water; now, I want an arbour to rest in; now, I want a pilgrims' staff; now, I want a sword—a right Jerusalem blade. My favourite text? I might as well try to tell which is my favourite eye. The one I might lose is the one I might want."—*Biblical Recorder.*

Memorizing the Scriptures

James S. Gale, in his mission study text-book, "Korea in Transition," says: "One day there came into one of the mission stations a sturdy Christian from the north. After the usual greetings he was asked the purpose of his visit. His reply was, 'I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and have come to recite them to you.' He lived a hundred miles away, and had walked all that distance, traveling four nights—a long stroll to recite some Scripture verses to his pastor; but he was listened to as he recited in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount. He was told that if he simply memorized it it would be a feat of memory and nothing more; he must practise its teachings. His face lighted up with a smile as he promptly replied, 'That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it, but it wouldn't stick, so I hit on this plan: I would memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbour of mine and practise the verse on him. Then I found it would stick.'"—*World Wide Missions.*

The Bible and Holy Living

A friend of the Rev. John W. Butler, of Mexico City, found in an interior town in Mexico a boy who seemed very different from the "lounging, heavy crowd" in the plaza. After talking with the boy a few minutes he realized that he had discovered a "real jewel among pebbles." When the boy told him that he did not smoke or drink, the stranger asked him why. "Oh," he said, "we have a book at our house, and in this book are many things that make one think about things. I read, and then I wonder if it is wrong to do this or that; and I think it is wrong to use stimulants, because it makes one dizzy and lazy. It is the Holy Bible. It makes us different from the rest of the people. We are happier, we are more healthy, we are better in every way, and I wish there were more of these books here. I wish that more might read, and understand, and be different."—*Condensed from World Wide Missions.*

The Heavenly Army's Rations

How to carry a nourishing meal in a small space is a great military problem. The British War Office relies upon compound of beef or mutton, potatoes, beans, carrots, and gravy, thoroughly cooked and pressed into hermetically sealed tins. The German army has its pease-sausage. It consists of pea-flour, the fat of bacon or beef, and various condiments, inclosed in a water-proof wrapper. The French army has quite a tasty ration, which is both digestible and nutritious. It consists of a cake of powdered meal, deliciously flavoured and mixed with pepsine. The Heavenly Army has its best meal in the small compass of the Bible. The Bible contains for every emergency provision which will satisfy every longing soul.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Converted Through the Bible

The word of our God shall stand for ever (Isa. 40:8).

About thirty-five high-caste Hindu students in Tinnevelly, roused to interest in Christianity by the opposition it excited among their people, formed a "Bible Reading Society." One of the rules of the society was that they "should confine their thoughts strictly to the reading of the Bible, without bringing up any objections or asking any difficult questions." It is worth while to take notice of the results of this plan of treating God's message to His creatures: it would seem that declining to interrupt the work of God's Spirit while reading His Word, by any cavil whatever, was a good way of silencing the Devil; for the report goes on to say very simply that the secretary of the society has already been baptized into the church of Christ, that the president and eight or ten other mem-

bers are applying for baptism, and that all Tinnevelly is ringing with the matter.—*Children's Friend.*

How a Blind Girl Read the Bible

The fingers of a poor blind girl became so calloused with spinning that she was unable to make out the raised letters in her Bible. After making a futile attempt, she pressed her lips to the sacred page to kiss it good-by, when to her surprise she found that with the delicate nerves of her lips she could make out the letters. With increasing joy she ran her lips along the lines day by day, and thus read the Bible carefully. Shall we not, while thankful for our eyes, read the blessed Book with equal carefulness?—*From "Practical Talks on Important Themes," by Crossley and Hunter.*

A Scoffer's Bible Reading

I knew a man once whose wife became intensely interested in a revival meeting as a seeker of salvation. He was a skeptic and a scoffer, and when he found her constantly reading the Bible, searching for some promise that would comfort her, he said: "Bosh! I will give you enough of that. I will read the Bible to you every day, till you are sick of it." And he began. Day by day when he came home he read the Bible—chapter after chapter, having his wife sit and listen. At last one day, when he had finished the third chapter of John, he said, "My wife, won't you pray for me? I am a poor lost sinner." And they knelt and prayed, and God came in mercy, and both were saved.—*Reformed Church Record.*

Better Than Preaching

The sower soweth the word
(Mark 4:14).

The late Archdeacon Philpot used to relate a story to the effect that as a young man he preached a sermon in a country town which resulted in the conversion of a man who afterwards became a well-known local preacher and the means of untold blessing in the country around. When the Archdeacon was again in the neighbourhood some years after, he called upon the good man, and asked him what part of his sermon had been blessed to his conversion. The man answered, "Oh, sir, it was not your sermon; it was the text." —*The Christian Herald.*

The Bible in All Languages

We have a Bantu proverb which says, "You can count the number of apples on a tree, but you cannot count the number of trees in one apple." I was working away at a difficult translation, and the devil came to me, and said, "Drop it, it is not translatable!" I thought a while, then went back to it, and my Bible opened at Daniel 7:14, "It was given him that all . . . languages should serve him." We have 440 translations. That is not enough. I went on, and succeeded.—*Dan Crawford, in the Missionary Echo.*

Accuracy of the Bible

Daubed it with slime and with pitch
(Ex. 2:3).

This verse is said to have given the Standard Oil Company the idea that oil was to be found in Egypt. This is reported to be the assertion of Charles Whitshott, geologist and oil and gas expert for the Standard Oil Company: "The verse tells of the use of pitch in making the craft in which the babe Moses was set adrift. Alphant, of the Standard, reasoned that where there was pitch there was oil. I was sent to investigate, and three wells are now in operation, with more being developed as the result."—*The Springfield Republican.*

The Bible God's Will

A missionary in Brazil was making her usual visits when she came upon a poor, ignorant, ragged woman whose face was radiant, sitting in her little thatched hut, with a copy of the Gospels on her lap and an "A. B. C." book by her side. When she saw the missionary, she said, "Oh, Senora, I'm an heiress. Just think of all these riches for me." The missionary saw her labour hard to read the words, and asked, "Why do you take so much trouble to read?" The reply came, "It is His will. Just think how ashamed I would be to meet my Lord and have Him ask, 'Did you receive the inheritance? Did you read My will?' And I should have to answer, 'No.' Oh, Senora, I want to learn it by heart, for He left it all for me."—"*The Children's Friend.*"

Old Kim's Ammunition

It was old Kim, the tiger-hunter, whom Bishop Lambuth met in Korea, a grizzled old man, with weather-beaten face, and sun-burned neck and shoulders furrowed by the claws of more

than one tiger. "What have you in that bag, Brother Kim?" "Ammunition," was his laconic reply, with a smile, as he showed his New Testament and hymn-book. "Do you no longer hunt tigers?" "No, Moksa, I am hunting for men."—*"The Bible and Missions."*

Saw God's Love in the Bible

Two gentlemen were riding together. As they were about to separate, one of them said to the other: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell you the truth, I feel that I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but I found from the Bible that God loved me. And He loves you, too, my friend." This was something that gentleman had never thought of before. He began to read the Bible as he had never read it before.—*Dr. Richard Newton, in The Birth of Christ.*

The Key to God's Palace

Noblemen of the highest rank in Spain used sometimes to receive from the king as a token of honour a key, which they wore at the belt, to show that they had a right to enter the royal palace at any time. Some one has well said that our Bible is a golden key, opening to those who possess it the treasure house of the King of kings.—*The "Sunday at Home."*

Flowers of Life

Only within the last year or two in opening some tombs in Egypt royal mummies were found crowned with garlands of flowers. These flowers were gathered more than three thousand years ago, and yet their colours were as fresh and brilliant as flowers just gathered from the earth. So the solemn and delightful truths of this Book keep their freshness through millenniums, only they are not as dead flowers gracing dark ages, but they are plants of life in God's own garden, and the leaves of them are still for the healing of the nations.—*From Dr. Watkinson's "Noonday Addresses."*

The Bible Not Overthrown

An Irishman built his fence three feet high and four feet wide. When asked why he built it wider than it was high his answer was, "So that if any one kicks it over it will be higher than it was in the first place." Thus it has always been with the Bible. All down through the ages any attempt to overthrow it has always resulted in its rising higher in the estimation of the people.—*From a sermon by the Rev. T. Bray.*

Converted by the Word

A German missionary from the province of Shansi, China, tells of a man who came to the mission station to buy a Testament. He lived a long way off, and had never seen a foreigner or heard a preacher of the gospel. A copy of Matthew's Gospel had come into his hands, and he wanted to know more of the doctrine. When he arrived at the station the missionary was not at home. The man waited, and in the meantime read the New Testament through nearly three times. When the missionary returned the visitor was ready for baptism. An illuminating illustration of the power of the Word!—*The Quiver.*

The Bible a Perfect Standard

After ten years of patient work, experts in London have finished what is said to be the most perfect yard-stick in the world. It is made of platinum and iridium, and was designed to be used as the standard of the British government. Every year for ten years it will be examined, and if it varies by a millionth of an inch it will be rejected. The Bible is the Christian's standard for his rule of conduct. Its principles never change. "The law of Jehovah is perfect."—*The Expositor.*

John Wanamaker's Bible

John Wanamaker has made some pretty large purchases in his lifetime. He mentioned some of them, the other day, at a luncheon meeting of the Business Men's War Council of the Pocket Testament League, which was being held in one of the dining-rooms of the Wanamaker Store, in Philadelphia. The Treasurer of the Council, Mr. J. Lewis Twaddell, had called on Mr. Wanamaker for a word.

While Postmaster-General of the United States, Mr. Wanamaker said, he had been permitted to make contracts involving millions of dollars, especially in arranging to have the mail to foreign countries carried in four ships built in Cramp's Shipyard in Philadelphia, to sail under the American flag. He had, of course, made large purchases of property in his lifetime, involving other millions of dollars; and the buildings and ground in which the Testament League War

Council was then meeting represented a value approximating twenty million dollars.

But it was when he was a boy in the country that he had made his biggest purchase. In a little mission Sunday-school of the Lutheran Church eleven-year-old John Wanamaker bought from his teacher, Mr. Hurlbut, a small red leather Bible, about eight inches long and six inches wide. This Bible cost two dollars and seventy-five cents, which the boy paid for in small installments as he saved up his own money that he earned.

Looking back over his life, Mr. Wanamaker told the Business Men's War Council that that little red Bible was the foundation on which his life had been built, and that it had made possible all that had counted most in his life. He knew now that it was the greatest and most important and far-reaching purchase he had ever made; and every other investment of his life seemed to him, after mature years, only secondary.

It is no wonder that, after his lifetime experiences based upon that little red Bible, Mr. Wanamaker urged the widest extension of the Pocket Testament League.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Diderot and the Bible

A member of the French Academy went to see Diderot, an able champion of infidelity, and found him explaining a chapter of the Gospel to his daughter as seriously as a Christian parent. The visitor expressed his surprise. "I understand you," said Diderot, "but, in truth, what better lesson could I give her?"—*Rev. Elon Foster, D.D.*

Filipinos Free to Read Bible

When the Americans first occupied Manila, the prison doors were opened for those who had been kept for years in chains in a vile hole for what were termed "political offenses." One of these crimes, according to the Spanish government, which then ruled the Philippines, was reading the Bible. One day a man came to an American missionary in Manila, Dr. Homer Stuntz, and asked to see him in strict privacy. He then asked in a whisper if it was true that he could now read his Bible without danger of imprisonment. Dr. Stuntz took him to the door and asked him to look at the American flag floating from a near-by government building. Then he said: "So long as you see that flag floating over your country, you can sit on the ridgepole of your house, if you want to, and read the Bible, and no one can molest you." Such was the change which came to that dark land when Protestant Christianity went in.—*From a missionary pamphlet.*

Surviving the Storms

A Sierra Leone, West Africa, customer of a Chicago mail-order house ordered a Bible sent by parcel post. This book was mailed on board the Steamship Falaba when she was torpedoed and sunk in March, 1915, off the English coast. Somehow the Bible was torn loose from the mailbag by the explosion. Picked up by a fisherman on the coast of Scotland, it was sent to Liverpool; the postmarks and shipper's name being deciphered, it was returned to Chicago, and to-day is in the relic room of that Chicago mail-order house, water-soaked, but successfully surviving a submarine's torpedo and the billows of the Atlantic ocean. That is just like the truth of God.—*From The Sunday School Times.*

The Bible Our Compass

Once a captain strong and sturdy
Sailed his ship out to the deep;
Left the harbour far behind him,
Braved the mighty billows' sweep.
But he soon met dire disaster
When with shame and fear, too late,
He discovered that his compass
Had been loaded with the freight.

Once a strong life, young and hopeful,
Sailed out on the stormy wave;
Met the shock of every tempest
With a purpose noble, brave.
Now you ask, "Did he reach heaven,
Or was wrecked, a fearful fate?"
Was his Bible in his cabin
Or just bundled with the freight?
—*J. J. Pruitt, in the Epworth Herald.*

The Bible the "Best Seller"

The word of our God shall stand for ever (Isa. 40:8).

Six million six hundred and twenty thousand and twenty-four copies (6,620,024). That is the British and Foreign Bible Society's report of its sale of Bibles for last year. In the one hundred and six years of its existence the Society has sold two hundred and twenty-two million Bibles. It prints them in four hundred and twenty-four different languages and dialects. Moreover, the sales are constantly increasing. Last year the sales were six hun-

dred and eighty-five thousand in excess of the previous year, which constitutes a record in the history of the Society. And this Society, while one of the largest, is but one of many that are printing and distributing the Bible.—*The Girl's World.*

A Good Book for Bad Eggs

A Mohammedan bought a Gospel for four eggs, because, as he said, he had no money, but the day following he returned with the money, making this remark: "Your book is very good, but the eggs I gave you were not fresh; I should like to pay the price of the Book." That is how the Gospels work: they touch the conscience, they awake the spiritual thirst; something happens which tells immediately upon life.—*Dr. Horton, in the Contemporary Review.*

God's Word the Good Seed

An old professor in biology used to hold a little brown seed in his hand. "I know just exactly the composition of this seed. It has in it hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen. I know the exact proportions. And I can make a seed which will look exactly like this seed from the plant. But if I plant my seed it will come to naught; its elements will simply be absorbed by the soil. But if I plant in good ground the seed God made, it will become a plant, because it contains the mysterious principle which we call the life principle." This Bible looks like other books. We cannot understand altogether its marvelous power. Planted in good ground, it shows that it has the life principle in itself: it brings forth spiritual life: it bears fruitage.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Fear to Read the Bible

A philosopher of Florence could not be persuaded to look through one of Galileo's telescopes, lest he should see something in the heavens that would disturb him in his belief of Aristotle's philosophy. Thus it is with many: they are afraid of examining God's Word, lest they should find themselves condemned.—*Buck.*

Village Converted Through Bible

Mr. Stuart Jessup, a Presbyterian missionary at Sidon, Syria, on one of his trips east of the Jordan River, found an entire village that had been Christianized by one Bible. Twenty years before, one of the villagers was given this Bible while on a business trip to Damascus. Not one in his village at that time knew of Christ and His gospel. This one Bible was read and studied by every family in the village. Scarcely an evening would pass but that a few families would meet in some home to discuss the teachings of this wonderful book. And the villagers gave Mr. Jessup a glad welcome when he arrived at their village, so eager were they to see and hear some one else who believed in their wonderful book.

Neglecting God's Word

"These hath God married
And no man shall part,
Dust on the Bible
And drought in the heart."
—*The Record of Christian Work.*

The Book Fitted His Needs

A learned Chinese man was employed by some missionaries to translate the New Testament into Chinese. At first the work of translating had no apparent effect upon the scholarly Chinese. But, after a time, he became quite agitated, and said, "What a wonderful book this is." "Why so?" said the missionary. "Because," said the Chinese man, "it tells me so exactly about myself. It knows all that is in me. The one who made this book must be the one who made me."—*Frank M. Goodchild, in Baptist Fundamentals.*

Thirty Saved Through Reading God's Word

A merchant from a mountain village in Shansi went to a city on business, and bought from a colporteur on the street a copy of Luke's Gospel. On his return home he so enjoyed the reading of the book that he invited in his neighbours to hear it. After repeated readings, a company of them agreed to give up idol worship, and to observe every seventh day by meeting at the merchant's house for reading and study. The next year the merchant tried to find the colporteur when he went to the city, but he was gone. The second year he found a missionary, who explained the difficult passages, and promised to visit his village. He found thirty persons ready for baptism, and a large and interested audience was always ready to greet him whenever he could address them.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Privileged to Read God's Word

Search the Scriptures (John 5: 39). Homer Stuntz, missionary to the

Philippines, tells of a native who came panting into his presence, his clothes disordered, his general appearance wild. Carefully closing the door, he gasped: "I want to ask you something. My father was dragged from his home when I was a child, and taken away to be tortured because he read the word of God. He may be dead now. As he was being taken away, the soldiers destroyed our Bible, but my mother tore away a few leaves, which she hid away. Those leaves contained the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John, and those words are in my heart! Tell me, can I read the Bible now?" Homer Stuntz, pointing to the American flag which was waving overhead, said: "As long as that flag is there, you can read the Bible on the housetop three hundred and sixty-five days in the year!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ in the Scriptures

The writer has in his library a copy of the American Constitution so delicately shaded in the copperplate type that it brings out in relief, as the observer stands off a little distance, the familiar features of George Washington, the founder of the American Republic, and the man who made that great charter of liberty a national and enduring fact. From one point of view it is a chapter of political history; from another, it is a portrait of the Father of his country. So, while the Bible gives us the most ancient record of history, the most sublime poetry, the most lofty system of morals, the most vivid portraitures of human character, and the most extraordinary system of spiritual truth,—yet back of all, and above all, it sheds upon us "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Bible

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul.
And we are seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find what all the sages said,
Is in the book our mothers read.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Scripture Drafts on Heaven

A Scotchwoman who had received kind letters from her absent son found bank-bills inside of them, but having never seen such money, thought they were only pretty pictures and put them aside. Many people think the promises found in the Bible are very pretty pictures. Is it not time to understand that they are drafts on the bank of heaven that will be honoured night and day?—*From an address by the late Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

The Book That Keeps from Sin

Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin (Psa. 119:11).

On the fly-leaf of a Bible I possess, written by the hand of a sainted woman, are these words: "This Book will keep you from sin. Sin will keep you from this Book." What a volume of truth in these few words! A true interpretation of the text.—*Mary E. Watson, in The Sunday School Times.*

God's Word a Lamp

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, And a light unto my path (Psa. 119:105).

We are told that in Oriental countries, the natives often fasten a small light to each foot for night travel. This is to frighten reptiles and poisonous insects that are crawling on the ground. As each foot is lifted forward, they scamper away, and a safe place is made on which to place the foot.—*From Dr. Palmer, Winona Bible Conference.*

God's Word for Daily Use

Phillips Brooks used to tell the story of some savages, to whom was given a sun-dial. So desirous were they to honour it and keep it sacred that they housed it in, and built a roof over it. Is this the way we treat the Bible? It is not too sacred for daily use. Learn to use it. Let God in on your life.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Mary Jones' Bible

A young Welsh girl, named Mary Jones, dearly loved the Bible, but the only chance she had to read it was by walking two miles to the house of a relative. By hoarding chance pennies until she was sixteen years old she saved enough to buy a Bible of her own. The price at that time would be $6.25 in our money. She walked twenty-eight miles along difficult and lonely paths to the only place she knew where Bibles were sold, and found that Mr. Charles, in charge of the place, had sold his last copy. Stirred by her tears, he gave her one which had been laid aside on order of a friend, and Mary Jones happily walked the long miles home.

Her story, told by Mr. Charles, was influential in founding the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804, the first national society for the printing and circulation of the Bible.—*From "The Bible and Missions," by Helen Barrett Montgomery.*

A Physician's Prescription

Some years ago a lady went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out before she could protest. At first she was inclined to be angry; then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. She went home determined to read conscientiously her neglected Bible. In a month she went back to the doctor's office a different person, and asked him how he knew that was just what she needed. For answer the physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book I would lose my greatest source of strength and skill."—*The Wellspring.*

BOASTING

The Boasting Frog

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled (Matt. 23:12).

The following legend is given in the *Baptist Commonwealth:* An inflated frog, the usual type of the boaster, wanted to accompany a brood of wild geese on their migration from the cold north to the sunny southern climes. As he heard the geese planning their trip in his northern pool, the frog proposed to them to accompany them. But they said: "How can you ever fly? We are provided with wings, and you can only croak and swim." "Oh, but," said he, "I have brains, and if you will carry out my directions, you will be surprised at the ingenuity of my plan." The geese consented, and immediately the frog directed them to a strong reed in the swamp, which they pulled up and brought to him. "Now," he said, "you just take hold of this reed in your mouths, one at each end, and I will hold on with my mouth in the middle, and you will carry me without any difficulty." And so they started. But, as they flew over the village, the people were attracted by the strange sight of the aerial caravan, and, with open mouths and eyes, they began expressing their wonder and admiration at the strange contrivance, and asking, "Whoever could have thought of such a bright idea?" This was too much for the frog. He was in danger of losing the credit of this splendid scheme, and so, without stopping to think, he shouted, "I did it!" But of course the moment he opened his mouth he lost his hold, and down he dropped among the villagers.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Boasting Physician

A great French doctor was taking an English one around the wards of his hospital, all sorts of miseries going on before them, some dying, others longing for death—all ill. The Frenchman was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases; you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels, like looking into a watch or into a glass bee-hive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case when the body was opened! He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of glee, when the other doctor said, "But, Dr.——, you haven't prescribed for these cases." "Oh, neither I have!" said he, with a grumph and a shrug: "I quite forgot that"; that being the one thing why these poor people were there, and why he was there too.—*John Brown, M.D.*

CAREFULNESS

Avoided the Dangerous Places

The president of an ocean liner company was taking a journey across the water, and when the ship entered a very dangerous channel he engaged in a conversation with the pilot, who, by the way, was a whiskered old man of sixty-eight, with all the appearance of having spent most of his days on the water. The magnate remarked: "I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel?" The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied: "Nope." "You don't!" said the magnate, very much surprised. "Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What do you know?" "I know where the bad places ain't," coolly replied the old pilot, much to the satisfaction of the magnate.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

A Careful Surgeon

There is an interesting story told of the late Dr. Robert Dawbarn, an eminent surgeon of New York. In sewing up a wound after an operation, one of his students observed that he always tied three knots where the custom was to tie only two. Asked about it the doctor replied, "The third is my sleeping knot; it may not be necessary to tie it, but it makes the matter that much safer, and I find I sleep better for it." This is only one instance of the beauty of doing just a little more than any one could properly demand, going the second mile, as our Lord put it. Most men are able to sleep better after such an experience. There is danger in letting other people determine what one shall do, and the danger is more serious that it will lead to underdoing than to over-doing.—*The Continent.*

Careful Where He Drove

A gentleman once advertised for a coachman. Of each applicant he asked this question: "How near to a precipice would you drive without going over?" One said, "Within a yard," and another, "Within a foot," etc., but one answered, "I would keep as far from it as possible." He got the job.

Stop, Look, Listen!

A novel warning sign has been erected at a railroad crossing in San Antonio, consisting of a platform eight feet above the ground upon which is placed a wrecked automobile, which figured in a fatal accident on that same road some time ago, and which resulted in the death of two occupants of the car. A sign under the platform bears the words: "Did the driver of this car Stop, Look, Listen?"—*The Sunday School Magazine.*

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness Under Trials

Be of good cheer (Acts 23 : 11).

A woman who has many sorrows and burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirit, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I had nothing to give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let any one go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate." Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens, but not impose them. Whether the sun shines or the rain falls, show a glad face to your neighbour. If you must fall in life's battle, you can at least fall with a smile on your face.—*The Wellspring.*

A Great Day

"It's a great morning, isn't it?" called a cheery business man to a passer-by as he hurried down the steps of his home to catch a train. "Why, so it is," thought the man hailed, looking up in surprise from his moody contemplation of the sidewalk. And unconsciously he straightened his shoulders and stepped out more briskly as he went on his way. "It's a great morning, isn't it?" said the business man to a boot-black as he stopped for a shine. And the urchin gave a vigorous polish to a spot on the heel that he had been minded to leave unshined, and whistled as he went his way. "It's a great day, isn't it?" said the man to the stenographer as he entered his office. And the girl's fingers flew faster, the keys clicked merrily, and the tired eyes smiled as she worked that day. "It has been a great day," said the man to his wife as, business over, he sank with a sigh of comfort into the easy chair at home. And the recording angel, closing the account of that man's day, smiled and echoed softly: "A great day."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Not Contrary to Christ

A lay preacher wrote to his friend. The letter was sealed, but he wished to add a word of cheer, so on the address side of the envelope he wrote, "Be of good cheer, brother." When the man received the letter, he found that the post-office authorities had stamped against the word of counsel this intimation, "Contrary to Regulations." How many Christians read this word of Christ as if it were, "Be of good cheer, brother—Contrary to Regulations"! The light of His face is joy, and it is in harmony with every rule of the Christian life to dwell in it.—*Northfield Echoes.*

Converted to Chiming

"Clocks converted to chiming." Such were the words that caught the writer's

ye in an advertisement of a watch-
naker's wares. "Conversion to chim-
ng" is precisely what many nowadays
eed. In the midst of gloom and sor-
ow, what a call there is for bright
Christians who can advertise the grace
f God, which is able to dispel all sor-
ow and care. Many are converted who
re far from chiming, and they require
he change that can fill their lives with
music never dying, ever singing, ever
raising.—*The Christian.*

Three Good Cheers

In the life of the late Thomas Bone,
he well-known worker among the sail-
rs, an incident is given where Mr.
Bone told his hearers of three good
heers. "The first is the cheer of for-
iveness, as our Saviour said, 'Be of
ood cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.'
The second is the cheer of companion-
hip. Jesus said, 'Be of good cheer.
t is I, be not afraid.' And the third
s the cheer of victory. 'Be of good
heer, I have overcome the world.'"—
Onward.

Pessimist or Optimist?

He hath heard your murmurings (Exo. 16:9).

"How dismal you look!" said a
ucket to his companion as they were
oing to the well. "Ah!" replied the
ther, "I was reflecting upon the use-
ssness of our being filled; for let us
o away ever so full, we always come
ack empty." "Dear me! how strange
o look at it in that way!" said the
ther bucket. "Now, I enjoy the
ought that, however empty we come,
e always go away full."—*Great Thoughts.*

Aunt Amanda's Secret

With gladness and singleness of heart (Acts 2:46).

Old Aunt Amanda, when asked why
he was so constantly cheerful, replied:
Lor', child, I jes wear this world like
loose garment."—*From "Bits of Cheer," by Lucy Elliot Keerler, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

The Hospital Notice

Be glad in Jehovah, and rejoice, ye righteous; And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart (Psa. 32:11).

In the vestibule of a certain hospital
isitors see a card bearing this advice:
Never utter a discouraging word while
ou are in this hospital. You should
ome here only for the purpose of help-
ing. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile don't go in." Not in the hospitals only, but in the home and on the street, there is the same need for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God.—*From "East and West."*

Get a Transfer

Be of good cheer (John 16:33).

"If you are on the gloomy line,
Get a transfer.
If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer.
Get off the track of doubt and gloom;
Get on the Sunshine train, there's room—
Get a transfer.

"If you're on the worry train,
Get a transfer.
You must not stay there and complain,
Get a transfer.
The cheerful cars are passing through,
And there's lots of room for you—
Get a transfer.

"If you're on the grouchy track,
Get a transfer.
Just take a happy special back—
Get a transfer.
Jump on the train and pull the rope
That lands you at the station Hope—
Get a transfer."

—*From the Rochester News.*

CHILDREN

George W. Rideout's Tribute to Childhood

Isn't it beautiful?

"When God made the child He began early in the morning. He watched the golden hues of rising day chasing away the darkness, and chose the azure of the opening heavens for the colour of childhood's eye, the crimson of the cloud to paint its cheeks, and the gold of the morning for its flowing tresses. He beheld the dewdrops upon the lips of flowers, and from rose and lily and daffodil and daisy gathered nectar wherewith to put sparkle in its eye and merry smiles upon its lips. He listened to the songbirds as they sang and warbled and whispered, and strung childhood's harp with notes now soft and low, now sweet and strong. He saw the little lambs among the flocks romp and play and skip, and he put play into childhood's heart. He saw

the silvery brook and listened to its music and ripples as it coursed its way over sandy bed and mossy stone, and He made the laughter of the child like the ripple of the brook. He saw the angels of light as upon wings of love they hastened in holy duty, and He put innocence in the child-heart and formed its soul in purity and love. And having made the child, He sent it out to bring joy in home, laughter on the green, and gladness everywhere. He sent it to the home and said to the parents: 'Nourish and bring up this child for Me.' He sent it to the church and said: 'Teach it my love and law.' He sent it to the state, saying: 'Deal tenderly with it, and it will bless and not curse thee.' He sent it to the nation and said: 'Be good to the child. It is thy greatest asset and thy hope.'"

Carlysle and the Catechism

The best thing that ever happened to Thomas Carlysle, according to his own testimony, was that he was obliged to learn the Shorter Catechism when he was a small boy so thoroughly though much of it he did not understand, that when he grew up it kept coming out like an infection. "He got it in his memory so he could not get it out, and suddenly when he came face to face with some situation, sometimes that tried his soul, those wonderful definitions of the Shorter Catechism would stare him in the face, and he would know where he was." How important it is to store the minds of children with literature that lasts.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Keeping the Jewels Safe

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children (Deut. 6:7).

A nobleman was banished from the kingdom. On the eve of departure, he gave into the keeping of his steward a casket of very precious jewels. Years went by. The steward, in failing health, sought a place of security for the precious stones. He cut a hole in a tender tree, and beneath its bark hid the treasure. Years later, the nobleman returned. The steward was gone, but his lord knew the secret of his deposit. The young tree had grown into a mighty oak. But well it had kept its trust. The tree was felled, and in its very heart the gems were found, not a point broken. They flashed in the light with the same brightness as in former days. Is not each lesson of truth deposited in the mind of the young like that hidden treasure? Is not th teacher like that faithful steward When our Lord shall come again seek His own, may not the precio jewels which the true teacher quiet and faithfully hid, be found, beautif as ever, to the joy of their rightf owner?—*Good Company.*

Leading Children to Christ

On the mantelpiece of my gran mother's parlor was an apple in a via It entirely filled the body of the bottl and my childish wonderment constant was, "How could it have got there? I climbed a chair to see if the botto would unscrew, or if there had been joint throughout the length of the via But neither of these proved to be th case, and the apple remained to me mystery. One day, walking in th garden, I saw it all. There on a tre in the garden, was a vial tied, an within it a tiny apple growing. Th apple was put into the bottle while was little, and it grew there. So w must capture the boys and girls and in troduce them within the influence of th church, and let them grow up therein.— *The Sunday School Times.*

Children Alike to Christ

Man looketh on the outward appea ance, but Jehovah looketh on the hea (1 Sam. 16:7).

A weary missionary fell asleep an had a dream. A message had arrive that the Master was coming, and to he was appointed the task of getting all th little children ready for Him. So sh arranged them on benches in tiers, pu ting the little white children first, nea est to where the Master would stan then the little yellow, red, and brow children, and far back sat the blac children. When all were arranged, sh looked and it did not seem quite righ to her. Why should the black childre be so far away? They ought perhap to be on the front benches. She starte to rearrange them, but just as all wa in confusion, footsteps were heard; was the Master's tread. He was com ing before the children were ready. T think that the task entrusted to her ha not been accomplished in time! Th footsteps drew near, and she wa obliged to look up. Lo, as her eye rested on the children all shades o colour and difference had vanished; th little children in the Master's presenc were all alike!—*From "The Child i the Midst," by Mary S. Labaree.*

Shutting Out the Lambs

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth (Eccl. 12:1).

A good old Scotch elder, who was deeply concerned because his pastor persistently refused to allow children to be admitted to church fellowship, invited him to his house. After tea the elder took the pastor out to see his large flock of sheep put into the fold. Taking his stand at the entrance to the sheepfold the elder allowed the sheep to enter, but as the little lambs came up he roughly pushed them back with a heavy stick. The pastor became very indignant, and exclaimed: "What are you doing to the lambs? They need the shelter far more than the sheep!" "Just what you are doing to the children of the church," was the prompt reply. The object-lesson did its work. Never again did the pastor attempt to shut out from the fold of the church one of Christ's little ones.—*The Expositor.*

Suffer the Children to Come

Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me (Matt. 19:14).

A little child once asked her mother how old she must be before she could be a Christian. Her mother answered, "How old will you have to be before you love me?" "Why, mother," said the little girl, "I always loved you." "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?" "I always did," she answered, "but tell me what I want to know." The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?" "I can *now*, without growing any older." Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling. Love and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little children come unto me.'"—*The United Presbyterian.*

Honouring Their Parents

Archdeacon Conybeare states that last year a large number of schoolboys were set to write an essay on "What would I do if I had £5000 a year?" He adds that, reading over the essays written, anonymous though they were, it was always possible to detect which boys were Jewish, by noticing if an essay placed in the forefront of the writer's wishes the desire to provide for his parents. The fifth commandment had sunk deep into the Israelite lads' minds.—*The Christian Life.*

A Child's Example

In a cemetery, on a little white marble stone that marks the grave of a child, are chiseled these striking words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us!'"—*Forward.*

Children and Gardens

A familiar story is that of a visitor to Coleridge who argued vehemently against the religious instruction of the young, and declared his own determination not to "prejudice" his children in favour of any form of religion, but to allow them at maturity to choose for themselves. The answer of Coleridge to the particular argument was pertinent and sound enough: "Why prejudice a garden in favour of flowers and fruit? Why not let the clods choose for themselves between cockleberries and strawberries?"—*The Christian Advocate.*

A Child's Prayer

Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me (Matt. 18:5).

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him: "Now pray a little prayer of your own." And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."—*The Pacific Baptist.*

Imitating His Father

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman tells the following: "I rode along a country road with my little boy some time ago. I found that he was speaking to my friends just as I spoke to them. One man called my attention to it, and said, 'It is amusing, isn't it?' To me it was anything but amusing. If my boy is to speak as I speak, walk as I walk, then God help me to walk as a Christian."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

When Children Become Christians

A teacher asked when children should begin to be Christians. One child said, "At thirteen"; another, "At ten"; another, "At six." But a little girl who loved Jesus answered, "As soon as they can understand enough to love anybody."—*The Christian Endeavor Times.*

A Test of Sanctification

If you at this minute are [fully] in the Holy Spirit as your environment and atmosphere, you can, for instance, go and have a romp with the children on the floor, with four or five children on your back, and still be a sanctified man. I always feel that a good test of a man's sanctification is to place him in a room with five children, and if it is a sham sanctification, when you go in again you will find the five children in one corner of the room and the man in the other; but if he is really a sanctified man the children will be grouped around him.—*From Dr. F. B. Meyer.*

CHRIST

Christ as Saviour

A godly Church of England vicar was troubled with a violent and apparently ungovernable temper. Many a time he had prayed about it with tears, and he had struggled much to conquer it, but had been beaten and was almost in despair. One day he had prayed and confessed his sin and believed he had obtained help to keep down the violent temper, and so he had left his study to go about his duties. Alas! not long afterward he re-entered his study beaten and almost broken-hearted, and in his sorrow he fell asleep and dreamed he was in his study and looking out saw coming towards him a glorious man who evidently intended to be his guest. He became at once conscious that his study was in much disorder and unfit to receive such a guest who, he knew, was the Lord Jesus Christ. He swept and watered and dusted the room, but the more he worked the worse it became. The stranger knocked. "Oh, what shall I do," he said to himself. "I cannot let him into a room in such disorder as this," and he kept on sweeping, watering, and dusting till the stranger knocked again, and again he said, "Oh, I cannot open while the room is so unfit to receive Him." But all his efforts were in vain, and when the stranger knocked again, overpowered with shame and confusion, he opened the door, saying, "Master I can do no more; come in if thou wilt into such a room." The Master came in, and, most strange, when He came in the dust was laid, the disorder disappeared, and all was bright and clean and joyful. The Master's presence alone had done all that his utmost efforts had failed to accomplish. He awoke, and it was a dream, but in the dream God had spoken to him, and he now saw where his mistake ha been, and wherein lay his strength fo an overcoming life.—*Life of Faith.*

Christ All-in-All

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of thee."

Yet he found me, I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard him pray, "Forgive them,
Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet, and strong, and oh, so patient
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
"Lord, thy love at last has conquered
Grant me now my soul's desire,
None of self, and all of thee."

—*Theodore Monod*

In the Taj Mahal

A missionary from India related how he had visited a temple which was an extraordinary piece of architectural work. It was made of white marble. One of the peculiar features of the building was the number of arches which it contained. On nearing the entrance the attendants told him that if he whispered a word inside the building it would be re-echoed from every arch. Proceeding in the building, the missionary breathed the word "Jesus," and instantly the echoes resounded from every part of the building. The effect was soul-inspiring. Thus it is in the temple of Christ's redeemed,—every one utters His glory and speaks His praise. "Christ is First and Last, the Beginning and the End, and I am in the middle," said a working man in South Africa in giving his testimony. We need to go farther, and say, "Christ is the Middle too. Christ is All, and in all."—*The Christian Herald.*

The Vine and the Branches

I am the vine, ye are the branches (John 15:5).

On the edge of a damp, still firwood in a Swiss valley, a friend and I found something about branches that made us literally shout for joy. An old fir stump was our lesson-book. It had decayed

away till only the skeleton was left, and that skeleton showed its secret. We had thought that the branches were rooted into the substance of the tree, just deep enough to hold them fast, and that, from the woody fiber around, the sap flowed into them. But here they were, with nothing vague about them; each had within the bark a great shoulder that would resist all attempts at wrenching out; then it went tapering inward till it came to the center, and there it was knit into a slender upright rod at the very heart that joined all together, separate in their individuality, yet absolutely one. This is the law of branching for all dicotyledons; that is, the higher forms of plant life, the vine included; so that this hidden, lovely linking, heart to heart, out of sight, must have been in the mind of Christ when He said to His disciples: "I am the vine, ye are the branches."—*I. Lilias Trotter, in The Sunday School Times.*

Christ's Yoke Easy

Did you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal which wears it? It is just the opposite. It is to make its burden light. Attached to the oxen in any other way than by a yoke the plow would be intolerable. A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not meant to give pain, but to save pain. And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery.—*Henry Drummond.*

Christ the Good Shepherd

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep (John 10:11).

When God sought a King for His people of old,
He went to the fields to find him;
A shepherd was he, with his crook and his lute
And a following flock behind him.

When God looked to tell of His good-will to men,
And the Shepherd-King's Son whom He gave them;
To shepherds, made meek a-caring for sheep,
He told of a Christ sent to save them.

When Christ thought to tell of His love to the world,
He said to the throng before Him,
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep—"
And away to the cross they bore Him.

When God sought a King for His people, for aye,
He went to the grave to find Him;
And a shepherd came back, Death dead in His grasp,
And a following flock behind Him.

O love of the sheep, O life from the dead,
O strength of the faint and the fearing;
A shepherd is King, and His Kingdom will come,
And the day of His coming is nearing.

—*Joseph Addison Richards.*

The Deity of Christ

Emperor Theodosius denied the deity of Christ. When his son Arcadius was about sixteen he decided to make him a partner with himself in the government of the empire. Among the great men who assembled themselves to congratulate the new wearer of the imperial purple was a Bishop named Amphilocus. He made a handsome address to the Emperor and was about to leave when Theodosius exclaimed: "What! do you take no notice of my son?" Then the Bishop went up to Arcadius and putting his hands upon his head said: "The Lord bless thee, my son!" The Emperor, roused to fury by this slight, exclaimed, "What! is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made of equal dignity with myself?" Amphilocus replied, "Sire, you do so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son, because I do not give him equal honours with yourself. Then, what must the Eternal God think of you when you degrade His co-equal and co-eternal Son to the level of one of His creatures?" The Emperor judged the reproof to be just.—*From "The Wonderful Word."*

Christ in the Heart

Martin Luther used to say: "When one comes and knocks at the door of my heart and asks, 'Who lives here?' I reply, 'Martin Luther used to, but he has moved out, and Jesus Christ now lives here!'"—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Christ Our Life

Mr. Cunningham, a missionary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, in South China, told of a native who once came to him and said, "Why don't you preach something else? You have been

preaching this Jesus for three days." "What do you eat for breakfast?" the Chinaman was asked. "Rice," was the reply. "For dinner?" "Rice." "For supper?" "Why, rice." "What did you eat yesterday?" "Rice." "What have you been eating for years?" the missionary inquired. "Rice," replied the astonished man. "Why do you eat rice every day? Why don't you eat something else?" "Because it keeps me alive." "That is just the reason why we preach Jesus, because He is life to us, and we could not live without Him," explained the missionary.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Communion

Some years ago there lived in a thatched cottage at the head of a Scottish glen a poor Highland widow. It was a poor home, but on a cupboard was an old cracked cup, covered with a glass globe, as though it were an object of considerable value. That old cup had a history. Years before, one autumn day, a carriage with a lady inside stopped at the door of the lonely cottage. The lady asked for a little water, and it was brought for her by the woman in this very cup. To the old woman's astonishment she afterward learned that the lady who had used the cup was Queen Victoria. The fact that her lips had touched the rim of the old cup consecrated it, and made it an object of great value to the old widow. Since Christ's lips have touched the cup it has become sacred to us.—*From "God's Looking Glass," by the Rev. William Hay, B.D.*

Christ Our Friend

A recent magazine article on the "Big Brother Movement" of New York tells of a boy sent to the House of Refuge, and therefore attending the school at that institution. One day, in one of the classes, he was asked to spell the word "friend." The letters came slowly, "F-r-i-e-n-d," and then the teacher asked, "What does the word mean?" The little fellow studied for a moment for a way to express his thought. "Oh," he said, "he's a feller that knows all about ye, an' likes ye just the same." It was the highest thing in friendship his brief life had taught him. That is the wonderful tie that binds us to our Friend in heaven. He knows it all, the mistakes, the falls, the disloyalty, the far wanderings, and still He cares. The Elder Brother is the need of all the earth.—*Forward.*

Knew Christ by His Works

A painter called upon a fellow-artist; finding he was out, he asked for a pencil and paper and left a picture. When his friend returned, he said, "Rubens has been here; none but he could have drawn such a picture." John the Baptist, when he heard what Jesus was doing, knew that He must be "he that should come."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Christ Our Example

A gentleman had a lovely Chinese plaque with curious raised figures upon it. One day it fell from the wall on which it was hung, and was cracked right across the middle. Soon after, the gentleman sent to China for six more of these valuable plates, and to ensure an exact match, sent his broken plate as a copy. To his intense astonishment, when six months later he received the six plates, and his injured one, he found the Chinese had so faithfully followed his copy, that each new one had a crack right across it! If we imitate even the best of men we are apt to copy their imperfections, but if we follow Jesus, and take Him as our example, we are sure of a perfect pattern.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Christ the Heart of the Gospel

Christ Himself is the heart of the Gospel, its sum and substance. Dr. S. D. Gordon, in his "Quiet Talks on Service," tells of an old Christian woman whose years began to tell on her memory. She had once known much of the Bible by heart. Eventually only one precious bit stayed with her, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." By and by part of that slipped its hold, and she would quietly repeat, "That which I have committed unto him." At last as she hovered on the borderland between this and the spirit world, her loved ones noticed her lips moving. They bent down to see if she needed anything. She was repeating over and over again to herself the one word of that text, "Him—Him—Him." She had lost the whole Bible but one word. But she had the whole Bible in that one word.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Saving Power of Christ

A despondent young man flung himself on a lawn near a fountain, wearied with repeated failure in his life. As its

jet of spray leapt into the air, flashed in the sunlight, and fell again into the basin, he said to himself, "That is like my life. I make good resolutions, rise for a while from sin, and then fall back." Then he looked at a soft, fleecy, pure white cloud, and thought, "That was once, perhaps, dirty water, but was drawn up by the sun. Oh, for a power to draw me up!" Jesus *is* that power. He is faithful and righteous. He can forgive and cleanse. He can draw men and women out of their oft-repeated sin and failure into the sunlight of His purity.—*Sunday at Home.*

Christ Our Burden-Bearer

An aged, weary woman, carrying a heavy basket, got into the train with me the other day, and when she was seated she still kept the heavy burden upon her arm. "Lay your burden down, mum," said the kindly voice of a workingman. "Lay your burden down, mum; the train will carry both it and you."—*J. H. Jowett.*

Christ a Prince and Saviour

A woman in India had learned that she was a sinner, and that God is holy and cannot pass by sin. She often said, "I need some great prince to stand between my soul and God." After a while she heard that the Bible contained the account of a Saviour Who had died for sinners. So she asked a Pundit to read the Bible to her. He began at the first chapter of Matthew, and as he read the list of names in the genealogy of Christ, the woman thought, "What a wonderful Prince this Jesus must be to have such a long line of ancestors." And when the Pundit read, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins," the woman exclaimed, "Ah, this is the Prince I want! This is the Prince I want! The Prince who is also a Saviour!"—*The Christian Herald.*

Christ Everywhere in Scripture

Some time ago one of my friends went out with a little boy who was leading him across the common from the railway station to the house. My friend said to him, "Go to Sunday-school?" "Yes." "What did your teacher talk about last Sunday afternoon?" "Oh, he was talking about Jacob." "And what did he take the Sunday before that?" "Oh, he was talking about prayer." "Well, did your teacher talk about Jesus?" "Oh, no," said the little fellow, "that's at the other end of the book." Now I hold that Jesus is not at the other end of the Book, but He is all through the Book, and every chapter and every verse and every incident may somehow be made a road to Jesus.—*From "A Castaway," by F. B. Meyer.*

All One in Christ

Jesus Christ is the great unifier, and we learn to love one another as we learn to love Him. I have heard of an old and white-haired man who was standing fascinated in a picture-gallery before a picture of Christ. After gazing at it for a few moments he murmured as to himself, with face all aglow, "Bless Him, I love Him!" A stranger standing near overheard him, and said, "Brother, I love Him too," and clasped his hand. A third caught the sentence, and said, "I love Him too," and soon there was in front of that picture a little company of people with hand clasped to hand, utter strangers to one another, but made one by their common love to Jesus Christ. A common love to Christ will issue in the clasped hand between man and man and nation and nation.—*From "The Glorious Company of the Apostles," by the Rev. T. D. Jones.*

The Resurrection of Christ

I think I hear terrible Captain Sepulchre and his standard-bearer Corruption talking over the situation on the night that Jesus Christ was buried. Corruption says to Sepulchre, "Hold fast to that man in Joseph's tomb yonder! There is a rumour that he proposes to break forth from the grave; do not let him go until I can fasten upon him." But Corruption fails to touch him during all those hours in the tomb, because it had been written, "Thou wilt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Then Hell from beneath cries out, "Hold fast to this man. If he comes out he will make a breach in the walls of death through which all the prisoners of Hades will escape." And he that hath the power of death, even the Devil, exclaims in fright, "If thou let this Man go, thou art not Satan's friend!" But vain the seal, and vain the watch, and vain the grip of death, and vain the doors of the tomb. As it begins to dawn to the first day of the week, there began to be a mighty stir in the sepulchre; terrible Captain Sepulchre tightens his grip, but in vain. It was not possible that "he should be holden of death." He rises, He lives,

even as saith the Scripture.—*From a sermon by A. J. Gordon, D.D.*

Why Christ's Yoke is Easy

Mark Guy Pearse gives an incident occurring in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy-laden. I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something." "Well, my friend," I said, "may I have it still?" "Do you know why His yoke is light, sir?" "Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose." "No, sir," said he, shaking his head, "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen, and the yoke was never made to balance as you said. Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock; the light end would come on the weak ox, the heavier end on the stronger one. That's why the yoke is easy and the burden is light, because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Little Black Sheep

I myself will be the shepherd of my sheep (Ezek. 34:15).

Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away,
Done los' in de win' an' de rain—
An' de Shepherd He say, "O, hirelin',
Go fin' my sheep again."
An' de hirelin' say, "O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil' brack sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb He had.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Where de night wuz col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol' it close.
An'—dat lil' brack sheep—wuz—me!
—*From Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

Christ in the Manger

No room . . . in the inn (Luke 2:7).

Our life is full. We cannot be expected to give up one of these necessary interests. There is no more room. All the chambers in the inn are taken. The best we can do—for we are kind-hearted—is to arrange matters so that He can be housed comfortably in the manger. Our manger is better than the one mentioned in Luke. Instead of straw we have upholstered benches. Instead of a rude building we have one better than our own homes. We have it fixed up so that we really enjoy coming to it once a week, and meeting our Lord there. We are proud of it. We point it out to our friends as we pass it on the way from the station to the house. No one calls it a manger or a barn. It stands on one of the largest lots in town. It has stained-glass windows. . . . The church is a manger to Jesus if we put Him there because we have no place for Him in our business, our society, our home.—*From the Rev. Ambrose W. Vernon, D.D., in The Congregationalist and Christian World.*

Christ-Likeness

"Sometimes I long to see Him as of old
Judea saw, and with my gaze to hold
His face enshrined;
Often, amid the world's tumultuous strife,
Some slight memorial of His early life
I long to find.

"Who sees the face but sees in part; who reads
The spirit which it hides, sees all; he needs
No more. Thy grace—
Thy life in my life, Lord, give Thou to me;
And then, in truth, I may forever see
My Master's face!
—*William Hurd Hilmer, in American Messenger.*

The Risen Christ

Bishop F. W. Warne, in an address at Pittsburgh, in March, 1908, said: "In one of our villages in North India a missionary was preaching in a bazaar, and after he had closed a Mohammedan gentleman came up, and said, 'You must admit that we have one thing you have not, and it is better than anything you have.' The missionary smiled, treating him as a gentleman, and said, 'I shall be pleased to hear what it is.' The Mohammedan gentleman said, 'When we go to our Mecca, we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave.' And the missionary replied, 'That is just the difference. Mohammed is dead. Mohammed is in his coffin.' The founders of all these false systems of religion and philosophy are in their graves. But

Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not entombed; He is risen. And all power in heaven and earth has been given unto Him. That is our hope."—*From The Church and Missionary Education.*

Christ the Light of the World

An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight,—the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and cheer. The birth of Christ was just such a light in a dark world.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Bearing Our Burdens

Casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you (1 Pet. 5:7).

One summer I descended the Rigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing so he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements, but still I would not give them up, until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction, he led the way. And now with my freedom I found I could make double the speed with double safety; and as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountainside I said within myself: "And ever thus will I follow Jesus my Guide, my Burden-bearer; I will rest all my care upon Him, for He careth for me."—*From "Flying Leaves," reprinted in the Christian Workers' Magazine.*

Christ the Only Way

Men get to the end of their own resources. It is said that when one of the most noted English physicians was succumbing to a fatal disease, he went from one authority to another until he had reached the highest on the continent. Telling this man his trouble, he got for a reply, "The only man who can save you is an English physician, Dr. Darwin of Derby." "Alas!" was the reply, "I am Dr. Darwin of Derby."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ's Resurrection a Victory

A Persian fable says that the earth was created a great barren plain, without tree or plant. An angel was sent to scatter broadcast the choicest seeds on every spot. Satan, seeing the seeds on the ground, determined to destroy them. So he buried all the seeds in the soil, and summoned sun and rain to make them rot away. But while with malignant feeling of triumph he smiled on the ruin he had wrought, the seeds which had been buried away to rot germinated and sprang up, clothing all the earth with plants and flowers, and in beauty undreamed of before. And a voice from heaven said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The burial of Christ was thought by His enemies to be the end; but in truth the grave was but the necessary way to His final and glorious victory.—*From Dr. J. R. Miller, in "Come Ye Apart."*

Christ the Way

I am the way (John 14:6).

It is a dark, stormy night, and a little child, lost in the streets of the city, is crying in distress. A policeman, gathering from the child's story enough to locate the home, gives directions after this manner: "Just go down this street half a mile, turn and cross the big iron bridge, then turn to your right and follow the river down a little way, and you'll see then where you are." The poor child only half comprehending, chilled by the wind and bewildered in the storm, is turning about blindly, when another voice speaks and says in a kindly tone, "Just come with me." The little hand is clasped in a stronger one, the corner of a warm cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the shivering child, and the way home is made easy. The first one had *told* the way; this one condescends to *be* the way.—*Rev. D. H. Strong.*

Better Than a "Rest-Stone"

In India burdens are carried on men's heads and on their backs. Resting places are provided for them along the roads. For this purpose stones are set up along the hot, dusty, and sandy ways, just the right height for a man to rest his burden on. There he can stand still, relieved and refreshed, he is able to go on his way. A native Christian in Travancore once said to an English

gentleman, "Oh! sahib, Christ is all my hope; Christ is my rest-stone." The words expressed very beautifully the man's sense of the freedom and blessing he had in his Saviour. But Christ is even better than a "rest-stone," for He carries our burdens all the way.—*Railway Signal.*

Christ the Attraction in Heaven

A boy who had been serving the Lord for a few months visited a dying man and offered to read the sweetest verse in the Bible. He read the first two verses of John 14. "My boy," said the aged Christian, "that is a very sweet verse, but look on me, my son; do you think it is a mansion that this old head is longing for, a pearly gate that these old eyes are longing to see, a golden street that these old feet are longing to walk? No, no, boy; have the kindness to read the next verse!"

Then the boy read, "Where I am, there ye may be also." The old man said, "Now you have got it, my boy; it is the Master that I want."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Christ Like Radium

The coming of Christ into the life of earth has been likened to the discovery of radium. Ten years ago, if you had talked about one atom of material containing energy enough to keep a clock ticking for a hundred years, men would have laughed. They do not laugh now if they are intelligent; they have learned a little about the meaning of "radium." In Galilee there was One possessed of such resident energy that the great natural order made to Him an unwonted response. He caused the lame to walk, the blind to see; He caused burdened and sinful souls to stand forth in newness of life. And in the presence of these mysterious potencies, physical and spiritual, wise men do not scoff; they worship.—*From the Sunday School Chronicle.*

How Christ Became Man

But emptied himself (Phil. 2:7).

F. B. Meyer pointed out that the *kenosis*, or self-emptying of our Lord Jesus Christ at the time of His incarnation, was "like keeping my right hand, by a voluntary act of my will, behind my back, doing all my work with my left hand. Thus Christ voluntarily put behind Him certain of His divine powers when He became man."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ's Love for Outcasts

Knowing who the dear Lord was, the society to which He was accustomed in heaven, its sweetness and purity, beauty and intelligence, I wonder many times how He could endure the disciples who clustered so closely around Him. I have sat in a boat on a warm day with Galilean fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. And they were no sweeter, nor any cleaner, two thousand years ago than they are to-day. I don't think our blessed Lord "liked" them any better than I did. But, then, He "loved" them, which is quite different. You cannot force yourself to "like" disagreeable people. But you can love them—dearly. For that is a command. And it's easy for a Christian to obey. It isn't for any one else; no. That's one of the tests of Christianity.—*Rev. R. J. Burdette, in The Sunday School Times.*

Christ's Love for Her

A little maiden once came to Mark Guy Pearse in great distress because, as she said, she could not love Jesus Christ. She did want to love him, but somehow she couldn't. So the genial minister said to her: "Well, my little woman, don't keep thinking about your love to Jesus, but just keep on saying, 'Jesus loves me.' Say it to yourself over and over again; and come and see me to-morrow." The little girl did as she was told, and when she came to see Mr. Pearse the next day there was no need to tell him of the change that had taken place. Her face was radiant. The love of God had been shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Spirit which had been given to her.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Drawing the Slums After Him

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor (Isa. 61:1).

When Marie Antoinette went to her bridal, all the sick and the poor were kept out of her way, that no unpleasant sight might mar the occasion. When Jesus Christ moved toward His cross, the sick, the poor, the wretched, and the outcast of Syria's peasantry gathered into the street and highways to get within reach of His great, warming, hospitable love and sympathy. Wherever He went He drew the slums after Him.—*From a sermon by S. H. Howe, D.D.*

Christ's Love for Sinners

Humility is the Christian's loveliest virtue and his crowning grace. Once it was a stigma; to-day it is a compliment. Christ took the hateful word and made it honourable. Dr. Jowett tells a story of Joseph Parker. "Why did Jesus choose Judas?" Dr. Parker was once asked. "I do not know," replied the doctor, "but I have a harder question: why did He choose me?"—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Unity in Christ

Charles Reed, M.P., of England, said that he had in his library an old book describing the various sects of religion. The book belonged to his grandmother, and she had drawn on the fly-leaf a rough diagram of a circle, with lines drawn from the circumference like spokes in a wheel. On these converging lines she had written the names of the various sects, with Christ at the center: and underneath all, this legend: "The nearer to Christ, the nearer to each other."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ Our Teacher

The Rev. Russell Conwell says: "When Professor Agassiz, the great naturalist, was about to take us students out from Harvard College in the country to show us the wonderful marvels of creation, we were always advised to 'stay with our Professor.' 'Stay with him; he has much to tell you; he will show you something beautiful every minute. Stay with him, do not wander from him.' Even so I would say, 'Stay with God.'"—*The Sunday Circle.*

Christ in the Midst

A French painter has recently made a sensation in Paris by the manner of his work. He fitted up a cab for a studio, and drove about the streets, stopping here and there to make sketches of places and things he saw. People did not see him shut up in his cab, looking out upon them through his little window, and taking his pictures of the nooks and corners and byways of Parisian life. He thus caught all manner of scenes and incidents in the city's hidden ways. He then transferred his sketches to canvas, and put Christ everywhere among them. When the people saw his work, they were startled, for they saw themselves in their everyday life, in all their follies and frivolities, and always Christ in the midst—every kind of actual life on the canvas, and in the heart of it all—the Christ. Suppose this painter were to visit our town this year, and photograph us in all the events of our home life, our church life, our civic life, what kind of pictures would he see? Whatever the kind, Jesus will surely be "in the midst" of every event of the day.—*Onward.*

Living Inside Out

A sweet little six-year-old girl the other day looked up suddenly at her mother and said: "Mother, I think that Jesus was the only one who ever dared to live His inside out!" The mother was fairly dazed by the little one's thought. Well she might be. It carried one of the profoundest thoughts suggested by lifelong study of that divine character. But here it was out of the mouth of almost a babe. She had heard His story. She had seen that He was so pure in all His soul that there was nothing there that He needed to conceal from anybody. Was not He the only one in all the history of mankind of whom that could be truly said?—*Onward.*

Christ's Love His Comfort

A faithful preacher was lying dangerously ill, and the members of his church were praying earnestly at his bedside that the Lord would preserve him to them. In doing so, they made mention of his tender watchfulness in feeding the lambs of the flock, making use of the expression, "Lord, thou knowest how he loves thee." At this the sick man turned to them and said, "Ah, children, do not pray thus! When Mary and Martha sent to Jesus, their message was not: 'Lord, he who loveth thee,' but, 'Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick.' It is not my imperfect love to Him which comforts me, but His perfect love for me."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ the Door

I heard Dr. Henry H. Jessup, the hero-missionary, tell of the answer made him by a Syrian shepherd. Dr. Jessup noticed that there was no door or gate hung in the entrance to the sheepfold, and asked, "Where is your door?" The man, planting himself in the open space, said: "I am the door." A living door it was. None go out except as he permits, and no one can go in to do harm except he overcome the strong man who is the door. So with

intense emphasis Jesus says to all who follow Him, "I am the door."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Fellowship with Christ

The president of one of the largest banks of New York City told that after he had served for several years as an office boy in the bank over which he now presides, the then president called him into his office one day and said, "I want you to come into my office and be with me." The young man replied, "But what do you want me to do?" "Never mind that," said the president; "you will learn about that soon. I just want you to be in here with me." "That was the most memorable moment of my life," said the great banker. "Being with that man made me all that I am to-day." What must the disciples have received by being with Jesus?—*The Christian Herald.*

Christ the Missing Link

Science is groping in the slime for the missing link, for a supposed organism which makes us one with the underworld, for the link which binds us to the beast, the newt, the worm; it has not hitherto found that link . . .; but, thank God, in the glorified Christ at the other end of the chain *we have the missing link* binding us to the universe above—the heavenly, the Divine, the eternal. Let us look more steadily to the golden link at the top, and trouble ourselves less about the missing link at the bottom.—*From "The Blind Spot," by Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

Christ Died for Him

Long ago a class of medical students were being taken through the wards of a hospital. The professor was showing them a strange case, a man wrecked physically and morally, a broken fragment of humanity. The professor said, *in Latin,* "Let us try the experiment upon a worthless body." But the patient was an old university man, and understood the remark not intended for his ears. He arose in bed and answered back, *Pro hoc corpore vili Jesus Christus mortuus est,* "For this worthless body Jesus Christ has died."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Christ is Risen

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all, "Here lies." Then follows the name with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of the good qualities of the deceased. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus! It is not written in gold nor cut in stone, it is spoken by the mouth of an angel; and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."—*Rev. S. Baring Gould.*

Centered in Christ

An artist, painting a picture of the Last Supper, used all the resources of his art in depicting the figure and countenance of the Master. On the table in the foreground, however, he put some beautifully chased cups. When his friends saw the picture on the easel, one after another exclaimed, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah," he said, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master," and he took his brush and painted them out of the canvas. John the Baptist would not allow interest in himself to divert men's minds from the Lamb of God.—*The Christian Age.*

Recognized the Master

A manufacturer took his little daughter to his factory for the first time. The child, terrified by the deafening roar of the machinery all around her, clung to her father, sobbing. "What are you afraid of? Don't you know I am master here?" he said. "Look!" and he lifted his finger. In a moment every wheel was still, every sound hushed. When the disciples of Jesus saw His mastery over the seas, they recognized the fact that He was more than man.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Joyous Resurrection

A little girl, born blind, received her sight by means of a successful operation. When permitted to go out, she was particularly interested in the sun. But when the sun set and darkness covered the earth her tears fell fast. She thought the light had gone out of her life. The morning, however, brought smiles and gladness to her again. So the resurrection of Jesus brought light and joy to the sorrowing disciples.—*The (London) Sunday School Times.*

Christ Meets Every Need

I have read of a bridge in Austria which has, in twelve niches, twelve different representations of Christ. In one

of them is the figure of Christ the carpenter; in another, Christ the physician, and so on; and as the poor people pass over the bridge, the artisan offers his devotion to the carpenter, the sick man prays to the good physician, the shepherd stands before Christ the Good Shepherd. Christ adapts Himself to the special needs of every man. His love knows no limit. There is no end to His resources.—*Rev. E. H. Moore, in South African Pioneer.*

Christ Our Rock

A sailor in a shipwreck was once thrown upon a small rock, and clung to it, in great danger, until the tide went down. "Say, Jim," asked his friends after he was rescued, "didn't you shake with fear when you were hanging on that rock?" "Yes; but the rock didn't," was the significant reply. Christ is the Rock of Ages.—*Sabbath Reading.*

Christ Knows His Sheep

There is a strange tribe of natives in Africa. It is said that they never count. They know nothing of arithmetic. A gentleman asked one of them how many oxen he had. "Don't know," replied the native. "Then how do you know if one or two are missing?" The reply was striking and beautiful. "Not because the number would be less, but because of a face that I would miss." So the Good Shepherd knows every sheep of His flock.—*From the Century Bible.*

Reflectors of Christ

"Your religion is all moonshine," a skeptic once remarked to a Christian. The answer flashed back substantially as follows: "Thank you for the compliment. The moon reflects the light of the sun, and true Christians are simply reflectors of the great Light of the world, Jesus Christ."

The Ascension of Christ

"How do you know your mother is upstairs," inquired a man of his nephews and nieces who were studying their Sunday-school lesson, "The Ascension." "I saw her go," answered one. "You mean you saw her start upstairs," said the uncle. "Perhaps she did not get there, and she may not be there now, even if she has been there." "I know she is there," said the youngest child, "for I went to the foot of the steps and called her and she answered me." "Yes," mused the uncle, "the disciples said they saw the master ascend into heaven, and they know He is living, but that is not so strong a proof as that He speaks to me, and I know it is His voice."—*From Sent of God.*

Christ and His Sheep

A group of shepherds had been gathered by a missionary for the purpose of reading to them from the Holy Scriptures. These quaint rugged men were seated around a log fire, one chill night, in a rude cabin somewhere in the mountains of Asia Minor. The minister appropriately read the tenth chapter of John. An eager voice interrupted with the question, "Oh, sir, is that the gospel?" "Yes," he replied, "this is the gospel of Jesus Christ." "Oh," said the shepherd, his face aglow with simple pleasure and confidence, "I didn't know before that it was a Sheep Book."

Christ's Love for Us

Do you not remember Norman Macleod's story of the Highland mother? She was a widow; taking her babe she started to walk across the mountains, some ten miles, to the home of a relative. A terrible snowstorm suddenly fell upon the hills, and little by little the mother's strength failed. Next day, when men found her body it was almost stripped of clothing. Her chilled and dying hands had wrapped her own clothing about the child, which was found in a sheltering nook, safe and sound. Years afterward the son of the minister who had conducted the mother's funeral went to Glasgow to preach a preparatory sermon. Somehow he was reminded of the story he had often heard his father tell. Instead of preaching the sermon he had prepared, he simply told the story of the Highland mother's love. A few days later he was summoned to the bed of a dying man. "You do not know me," said the man. "Although I have lived in Glasgow many years, I have never attended a church. The other day I happened to pass your door as the snow came down. I heard the singing and slipped into a back seat. There I heard the story of the widow and her son." The man paused, his voice was choking, his eyes were filling. "I am that son," he sobbed at last. "Never did I forget my mother's love, but I never saw the love of God in giving Himself for me until now. It was God made you tell that story. My mother did not die in

vain. Her prayer is answered."—*From a sermon in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Rock of Ages

"And it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." Huston's big plate mill in Coatesville, Pa., has gotten many a bump and jar. Many a roll has been broken. Many a coupling shaft has been twisted off. But these things are quickly repaired and the mill keeps going, turning out great steel plates for boilers, ships, and bridges. The foundation is solid. Many storms have swept and swirled about the great Woolworth Building, but it still stands in New York City as beautiful, as serene, and as invincible as ever. It has the rock backbone of the Empire State under it. Friends, when we build our lives upon Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages, the strain of daily living may cause us a break-down now and then; we may continually get fire cracks and must put in new rolls; all of this is to be expected; but, thank God! our "mill" will go right on. The sky-scraper may have a window sash blown in, or an awning torn away, or a tile loosened upon the roof, or the flag pole bent; but there it stands with its plate glass windows reflecting the splendour of the setting sun—a lovely picture of a Christian experience founded upon the Rock of Ages.—*Rev. A. I. Ross.*

Christ and Socrates

It is recorded of Socrates, that he brought men down from heaven to earth; that is, he drew the attention of men from the study and contemplation of heavenly bodies to the consideration of the nature and end of man, the duties and relations of men in this life. Socrates, therefore, was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to earth. But of Jesus Christ it may be said that He brings us from earth to heaven.—*Dr. Beaumont.*

CHRISTIANITY

Legally a Christian Nation

A congressional committee was discussing the question of a day of prayer. The resolution which had been referred to the committee spoke of "the customs and traditions of this country as a Christian nation."

A congressman asked for reasons which made it correct to call this a Christian nation.

And Dr. James S. Martin, of the National Reform Association, put the answer in this form:

"The use of the oath, with its solemn appeal to God, in our courts of justice and in the induction of men into civil office.

"The employment of chaplains in our navy and army, in our reformatory, penal, charitable, and benevolent institutions, and in our state and national legislative halls.

"The Christian laws upon our statute books against blasphemy, profanity, theft, murder, perjury, the desecration of the Lord's Day, licentiousness, etc., each and all of which practically every court in the land that has passed upon them declares to be founded on the Ten Commandments or, strictly speaking, the third to the ninth inclusive.

"The religious inscriptions on our coins, such as 'In God we trust,' and likewise on our public buildings, paid for as they are out of the public treasury.

"The reading of the Bible in the majority of the schools of our country.

"The acknowledgment of God in almost all of our state constitutions.

"The decision of numerous civil courts that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land and the decision of the United States Supreme Court that this is a Christian nation.

"Our annual Thanksgiving proclamations and observances, and also our Fast Day observances in times of peril from war and pestilence, and our days of humiliation and prayer in such crises in the nation's history as that in the midst of which we now find ourselves."

Most of these reasons, it is true, prove that the nation recognizes the Christian's God, and not the Christian's Christ. But the court decisions give legal force to the broad statement that this is, so far as law can make it, a Christian nation.

The task of making the facts harmonise with the law is the great business of the Church of Christ.

Influence of Christianity

Righteousness exalteth a nation; But sin is a reproach to any people (Prov. 14:34).

A missionary who had seen thirty years of service, and was on her third furlough, was asked by a lady if the United States really seemed like a Christian land to her. She replied: "The contrast with a heathen land is thrilling. The longer I am here the more I realize the difference between it and a heathen land. Undoubtedly there

are great evils here, but for all that the moral tone is high, and there is an atmosphere of true religion. I felt the difference as soon as I landed, and it has grown upon me every day."—*The Christian Herald.*

Growth of Christianity

Here is the way the Word has grown: "At the end of Christ's earthly life there were only about five hundred followers; at the end of the first century there were said to be 50,000 Christians; after ten centuries there were 50,000,000; and to-day, after nineteen centuries, there are nearly 500,000,000 nominal Christians in the world."—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Joy Town"

This is the name given to a village on the Congo by the natives, who spiritually "once were afar off," but have been "made nigh by the blood of Christ." Not only have they been saved by grace, but whereas formerly they were sunk in ignorance, and living in mud-huts of filth, they now occupy decent houses, can read and write, and are worthy examples of the transformation which the Gospel brings about.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Setting the Desert Back

Thomas Tyson was a great man in Australia. They say he left twenty-five millions when he died a short time ago. He made it his entire life work to set the desert back. He declared himself an enemy of the desert; and what he enjoyed was to push farther and farther out on the sands of Australia the fertile fields and forests, and the great herds of cattle. At the time he died he had twelve hundred farms laid out on the actual sands of the desert, to which he was going to bring water in a few days and make them as rich as any garden in the world. How true that is of Christ and Christians in the world! Paul was setting the desert back.—*From Dr. Russell H. Conwell, in Temple Review.*

Christianity Engenders Sympathy

I am sitting here in a Pullman at the Syracuse, N. Y., station. Right outside the window is a "newsboy" who is a young girl. She is in a tricycle which she moves slowly by cranks with her hands. I notice two crutches stowed away by her side. She is out with the boys selling papers. Her weakness is made strength so far as the newsboy business is concerned. From which one of the bunch would you buy your paper? Because Christianity has put something into the heart of you that goes out to weakness. Had this little news-maiden been born in heathenism with her withered body that would have been the end of her. A baby girl at best is unwelcome in lands where Christ is not, and a crippled girl means kill. (And you don't believe in this foreign mission business!) God makes His child's weakness his strength.—*William H. Ridgway, in The Sunday School Times.*

Red Cross Badge and Christianity

In Japan a man who was wearing the badge of the Japanese Red Cross refused to hear anything about the Bible. "I dislike Christianity," said he, "so I want nothing that pertains to Christ." "You are contradicting yourself," replied a colporteur, "the Cross is the central emblem of Christianity. The Red Cross Society has grown out of Christ's teaching—and you belong to it!" The man was convicted. "So I am becoming a Christian unawares," he said, as he bought a Japanese Testament.—*From the Sunday at Home.*

Christianity Transforms

Did you ever hear a man say: "I was an outcast, a wretched inebriate, a disgrace to my race, and a nuisance to the world, until I began to study mathematics, and learned the multiplication table, but since that time I have been happy as the day is long. I feel like saying all the time; my soul is full of triumph and peace"? Did you ever hear a man ascribe his salvation from intemperance and sin and vice to the multiplication table or the science of mathematics or geology? But thousands will tell you: "I was wretched; I was lost; I broke my poor mother's heart; I was ruined, reckless, helpless, homeless, hopeless, until I heard the words of the Bible!"—*From the Presbyterian Record.*

CHURCH BAZAARS AND SUPPERS

Temples Which Need Cleansing

But ye make it a den of robbers (Matt. 21:13).

The ladies' aid society of a certain church held a bazaar in the church parlors. A young man was in attendance. He was attracted by a certain article

offered for sale, and thought seriously of buying it. He noticed that the price-mark was forty cents. A few days later, while visiting a retail store in a near-by city, he saw the very same kind of an article marked twenty-five cents. His conclusion was that one of the ladies of his home town had purchased the trinket in this same store for a quarter, carried it home, and presented it to her society to be sold for fifteen cents more than it was actually worth. There are many Christian temples in America to-day which need cleansing.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Church Suppers and Religion

Billy Sunday is reported as saying that the less religion a church has the more oyster soup it takes to run it. The young people's societies and ladies' aid societies of the modern church would do well to consider that they are often doing the service, at least in part, that Martha did to her Lord. Is this service well-pleasing to God?—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Mission of the Church

Dr. Henry C. Swentzel does not coincide with the view of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who recently offered the criticism that "there is not enough sociability in the churches." Dr. Swentzel says: "There is imminent danger of Christian institutionalism being substituted for real religion. In these days it ought not to be necessary for persons to go to church to obtain social advantages. The purpose of the church is to present Jesus Christ to the thought, heart, and conscience of the people. Churches are not social or matrimonial agencies, but religious institutions. The sooner Christian persons recognize the divine mission of the church, the better it will be for both the church and the people."—*Farm and Fireside.*

Horace Greeley's Advice

Horace Greeley once received a letter from a woman stating that her church was in distressing financial straits. They had tried every device they could think of—fairs, strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, a donkey party, turkey banquets, Japanese weddings, poverty sociables, mock marriages, grab-bags, box sociables and necktie sociables. "Would Mr. Greeley be so kind as to suggest some new device to keep the struggling church from disbanding?" The editor replied: "Try religion."—*The Presbyterian Record.*

His Chapel Not a Kitchen

A gentleman in England, who had a chapel attached to his house, was visited by a person from London, to whom he showed the chapel. "What a glorious kitchen this would make!" said the visitor. "When I make a god of my belly," replied the gentleman, "I will make a kitchen of my chapel."—*From the Biblical Museum.*

Could Not Get Money Honestly

A house of merchandise (John 2: 16).

A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."—*Tit-Bits.*

CHURCH GOING

Some Who Do Not Go to Church

Mr. Speeds will clean his auto,
Mr. Spurrs will groom his horse,
Mr. Gadds will go to Coney,
With the little Gadds, of course.
Mr. Flite will put carbolic
On his homing pigeon's perch,
Mr. Weeds will mow his bluegrass,
Mr. Jones will go to church.

Mr. Cleet will drive a golf ball,
Mr. Tiller steer his boat,
Mr. Popper on his cycle,
Round and round the State will mote.
Mr. Swatt will watch a ball game,
Mr. Stake and son will search
Through the bosky wood for mushrooms,
Mr. Wilks will go to church.

Do you ask me what's the matter?
Do you wonder what is wrong?
When the nation turns from worship,
Sermon, prayer, and sacred song?
Why do people rush for pleasure,
Leave religion in the lurch?
Why prefer a padded auto
To the cushioned pew in church?

Reader, well I know the answer,
But if I should speak aloud,
What I think is the real reason,
It would queer me with the crowd.
You'll be popular, dear reader,
When you wield the critic's birch,
You'll be safely in the fashion
If you blame things on the church.

—*The Newark News.*

Why He Did Not Go to Church

A baker once admitted to a minister that he had long ceased to attend church. "I was formerly a member of a congregation," he said; "but being deceived by a preacher, I have lost confidence in all preachers, and will henceforth join no church." To this the pastor replied, "A certain friend of mine had the same experience with a baker. He sent to him for a fresh loaf of bread, but received a stale loaf, and now he distrusts bakers." "But," exclaimed the baker, "they are not all that way!" "Neither are all preachers like the one of whom you speak. You have no reason, therefore, for staying away from church."—*The Christian Herald.*

In His Working Clothes

The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton tells how, when conducting a mission one Sunday, he noticed a man in the congregation on the Sunday morning in his Sunday best. But in the afternoon that same man was there in his working dress. Mr. Fullerton went down and spoke to him. 'What is the meaning of this?" he said. "Are you going to work?" 'No," was the reply, "but this morning something was said that stirred me up to go and seek my brother. I knew he had no Sunday clothes, and I knew he would not come if I put on my Sunday clothes, so I put on my working-day clothes and went for him, and here he is!"—*The Sunday at Home.*

Traitors to Their Church

Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's (Matt. 22:21).

When a man enlists in the army he takes on sacred obligations. If in the midst of a battle he were to quit fighting because the drill sergeant did not call him by his right name, he would not be shot. I do not think he would be even hanged. They would simply throw him into the ditch, away from the sight of noble men. But a full-grown man will unite with the Christian Church, assuming the most sacred, binding and exalted obligations in the world. On the slightest pretext he will quit. Perhaps the minister has not recognized him on the street, one of the deacons failed to call him by name in the church, he is asked for money, or he does not like the choir. Any trivial pretext will do. Immediately he disregards every solemn obligation. If you were to tell him that his sin is worse than perjury, he would be insulted. Yet it is. If you were to tell him that his disloyalty in this regard is more despicable than the disloyalty of a traitor to his country, he would not believe you. Yet it is.—*From a sermon by the Rev. C. A. Eaton, D.D., in The Christian Herald.*

The Rainy Weather Excuse

What a pity it rains to-day! Of course I cannot go to the missionary meeting in this storm. But I'm not responsible for the weather, that's certain. There's the 'phone. Hello! Why, yes, Molly, I'll run down. No, it won't put me out one bit. You know I have a new silk rubber-lined storm coat and high overshoes. It's a good day to teach you that new stitch, for no one will be apt to disturb us. I'll be there in half an hour. Good-by! Oh, dear! There's that Voice again! Yes, Molly does live two blocks beyond the church, but I'll go next month to the meeting.—*The Missionary.*

Neglecting the Church

This do in remembrance of me (1 Cor. 11:24).

Many will say, "I can find God without the help of the Bible, or church, or minister." Very well. Do so if you can. The Ferry Company would feel no jealousy of a man who should prefer to swim to New York. Let him do it if he is able, and we will talk about it on the other shore; but probably trying to swim would be the thing that would bring him quickest to the boat. So God would have no jealousy of a man's going to heaven without the aid of the Bible, or church, or minister; but let him try to do so, and it will be the surest way to bring him back to them for assistance.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Did Not Believe in Churches

I purpose to build a house for the name of Jehovah my God (1 Kings 5:3).

A certain priest was once riding in a street-car in New York, and in passing a very handsome church a fellow-passenger turned to him and said, "If these Christians would stop building fine churches and give the money to the poor, it would be much more to their credit." "I've heard a similar remark before," was the quiet rejoinder. "Indeed! And by whom, may I ask?" "Judas Iscariot!" was the answer.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Excuses for Not Going to Church

One man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was never taught to go when I was young, so I did not form the habit." Another man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was forced to go when I was young and it grew distasteful to me." One excuse is as good as another when you do not want to do a thing.—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

Carried Her Mother to Church

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of Jehovah (Psa. 122:1).

At Soochow, China, one woman became converted, and became so earnest in her attendance that she never missed a meeting, and persuaded her mother to come. But the mother in time developed hip disease, so that she could not walk to the meeting-house. But this did not deter the daughter; she simply put her mother on her back and carried her all the distance back and forth. The mother was much the larger, but this in no way diminished the daughter's ardour.—*From "Religious Ardour in China," by Dora Otis.*

An Indian Church-Goer

An Indian in his preparation for the Sabbath Day services said he made his body very clean from head to foot, and then, instead of laughing and chatting idly with his friends,—to use his own words,—"I sit down and think Jesus until it is time to go." How many of us "think Jesus" just before church time?—*Home Mission Echoes.*

Staying Away from Church

To stay away from church services because we have so many other engagements and so little strength left is like staying away from the table because we are so weak and hungry, and it takes all our time to sweep and wash dishes. The church is the place to get spiritual strength for other duties, just as the table is the place to get bodily strength. —*The Christian Endeavor World.*

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Riding on the Platform

The best illustration that I ever heard, showing the disadvantage of living a Christian outside of the church, was given me by a young convert whom I had recently received into our church. I expressed my pleasure and gratification in the step he had taken, when he replied: "I had not made up my mind to join when I came to the meeting tonight, but while you were talking, I thought it was just like buying a ticket to Chicago, and then riding on the platform. I thought I might as well get inside."—*The Messenger.*

Useless Church Members

In the Boston Public Library there were alcoves filled with wooden blocks shaped like books with a strip of imitation leather labeled, "Nothing Within." As new books are purchased the shams are displaced and the genuine ones fill the space. Are there not many such members of our churches, who have an outward Christian appearance, but whom God must label, "Nothing Within"?—*The Sunday School Times*

His Church Letter

A young man named Allyn was going from Cincinnati to Philadelphia to embark in business, and on the way was met by an old man who asked him if he was a Christian. "Yes," said Allyn. "Have you any letters of commendation?" "Only two." "None other?" asked the old man. "Only my church letter." "Ah," said the old man, "that is what I wanted to hear. Put it into a church as soon as you get into the city. I am an old sea-captain and have sailed around the world. I have found on reaching port it was best to tie up at the wharf. It has cost me something, but it has kept me from going down before the storm."—*The Evangelical Christian.*

Loved His Church

One night I stood on the chapel steps with a nine-year-old boy. Work had been given his father, food and coal had been sent to his home. The old threadbare clothing which was worn by the boy and his sister had been replaced by complete outfits new and becoming. The coat transformed the boy. It warmed him to the heart. "Say," he said, "what would become of us if there wasn't no church here?" His face lighted up and he laid his newly-mittened hand lovingly down on the brown stone. "When I get big," he said, looking over at his sister, "I'll build one down on —— Street, where there ain't none."—*The Christian Age.*

Did Not Belong to Church

Two women were walking together when one inquired of the other if a

mutual acquaintance did not belong to the church. The reply was, "No, I should not say that Sarah belonged to the church. I know that is the usual way to put it, but if words mean anything at all, it does not seem fair to twist their meaning. Sarah belonged first, and always, to herself, and when she joined the church she had no idea of actually belonging to it whatever. Her time does not belong to it, her spending-money does not belong to it, her friendships and desires and ambitions do not belong to it. If she does church work she does it as a favour. If she gives a little more than usual she thinks herself truly generous. There is not one inch of Sarah which really belongs to the church of Jesus Christ."—*The Sunday School Times.*

CHURCH SERVICES

Wanted Her Hat Seen

A milliner says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited, and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side. "But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be." "It doesen't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or in back, or right or left, it's got to be on the church side." "Church side!" gasped the astonished girl. "Yes, church side. I sit right next the wall in church, and I am not going to have all that trimming right next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it." And that hat applies to many other things, in men as well as women, that abstract from true worship.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Liked Deacons Who Deak

Deacons, we call them. Melvin Trotter, the Grand Rapids rescue worker, says: "I like a deacon that *deaks*,"—a quaint way of saying "who attends to the business to which he is appointed." (See Romans 12:7, where *diakonia*, literally "*deaconship*," is translated "ministry.")—*The Sunday School Times.*

CLEANSING FROM SIN

Whiter Than Snow

A quaint man used to carry a little book, which he took very often from his pocket, and which he called his "biography." It had only three leaves, and there was not a word written on any of them; yet he said the book told the whole story of his life. The first leaf was black,—that was his sin; that was his condition by nature. He would shudder when he looked at it. The second was red,—that was the blood of Christ; and his face glowed when he gazed upon it. The third was white,—that was himself washed in Christ's blood, made whiter than snow. His book told the whole story of every redeemed life. Between the black of our sins and the white of redemption must always come the red of Christ's blood. —*From "Come Ye Apart," by J. R. Miller.*

Her Sins Washed Away

A woman came to her minister one day carrying a bundle of wet sand, saying, in answer to his questioning, "That's me; the multitude of my sins cannot be numbered." "Where did you get the sand?" the minister asked. "At the Beacon." "Go back, then, to the Beacon, and take a spade with you. Dig, dig, and raise a great mound; shovel it up as high as ever you can, then leave it there, then watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean. The blood of Christ! that would wash it all away."—*Bible Training School.*

Black Made White

When the Standard Oil Company was trying to refine petroleum there was a substance that they couldn't dispose of. It was a black, sticky substance, and they couldn't bury it, couldn't burn it, because it made such a stench; they couldn't run it in the river, because it killed the fish, so they offered a big reward to any chemist who would solve the problem. Chemists took it, and neither ate nor slept over the problem, and one day a chemist walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller, and laid down a pure white substance which we now know as paraffine. You can be as black as that substance, and yet Jesus Christ can make you as white as snow. —*From a sermon by Billy Sunday in The Tribune-Republican.*

Luther's Dream

Most of our dreams are echoes of daylight thoughts which have deeply impressed us. Such was the dream of Luther when he saw himself standing before the Judgment bar. Looking into the open books, he saw opposite his name a fearful list of sins. Some were sins of commission, and others were

sins of omission; some were deliberate sins, and others were sins of thoughtlessness. Satan, standing at his side, said: "Behold your record. There is no hope for you." But just then, to his inexpressible joy, he saw written in crimson letters across the page the precious words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Christian Standard.*

His Sins Blotted Out

Christ is the only Saviour who can deal with the past as well as with the present and the future. Among the trail-hitter converts of Jesus Christ in a Billy Sunday campaign of a few years ago was a man of notoriously evil life, whose experience since his conversion has been gloriously righteous. His wife, who would not accept his Saviour as her Saviour and Life, recently sued him for divorce. The bill of divorce, it is said, named almost every crime against the man except murder. Believing that it was not God's will for him to oppose this divorce, he so reported to the divorce court clerk, and said of the bill against him, "It is all true, and more. But," he went on, "that man's dead." "Aren't you X. Y.?" asked the clerk in surprise, giving the name mentioned in the bill. "No," was the reply. "I'm a new man in Christ Jesus. X. Y.'s dead. I'm only twenty-seven months old. The things named in that bill are blotted out by the blood of the Lamb. They are not on the books of God at all—only on your books." And he was right. The sinful past of each one of us can be as completely *gone*, this moment and forever, as if it never had been, through the cleansing blood of Jesus.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Couldn't Make Black White

There is a lonely little pool of water on the mountain side near Tarbet, Loch Lomond, called the Fairy Loch. If you look into it you will see a great many colours in the water. owing to the varied nature of the materials that form its bottom. There is a legend which says that the fairies used to dye things for the people round about if a specimen of the colour wanted was left along with the cloth on the brink of the pool at sunset. One evening a shepherd left beside the Fairy Loch the fleece of a black sheep, and placed upon it a white woolen thread to show he wished the fleece dyed white. This fairly puzzled the good fairies. They could dye a white fleece any colour, but to make a black fleece white was impossible. In despair, they threw all their colours in the loch, giving it its present strange appearance, and disappeared. What the fairies could not do beside the Fairy Loch Christ can do beside the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. He can make the blackest heart white.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

White-Washed and Washed White

In a Salvation Army meeting, after the hearty singing of the hymn, "Whiter than Snow," one man said, "There's a great difference, brothers, between being whitewashed and washed white."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Looked White Through Red

An Englishman was showing an American friend through one of the old cathedrals. Looking out through one of the windows, the visitor exclaimed with surprise that he saw a company of soldiers dressed in pure white uniforms marching down the street. The Englishman, however, assured him that what he saw was a company of men dressed in the regular scarlet uniform worn by the British soldiers. Their uniforms only appeared white to him because he was looking at them through crimson glass. Though our sins be as scarlet, yet seen through the blood of our Saviour, they are as white as snow. —*Source unknown.*

White-Coated Soldiers

During the late South African War, says Good Words, I stood on one of our main thoroughfares watching a regiment of red-coated soldiers marching to the quay to embark for the front. A friend came up to me and asked what colour I thought their tunics were. "Why, red, to be sure," I replied. "Look through that," he said, handing me a piece of red glass. And to my amazement, when I looked through it, I saw a white-coated regiment pass before me! You look incredulous. It may seem improbable, but test it for yourself to-morrow. Get a piece of red cloth and view it through a red glass, and you will find the cloth becomes white. So with our sins. Though they are as scarlet, the red blood of Christ will make them white as snow.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Snow-White

Once, when in Leicester, I was paying parochial calls, and dropped in on a washerwoman who had just got out a line of clothes. I congratulated my

friend because they looked so white. So, very much encouraged by her pastor's kind words, she asked him to have a cup of tea, and we sat down. While we were taking the tea the sky clouded, and there was a snowstorm, and as I came out the white snow lay everywhere, and I said to her: "Your washing does not look quite as clean as it did." "Ah," she said, "the washing is right enough, but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"—*F. B. Meyer.*

Wouldn't Bleach White

A little coloured boy, having watched his old mammy's success in bleaching clothes, covered his face with soapsuds and lay down on the lawn in the hot sun with the hope of turning white. It was a very uncomfortable and disappointed little boy whom his mother admonished a couple of hours later. "Lan's sake, chile! Don't you know ye can't make white folks of yerse'f by bleaching from the outside?" she asked.—*From the Sunday at Home.*

Could Not Clean Character

A contemporary moralizes on a sign in a "dry cleaner's" window. It read: "We clean everything but reputations." "No machine," the editor says, "has been invented, no fluid prepared, that will reach down to the heart with purifying effect." Only God has provided a way in which souls darkened by sin may be made as white as snow.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

COMFORT

The Meaning of Comfort

For they shall be comforted (Matt. 5:4).

Mark Guy Pearse says: "It is good to get in at the root-meaning of our English word, comfort. The word has come to be suggestive of a cosy seat beside the fire on some winter's night. But the word itself finds its true meaning illustrated rather outside in the darkness and storm, where is some poor woman with a heavy basket on her arm, and a long, dreary way before her. Now comes one who speaks with such kindliness that she cannot but trust him. 'You seem very tired,' he saith, 'may I help you?' And as he talks with her the heart grows light and the way is easy. That is *comfort. Co*—that is, together with, or company; and *fort*—that is, strength. To strengthen by company. That is it precisely. The moment we set out to live a better life, the gracious Master is ever going that way, and with gentle love he cometh to carry our burdens for us and to lead us on our way."—*The Sunday School Times.*

COMMUNION

A Reminder of Christ

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death (1 Cor. 11:26).

Among my most treasured possessions is a pair of gloves which I gave to my mother on her last birthday. If I take one and breathe into it, immediately it assumes the form of her hand, the hand which was ever stretched forth to serve and soothe. I do not need such aids to recall my mother, but there is nothing which makes me thrill, as if in her very presence, like that glove stamped with the impress of her fingers. And so it is with this sacrament. The simple service is stamped with the impress of Jesus. In our minds we can reconstruct Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Covenanters

We should go away from the feast as *covenanters.* We have taken the new covenant in His blood, and the holy sacrament will be fresh upon our lips; and there must be something about us akin to the Scottish Covenanters when they emerged from Greyfriars Churchyard, having entered into holy bond and covenant with the Lord. There must be something in our very demeanor telling the world that we have been at a great tryst, and our lives must be bravely, grandly quiet, confident in the glorious Ally with whom the covenant has been made. There must be nothing dubious in our stride.—*From Dr. J. H. Jowett, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

COMPANIONS

Evil Companions

Sophronius had a fair daughter named Eulalia, and she asked his permission one day to visit the gay Lucinda. "I cannot allow it," said the Greek father. "Then you must think me exceedingly weak," said the daughter indignantly. Sophonius picked up a dead coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter, but she hesitated to accept it. "Take it, my child; it will not burn you." Eulalia obeyed, and the milky whiteness of her hand was in-

stantly gone. "Father, we cannot be too careful in handling coals," said the vexed daughter. "No," said the father solemnly, "for even when they do not burn, they blacken." So it is with evil companions and communications, as Lot found to his cost.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Bad Company

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, so he loaded his gun and went out to frighten them away. Now the farmer had a parrot, who, when he saw the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. Presently, bang! went the farmer's gun, and when he went to see what execution he had done, he found to his surprise, beside killing three crows, he had wounded his parrot. He took the bird home, and the children asked: "What did it, papa? What hurt our pretty Poll?" "Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice. "Ay, that was it," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company! Don't go and mix with those who indulge in strong drink."—*The Sunday Circle.*

Easy to Be Led Astray

A father bade his son set up some bricks endwise in regular line a short distance apart, relates an exchange. "Now," said he, "knock down the first brick." The boy obeyed, and all the others fell with it." "Now," said the father, "raise the last brick, and see if the others will rise with it." But no; once down, they must be raised singly. How easy it is for one to lead others astray, but how difficult for him to restore them, however sincere his repentance may be.—*Zion's Herald.*

The Devil's Goat

The Rev. J. B. Kennedy, of Toronto, told how a relative of his was one day visiting a large abattoir near by. Sitting in the superintendent's office he was surprised to see a large goat come in and rub his head against the superintendent. "Poor old Judas," said the gentleman. "What is the meaning of that?" asked the visitor. The superintendent explained that flocks of sheep are often delivered to the abattoir, and, in order to get them easily to the slaughter house, "Judas," the goat, is always on hand, and never fails to trot out as soon as a flock of sheep arrive, and, solemnly taking a place at their head he deceives them every time by leading them up the gangway that takes them to the slaughter. Beware of the Devil's goats.—*The Sunday School Times.*

CONCEIT

His Conceited Brother

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye (Luke 6:41).

An American gentleman in London heard that his brother would soon arrive from America. One day he thought he saw his brother in a large shop. As he hurried forward to greet him, he said to himself, "Brother John is certainly a handsome man, but he looks as self-complacent and conceited as ever." To his chagrin he found that he had seen his own reflection in a large mirror.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Blower's Anxiety

Doing nothing . . . through vainglory (Phils. 2:3).

An organ-blower in a country parish, who was worried during service because a new hymn was given out, inquired after church of different members of the congregation how the hymn went, adding this apologetic explanation, "I never blowed that hymn before!" There are other men in the world who think that their "blowing" is the chief feature of any achievement.—*Zion's Herald.*

CONFESSING CHRIST

Not a Word for Jesus?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?
Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.
You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!"
"Cannot!" though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!
"Cannot!" though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow!
"Cannot!" though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you, though He says, "Be not afraid!"

Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and, to prove our love, would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed feet to-day.
Many an effort may it cost us, many a heartbeat, many a fear,
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame,
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

Flying His Colours

When Captain Hedley Vicars was converted he resolved at once to fly his colours. That next morning he bought a large Bible and laid it openly on his table. "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." It spoke with effect, and many of his old companions made sport of his religion or cut him for it. He stood by his guns, but not without trembling. "Would that I felt as little fear of being called a Christian," he said, "as I used to feel in being enlisted against Christianity." Yet trembling was not retreating, and he went straight on with his duties alike as a Christian and as a soldier. "Enable me, Lord Jesus," he prayed, "to please my colonel and yet to please Thee."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Ashamed to Speak of Christ

And grant unto thy servants to speak thy word with all boldness (Acts 4: 29).

A Hindoo of rank was troubled in his conscience on the subject of a future state. He had heard of Christians, and longed to converse with them about their religion, and to know who Christ was. So he visited England, the Christian's land, supplied with introductions to some leading people. Being asked to a great dinner, he turned to his neighbour in the course of conversation, and said: "Can you tell me something about Christ, the founder of your religion?" 'Hush," replied his new acquaintance, 'we do not speak of such things at dinner-parties." Subsequently, he was invited to a large ball. Dancing with a young and fashionable lady, he took an opportunity of asking her who the founder of her religion, Jesus Christ, was. And again he was warned that a ball was no place to introduce such subjects. Strange, thought the Hindoo, are these Christians in England. They will not speak of their religion, nor inform me about Christ, its founder.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Afraid to Confess Christ

Ye shall be my witnesses (Acts 1: 8).

In one of our meetings a little tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English, but he got up and came to the front. He trembled and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, He will tell the Father about me." That was all he said, but I tell you in those few words he said more than all the rest of them, old and young, together. They went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means to confess Christ.—*From D. L. Moody, in Echoes from Pulpit and Platform.*

Very Quiet Influence

"He thinks it better for his quiet influence to tell," said an affectionately excusing relative of one who had plenty of special opportunities of soul-winning if he had only used his lips as well as his life for his Master. "And how many souls have been converted to God by his 'quiet influence' all these years?" was my response. There was no answer.—*From "Kept for the Master's Use," by Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Did Not Mention Jesus

A little girl once said to her mother, who was a Christian, "Mama, do you love Jesus?" "Yes, my child; but why do you ask?" "Well, mama, you speak of brother, of papa, of auntie, but I never heard you speak of Jesus. I thought if you loved Him very much, some time I'd hear you say so."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

"Call Back"

If you have gone a little way ahead of me, call back—
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along the stony track;
And if, perchance, Faith's light is dim, because the oil is low,
Your call will guide my lagging course as wearily I go.

Call back, and tell me that He went with you into the storm;
Call back, and say He kept you when the forest's roots were torn;
That, when the heavens thundered and the earthquake shook the hill,
He bore you up and held you where the very air was still.

Oh, friend, call back, and tell me for I
cannot see your face;
They say it glows with triumph, and
your feet bound in the race;
But there are mists between us and my
spirit eyes are dim,
And I cannot see the glory, though I
long for word of Him.

But if you'll say He heard you when
your prayer was but a cry,
And if you'll say He saw you through
the night's sin-darkened sky—
If you have gone a little way ahead,
oh, friend, call back—
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet
along the stony track.

—*Christian Work.*

A Fearless Confession

Canon Ashwell tells this incident about Frederick the Great. At one time one of Frederick's most courageous generals declined the king's invitation because he had planned to receive Holy Communion the next morning. When present the next time at the royal table the king and his guests began to jest at him for his religious scruples, and to mock at the communion of the Lord's Supper. Few generals would have dared to reprimand Frederick, for it must cost his office or his life. But the old general rose, saluted the terrible king and told him respectfully but heroically that there was a greater King than Frederick, and that he never allowed that Holy One to be insulted in his presence. The guests heard his words with astonishment, fearing that the general would lose his life. But Frederick showed his manhood. Instead of getting angry at his rebuke he grasped the hand of the fearless general and expressed his grief that he could not believe so strongly, or confess his faith so courageously. We may have unbelieving or scoffing friends whose ridicule we fear; we remain silent when they attack Christ or Christianity; but if we had the daring to confess Christ on such occasions or in the presence of such scoffers we might win them to Christ.—*Warren G. Partridge, D.D.*

St. Lucian's Bold Confession

We may betray Christ by our silence. There are many Christians who are not known as Christians; they dare not say it. St. Chrysostom tells us of one of the early martyrs (St. Lucian) who was brought up before the tribunal of the judge to be condemned to death, and the judge said to him, "What is your name?" and he answered, "I am a Christian." "And what is your country?" and he answered, "I am a Christian." "And what is your business?" and he answered, "I am a Christian. And to every question of the judge he had but one answer: "I am a Christian." The man's life had got absorbed in his Redeemer. He had no family, no country, no trade, except to be Christ's and to confess Him before men. We want Christians of that sort to-day.—*From Dr. Horton.*

Won His Companions

As illustrating the timely help Salvationist officers are able to give men who newly arrived, have to face a great temptation to hide their colours, a commissioner related this incident: "At one camp a Salvationist service man came to our hut and, getting in touch with the officer, told him he was having a big fight, and wanted his prayers. A little inquiry elicited the information that he had just arrived, and was to sleep that night in a room with several unconverted men. He wanted to be bold, he said, and take his stand from the first. Of course the officer was only too ready to help, prayed with him and for him, and sent him off. On reaching his room the man found his mates already assembled, and said to them, 'Men, I am a Salvationist, and as such I am of course going to pray before I turn in!' Not a word was said, and our man dropped on his knees, but instead of praying silently he prayed aloud! Nothing happened till next night, when, on returning to the sleeping quarters, our man was greeted by one of the men who, speaking for the others, said, 'Matey, we've been waiting for you; we want you to pray with us before we turn in!'"—*The Christian Herald.*

Jew Encouraged Christians

In the city of Richmond many years ago a significant event took place. A certain elevated part of the city was recognized by a real estate firm as destined to become the most fashionable part of the city. A little church building had been erected here and a mission church established. The members of this church worshiped their Lord with great enthusiasm. As costly residences were erected near the church the owners finally became disturbed by the singing. These ultra-fashionable people said, "It won't do; they disturb the quiet of our homes with their enthusiasm. They appointed a committee to go to the city council with a petition

and have the church declared a nuisance. They brought the petition to a Jew, having no doubt he would be the first to sign it. To their surprise he pushed the petition away from him and said, "Gentlemen, I cannot sign it. If I believed as do these Christians, that my Messiah had come, I would shout it from every housetop and on every street of Richmond, and nobody could stop me."—*The Sunday School Times.*

An Earnest Christian

I remember a man who had been converted in rather a remarkable way who would spend his holidays in going tramping over the roads of England in order to convert the tramps. Now he is a soldier in India, and he gives a fearless testimony even to Pathans, fanatical Moslems though they are; and every letter written from India is full of the radiance of his evangelism. He says, "I get my opportunity. They tell us it is dangerous to talk to the natives about religion. I cannot help it. When halfway through I suddenly remember I ought not to be doing it; then, thank God, it is too late!—He makes me so full of the message."—*Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A.*

Grateful to His Doctor

I am not ashamed of the gospel (Rom. 1:16).

A little fellow in a certain hospital had a piece of bone removed from his arm. He got well, but before he left the place he sent for the doctor. "You wish to see me, Willie?" said the doctor. The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "My mamma will never hear the last about you." If we fully realized what Christ has done for us we should say to Him, "My friends will never hear the last about you."—*The Christian Age.*

Concealing His Confession

One of our tabernacle colporteurs visited a dying man the other day, and the wife was broken-hearted because the man died without making any confession of faith, but afterwards it was found he had written it on a piece of paper and put it under his pillow. Do not some Christians seem to conceal their "witness" about as completely as that?—*From The Christian Herald.*

Not Ashamed to Confess Christ

Two friends, one an army officer, met after an interval of ten years. They were much attached to each other, and shook hands cordially. After a little chat, the civilian, looking at the other man with a curious air, observed: "By the way, General, they tell me you have gone mad over religion. Is there really anything in the report?" "Well," responded the General, "I'm not aware of being crazy; so far as I know, I am in the enjoyment of my senses. But, you know, there is one comfort: if I am out of my head, I've got Jesus Christ for my keeper and heaven for my lunatic asylum, so I think I shan't do badly, after all."—*From The Christian Herald.*

Something to Talk About

One cold winter day a little newsboy with a great pile of papers under his arm stood silently on a street corner in Buffalo. He was so intent upon trying to huddle himself together for greater warmth that I had to nudge him to attract his attention to the fact that I wanted to buy a paper. "Why aren't you calling your papers, boy?" I asked, and this was his reply: "There ain't nuthin' in 'em to holler about." When Jesus sent His messengers out He gave them something worth talking about.—*From an address by E. E. Helms, D.D.*

Doing No Good in the World

"Brother Philander," said a man to a deacon the other day, "don't you believe a man can be a good Christian without ever going to church or telling the world about it?" "I expect so, if he thinks that way," answered old Philander. "The mountains are full of coal that has never been dug, and the sea is full of fish that have never been caught, and that's all the good it does the world."—*The Christian Herald.*

Witnesses for Christ

A man who was asked to give a testimony in a religious meeting excused himself with the plea that he was neither learned nor eloquent. A witness in a court-room asked to testify in behalf of a friend would never excuse himself with that plea. He would know that to be a witness one does not have to be learned and eloquent, but only willing to tell what he knows of the one for whom he witnesses. Jesus Christ needs witnesses. Are you one?—*The Classmate.*

Hiding His Faith

A young man, expecting to go camping, was wondering what he should do about his daily prayer and Bible read-

ing, fearing jest and sport from the rest of the boys. He asked his pastor's advice, and he told him to go right on with his custom. When the boy returned from his trip the minister asked him how he had gotten along. The reply was, "Oh, just fine! They never found out I was a Christian."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Frozen at the Mouth

Spirit-filled Christians will never be like the rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean—frozen at the mouth.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Like a Well of Water

Spurgeon once said, "That which lies in the well of your thought will come up in the bucket of your speech."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

When Love May Be Dumb

"A dumb love is acceptable only from the lower animals."—*Henry van Dyke.*

CONFESSING SIN

A Professor's Apology

I have sinned. . . . I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly (1 Sam. 26:21).

The late Professor Blackie was a hot-tempered, sensitive, and exacting man. On one occasion some students desiring admission into his class in the University were arraigned before his desk for examination. "Show your papers," said the professor. As they obeyed, one lad awkwardly held up his paper in his left hand. "Hold it up properly, sir, in your right hand," said the teacher. The embarrassed pupil stammered out something indistinctly, but still kept his left hand raised. "The right hand, ye loon," shouted the professor. "Sir, I have nae right hand," said the agitated lad, as he held up his right arm, which ended at the wrist. A storm of indignant hisses burst from the class; but the professor leaped down from the platform, flung his arm over the boy's shoulder and drew him to his breast, and breaking into the broad Scotch of his childhood, said in a voice soft with emotion yet audible in the hush that had fallen on the class: "Eh, laddie, forgive me that I was over-rough. I didna mean to hurt you, lad; I didna ken!" And turning with tearful eyes to the class, he said, "I thank God He has given me gentlemen to teach who ca' me to account when I go astray." That honest word captured the boys for ever, and their cheers were as hearty as their hisses had been indignant.—*The Christian Herald.*

Entirely His Fault

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (1 John 1:9).

The story is told of a duke in Italy who one day went on board a galley ship, and passing through the crew of slaves, asked several of them what their offenses were. Every one of them laid the blame on some one else. One man said his brother's crime brought him there; another said the judge was bribed to condemn him. The duke came at last to a sturdy fellow who said: "My lord, I am justly put in here. I wanted money and I stole a purse. No one is to blame but myself." The duke on hearing this seized him by the shoulder, saying: "You rogue! What are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." The fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oar.—*The Classmate.*

Paul's Apology

I knew not . . . that he was high priest: for . . . Thou shalt not speak evil of a ruler of thy people (Acts 23:5).

Paul's confession and apology is in accord with the actions not only of a true gentleman, but of a true Christian. Daily Bible gives the following: Some one says that "Next to not sinning is confessing sin." A very learned man has said, "The three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."—*The Sunday School Times.*

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

Peace of Conscience

Herein I also exercise myself (Acts 24:16).

Dean Vaughan says: "Paul 'exercised' his conscience as you would a horse for a race. We are apt to think that other people do not have the struggles that we have. Paul strongly combats that idea when he says: 'So fight I, as not beating the air: but I keep my body under.' It did not come nat-

ural to him to have a good conscience. He had to train himself for it, by daily buffetings of his own body, mortifications of his own inclinations, and crucifixions of his own will." J. E. Rankin says: "If a man means to make a living by the use of his arms he trains the muscles of his arms; if he means to make a living by the use of his voice he exercises his lungs so that he can produce voice; and so of his ears and eyes, as his calling may require. In other words, he takes gymnastics suited to his necessities. Peace of conscience is not an accident, but an acquisition; is not a matter of temperament, but of attainment."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Common Kind of Conscience

A little girl was asked what conscience was, and she gravely replied: "It's something inside of me that tells me when Johnny does wrong." That kind of conscience is very common, but not particularly useful in reforming one's own life. There are many people, however, who base their assurance of their own high moral standards on their swift perception of other people's wrongdoing.—*The Christian Age.*

An Indian's Conscience

Herein I also exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence (Acts 24:16).

"Oh, yes," said the Indian, "I know what my conscience is. It is a little three-cornered thing in here," he laid his hand on his heart, "that stands still when I am good; but when I am bad it turns around, and the corners hurt very much. But if I keep on doing wrong, by and by the corners wear off and it doesn't hurt any more."—*The American Messenger.*

Wedgewood's Conscientiousness

As Josiah Wedgewood used to go here and there in his great pottery manufactory he would carry a little hammer. The vase in which his critical eye detected the slightest crudity in form or finish was at once dashed to pieces. "Only the best is worthy the name of Josiah Wedgewood," he would say.—*Epworth Era.*

Washington's Conscientiousness

It is said that once, when President Washington was riding near Washington City, with a party of gentlemen, their horses leaped a rock fence; the last steed over kicked off several stones. "Better replace those," suggested the general. "Oh, some one will do that!" was the careless reply. When the riding party disbanded, Washington turned his horse, and rode back the way they had come; dismounting, he carefully replaced the stones. "Oh, general!" chattered a friend who came along, "You are too big to be doing that!" "Oh, no," replied Washington, as he stood gravely inspecting his work, "I am just the right size."—*Stockton Porter, in the Sunday School Advocate.*

CONSECRATION

The Right of Way

Are you willing to be a highway over which Jesus Christ shall come to your town and into the lives of your friends and neighbours? Right of way costs something. When President Garfield was shot, he was taken to a quiet, isolated house where he could have absolute quiet and rest in his fight for life, and a special railway was constructed to facilitate the bringing of doctors, nurses, and loved ones to his bedside. The engineers laid out the line to cross a farmer's front yard, but he refused to grant the right of way until they explained to him that it was for the President, when he exclaimed, "That is different. Why, if that railroad is for the President, you can run it right through my house." Are you willing to give Him right of way across your front yard? It may run right through some of your plans, or social engagements, or business appointments. But will you give him the right of way?—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

One Side Better Than Two

With all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength (Mark 12:30).

Faraday, the great chemist, learned a great lesson in boyhood by a very childish experience. As a little lad, humbly earning his bread by selling newspapers in the street, he was waiting outside the office of an Edinburgh paper for the morning issue, and thrust his head and arms through the railings of the iron gate. He was a born metaphysician and began to speculate on which side of the railings he was. "My head and hands are on one side," he said to himself, "and my heart and body are on the other." The gate was opened hastily before he could disengage himself, and the wrench he received taught him, as he said in after life, that all true

work required head and heart and hands to be on the same side.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Bought with a Price

A slave had just bidden his wife and two babes good-bye and was led to the block to be sold. When his new master claimed him, he said, "Sambo, I have bought you at a great price to set you free." As he removed the chains, Sambo fell on his knees and kissed his master's feet, saying, "Massa, I'll be your slave forever." That is just what Jesus is looking for in our hearts. He bought us at a great price, and He comes, beseeching us to present our bodies a living sacrifice. Do we love Him enough to do that?—*The Alliance Weekly.*

Giving His All

A lawyer serving on a draft board had occasion to help a young immigrant man fill out his questionnaire. He explained that as an alien he was entitled to claim exemption. The young man straightened himself, and with a high look replied: "When I came to America, *I came all.* If America needs Karl Klausen, Karl Klausen is ready!" Shall we not do as much for Christ—"come all"?—*From "Christian Americanization."*

Yielding the Whole Life

A young lady said at a Christian Endeavor meeting that instead of handing over the whole keyboard of her being to Jesus, she had been trying to play one note herself—only one,—but that that one note was enough to turn life's music into discord. But now she had handed over the whole keyboard to Christ, and the discord had become heavenly music. You will never know what music lies concealed in that life of yours till you hand it over to the great Master, Jesus Christ.—*The Christian Herald.*

Coming Out from the World

A converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the superficiality of many professing Christians. On one occasion, with an expressive sweep of the arm, he said, "When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clean out."—*From the Sunday School Chronicle.*

Mid-Stream Power

A personal friend asked Wendell Phillips not long before his death, "Mr. Phillips, did you ever consecrate yourself to God?" "Yes," he answered, "when I was a boy, fourteen years of age, in the old church at the North End, I heard Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, 'You belong to God,' and I went home after that service, threw myself on the floor in my room, with locked doors, and prayed, 'O God, I belong to Thee; take what is Thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no temptation over me; whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.' From that day to this it has been so."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

No Second Place for God

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers Him no place at all.—*John Ruskin.*

Skim Milk and Cream

A certain man named Ananias . . . sold a possession, and kept back part of the price . . . and brought a certain part and laid it at the apostles' feet (Acts 5:1, 2).

Ananias wished to have the credit of a complete sacrifice, and yet to keep back part of it for himself; "professing cream and practising skim milk," as some one has said. The Register and Leader of Des Moines contains this item: "Wu Ting Fang, when he came to leave America, observed in his shrewd Chinese way that Americans profess higher ideals and fall farther short of realizing them than any other people in the world."

The Center of God's Will

To play at the edge of God's will is poor business for any one. "O Lord," prayed a consecrated follower of Christ, "keep us in the center of Thy will." There, and there only, is concentrated the fulness of the power and blessing, the love and glory, of God for His children. It is like the center of the current in a swiftly flowing stream; you will catch a little of the flow and momentum if you "hug the shore"; but if you want the whole power of the current back of you you must get out

nto midstream. No one ever knows he wealth of life that comes in God's ervice until he has forever cut loose rom the shore and let the full om-ipotence of God drive him.—*From The Sunday School Times.*

The Precedence of the King

There is only one person in England hose calls for a telephone trunk-line re honoured immediately. That per-on is King George. When he tele-hones to the central postoffice in Lon-on asking to talk with Paris or some ther town, the number and exchange equired are written on a card which stamped with the word "*Royal*" in *ed.* That stamp gives the docket pre-edence of all other calls, though ordi-arily a call is taken up in the order of s receipt, and it is usually about half n hour before the busy trunk-line can e handed over to the applicant. But ing George gets it at once, and holds , not for three minutes, which is the mit for his subjects, but as long as he leases. Moreover, he is not on any ccount to be interrupted by an oper-or in his conversation. I wonder if at is what occurs when the King of ings calls us up on the telephone of ie universe?—*The Sunday School hronicle.*

Not Fully Consecrated

It is told of some old Saxon warrior ho came to unite with the Church, at when he was immersed he held up s right hand out of the water. When e was expostulated with, and told that s whole body must be buried, he re-ied that he would keep that hand to mself for battle with his enemies. here are too many people who reserve me part of their life undevoted when ey make their consecration to God.—*R. Miller in "Devotional Hours ith the Bible."*

CONSTANCY

Loyal to Her

He was a "dago," with a fruit stand wn on the corner. His family con-sted of an old mother who could not eak English, and two small boys who llowed at his heels with doglike votion.

They lived in three rooms on a side reet—or, rather, they lived in the two allest rooms, and with true Syrian rift used the large sunny front room r ripening "banans," and storing sur-is peanuts.

Solomon spoke English indifferently, but he showed inordinate pride over the way in which his boys took it up, slang and all, and when they reached school age he was pathetically anxious that they should have every advantage.

Yet all this time he was stolidly reserved about the parentage of the boys. "Are they your sons?" He shook his head uncommunicatively. "Your brother's sons, maybe?" Another shake of his head, and a curt dismissal.

One day the smallest one fell ill. I went in to do what I could, and found Solomon watching over him with haggard anxiety. In the gray dawn, after a night in which we had faced the crisis and won, the man, spent and wan, opened up his heart and told me his life secret.

His sweetheart, back in the homeland, had broken her troth to him and married his worthless rival. After three years of hardship and neglect she faded away like a broken flower, leaving her two little boys to the indifferent care of the father, already infatuated with another woman. When Solomon could stand it no longer, he went to the faithless husband and said: "Give me the boys; I'll take them to America and make good men of them."

The recalcitrant father laughed in his face and said: "If you're such a fool as that, take 'em, and good riddance."

This was his life work; to make good men of his dead sweetheart's children. —*From "The World Outlook," by Belle Case Harrington.*

CONTENTMENT

Counting Her Blessings

An old woman was busy in the single room that formed her home—an upper room with only a north window. Her visitor commented sympathetically on the lack of sunshine. "You don't get it any part of the day," she said, "and you are shut away from all view of the sunrises and sunsets." "Eh, ma'am, but it's a fine, wide window," interposed the old woman eagerly. "An' it's a big bit of the sunrisin's an' sunsets I do be gettin', too—through other folks' windows. Look there, ma'am!"—and she pointed to a row of houses across the street. "When the sun comes up of a mornin', them windows over there do be that rosy and shinin' with it I can tell well what kind of a day is comin'. An' at evenin' them other ones is all a glory of red, like fires would be burnin' in 'em. Oh, but my big window is a comfort, and never fear but it gives me a share of all that is doin' in the skies." The spirit that can be glad in the sun-

shine that glorifies other people's windows, even though no ray but reflected ones reach its own, is indeed so sweet and strong that it can scarcely miss "what is doing in the skies." But how many of us see in the light that falls on other lives only an added bitterness to the gloom of our own!—*Canadian Epworth Era.*

Assured of Satisfaction

A small boy was at a table when his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next him volunteered her services. "Let me cut your steak," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added with some degree of doubt. "Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy, "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."—*From "A Year's Prayer-Meeting Talks," by Louis Albert Banks.*

Two Wishes

"Oh, dear!" said one girl to another. "Don't you wish you never had to do anything that you didn't like?" The other thought a moment. "I don't know," she said. "I think I'd rather like everything that I have to do." These two wishes showed the difference between the two girls.—*The Christian Age.*

The Nest in the Drum

There is a very beautiful Japanese device by which the Japanese are accustomed to express their wishes for their friends. It is the figure of a drum in which the birds have built their nest. The story told of it is that once there lived a good king so anxiously concerned for the welfare of his people that at the palace gate he set a drum, and whoever had any wrong to be redressed, or any want to make known, should beat the drum, and at once, by day or night, the king would grant the suppliant an audience and relief. But throughout the land there reigned such prosperity and contentment that none needed to appeal for anything, and the birds built their nests within the drum, and filled it with the music of their song.—*The Sunday School Times.*

CONVERSION

The Gospel and the Prize-Fighter

Perhaps not everyone noticed in the reported funeral services of "Bob" Fitzsimmons that he had been for two years a member of the Moody Church on Chicago Avenue and the pastor of that church bore witness to his late, honest efforts to bring men to Christ. His conversion had not been blazoned abroad, and much to his credit he did not pose as a "prize-ring evangelist." One is sensible of a distinct revulsion when a recently reformed bandit or all-around bad man starts out upon a preaching campaign. We have listened to men naming the name of Christ and denouncing the church whose breath still smelled of the bar or the bottle. Fitzsimmons' reformation seems to have been genuine because modest; and that means a good deal for a man who has been for years a head-liner.

But Robert Fitzsimmons was not the first prize-fighter to discover that there was a higher prize to get than that of "gate-money," and a more worthy fight than that within the ropes. Fifty, or perhaps more, years ago the best known pugilist in America was named Orville Gardner. But while in the full swing of his career he was arrested by a call from heaven and he answered it as promptly as did Saul of Tarsus.

Gardner had become convicted of sin and the arrow of conviction struck too deep to be drawn out by human hand. He realized that he could not be free from his chains until he was free from drink. So taking his bottle one day he went off into the woods near his home and fought it out. Again and again he buried that bottle and then again and again he dug it up. This he continued to do for hours. But at last he left it under ground, the bottle buried instead of the prize-fighter. And like Fitzsimmons, he lived clean and sober to the day of his death. Fitzsimmons was not so well known to the church people as poor Jerry Macaulay, who in his days of wickedness kept the rat-pit in the Bowery section of New York, for Macaulay became so hard working a helper to the "down-and-outs" that when he died the first ministers and merchants of New York followed him to the grave. But Fitzsimmons has given one more proof of the power of the gospel and not until someone can show us another gospel with more power than this do we propose to give this up.—*Selected.*

His Son's Conversion

A father was spending the Sabbath in the Hotel Windsor at Montreal. During the afternoon he got to thinking about his wayward, dissipating son and, kneeling down, prayed for him. On arising from his knees he discovered a Bible on the dresser, opened it and

sought out a number of passages relating to wayward children, and then made a notation of them on the fly-leaf of the Bible and signed his name thereto. Three years afterward his son was in Montreal on business, stopped at the Hotel Windsor, and was assigned to the same room his father had occupied. He opened the Bible, as he said, "for fun," and was amazed to discover his father's name. He read the passages and knelt and gave his heart to his father's Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. —*The Family Altar.*

Moody's Old Lantern

Create in me a clean heart, O God (Psa. 51:19).

If we are not to fail, we must be clean and pure. On the last Founder's Day at the Mount Hermon Boy's School, founded by the late D. L. Moody, Principal Cutler told this story about him: One day he came over here, left his horse and carriage down at the barn, and came up bringing an old lantern that he had found down at the barn—an old, dirt-smeared lantern. He brought it with him to the platform and placed it directly on the pulpit. The boys looked at it, then wondered, and then laughed. Then he spoke to them right away about the lantern; asked them what it was good for. They laughed again; of course it was good for nothing. And then he asked them what was the matter with it, and of course the lantern needed to be cleaned, and it needed to have a light put in it, and then, how he just brought that home to the boys! It could not clean itself. Somebody must put the light in it. He said that a man with a dirty life is good for nothing, useless, and then he asked them if they would not let God take charge of them and clean them up, and put the light of love in their hearts so that they could be of use. The lesson went home to those boys. They never forgot it.—*From Robert E. Speer in The Sunday School Times.*

Conversion of an Ascetic

There are three Bible verses carved in the vernaculars on marble slabs on the side of the Presbyterian Church in the midst of the native city of Allahabad, India. Thousands pass them by every day, but in India only one man out of ten and two or three women out of a hundred know how to read them. One day, four years ago, an ascetic who had spent twenty years of his life in wandering from one shrine to another stopped, looked, and listened to their message. "That's what I've been hunting for all these years," he said. He was directed to the campus of the Christian College, where he asked for information to "understand" what he had been "reading." From there he was taken to the venerable Dr. J. J. Lucas, for over forty years a beloved Presbyterian missionary. His teaching made him clearly understand what he had read. Dr. Lucas later baptized Prem Das, and he became one of the village preachers in his itinerating district down the Ganges River. I saw him preaching one of his first sermons there.—*The Sunday School Times.*

How Billy Sunday Was Saved

Billy Sunday said: I tell it to you with shame. I stretched the elastic bonds of my mother's love until I thought they would break. I went so far into the dark and the wrong that I ceased to hear her prayers and her pleadings. I forgot her face, and I went so far that it seemed to me that one more step and the elastic bonds of her love would break and I would be lost. But, thank God, friends, I never took that last step. Little by little, I yielded to the tender memories and recollections of my mother; little by little, I was drawn away from the yawning abyss; and twenty-nine years ago, one dark and stormy night in Chicago, I groped my way out of darkness into the arms of Jesus Christ, and I fell on my knees and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"—*The North American Review.*

Jerry McAuley's Conversion

One of the most distinguished preachers in New York said one day, as he stood in a great pulpit and looked down upon the face of a man lying in his casket at the foot of the pulpit, "Of all men who have worked in our city, I think this man was almost the greatest. I pay a tribute to his memory. He has influenced the city profoundly in his mission." When he had finished his tribute, many came forward, and as they looked into the upturned face, it was with real emotion. Then the poor of New York came to see their friend, and they filed past for a considerable time, some of them bending over and bathing his face with their tears. Finally, there came a great number of men each with a white rose, which they placed in the casket until it was covered, and then the roses fell on the floor. It was a monument of flowers

reared to the memory of a man who had served three terms in prison. He had been called in his earlier days a violent criminal. He had been profane and ignorant. It is said that he was seated one night in gloom and misery in an alley of a city when a missionary came along and handed him a little tract. The poor fellow tore it in pieces and said with an oath: "If you want to help me give me your coat. You must see that I am freezing." Then the missionary, who was himself thinly clad, took off his own coat and gave it to him. This act of kindness almost broke the man's heart. Jerry McAuley, who was then deep in iniquity and far from God, was wonderfully saved. Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through Him.—*From a sermon by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., in The Christian Herald.*

"None in Hell!"

"Tracts everywhere!" said a youth with a sneer, as a young Christian lad handed him a leaflet one Lord's Day afternoon.

"No," said the lad quietly, "there will be none in hell," and passed on.

God fastened that single sentence as a nail in a sure place and he could not get rid of it—"None in hell!" seemed to echo in his ears every time he saw a tract, and ultimately he was converted.

Reader, there will be "None in hell!" Neither gospel invitation nor gospel entreaties.

How eagerly the lost multitudes, in the hopeless region of despair, would welcome the first invitation of mercy; but their day is past, their time of grace is over. Of these there is "None in hell!" How are you treating them on earth?

These golden opportunities, solemn warnings—these loving invitations of God, as (John 3:16): "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Accept them, speedily; for, remember, there will be "None in hell." Prov. 1:24-28.—*Selected.*

Won by Love

A German artist, redeemed from the life of a debauchee, painted a picture of the Christ. His heart was so filled with love for his dying Saviour that every line, shading and colour blended into an incomparable expression of the love of Jesus for the lost. The picture was hung in the village church. Underneath was inscribed:

"All this I did for *thee;*
What hast thou done for *Me?*"

The painting attracted many people. One fine morning a young scion of nobility sauntered up the aisle until his eye fell upon that Christ-face, wrought by the Spirit of God through the heart, head and hand of the converted artist. Surpassing love shone in every feature. Blood flowed from the riven side, thorn-pierced brow and lacerated hands and feet. As he read the inscription and looked again with eager curiosity at the tender compassion of that love-lit face, a new conception of the suffering love of Jesus was born within him. Surely He Who had thus died had a claim upon his careless life.

Thus he sat for hours, and never took his eyes from that wonderful face. The day was nearly spent, and the twilight found Count Zinzendorf on his face, with broken heart confessing his sins, and with streaming eyes yielding his life to the Saviour of his soul and the Conqueror of his heart. Forth from that Bethel, saved by grace and uplifted by love, went a spiritual force which for nearly two hundred years has belted the globe with the many devoted missionaries of the Moravians.

Charles Simeon kept a portrait of Henry Martyn hanging in his study, and it continually said to him: "Don't trifle, be earnest." But, better still, it kept the vision of Christ in the soul, for no one could face that picture, that lofty character, that self-sacrificing devotion, without having his own heart touched. If we are to become like Christ, we must think about Him, for we are unconsciously changed into the image of those things about which we constantly think. Blessed the man who can say, "My meditation of Him is sweet."

"Jesus the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast."

—*Alliance Weekly.*

Salvation for High and Low

"I am bound to confess," says the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, "that there was a time in my evangelistic work when I was always a wee bit afraid if a man of position and culture came into the inquiry-room. But the Lord gave me one of the most wonderful illustrations of the absurdity of my fear. I was conducting special services in a town in the midlands, and there came into the room a rag-picker who had grown hoary in the service of Satan. But God had shown him his heart-

unger and I felt at home when I knelt y that man and spoke to him of the ood that cleanseth from all sin. Pres- ntly some one touched me on the shoul- er and said, 'Here, won't you speak this man?' I turned and there, neeling next to me, was the mayor of e city. I happened to know that six eeks before the mayor had sentenced is ragpicker to a month's hard labour. e had been out two weeks and there ey were side by side. I had to turn om the ragpicker and talk to the ayor, and here I found that salvation as sufficient in this case also. And e most joyous part of it was that hen the mayor got up he went over to e ragpicker and said, 'Well, we didn't eet here last time.' The old fellow oked up,—he had no idea who was ere,—and when he recognized the ayor, he said, 'No, we will never eet again as we did the last time, raise God.' And that scene is in my emory to this day."—*The Sunday chool Times.*

Camillo's Conversion

Have you heard of Camillo, the ar- st who, in order to gain power to int to life whatever subject he chose, ld himself to the Devil? After a ng life of sin he painted a picture of hrist as "the Man of Sorrows," but e eyes were so tender and searching at he had to veil the picture. So he ught a priest, told him of the painting d the effect the eyes had upon him. he priest told him to unveil the eyes d let them do their work. He took e advice, and let those eyes search s heart. They seemed to tell him to ake reparation as far as possible to ose he had wronged. He did so, but ceived no peace. Again they told him buy up and destroy every inch of nvas he had painted that would sug- st evil thoughts. This also he did, t found no peace. For a long time he ent about undoing, as far as he could, after sin; still no peace. One night knelt before those eyes and con- ssed he had sinned against Christ as ll as his fellow-men, and he yielded s life to Him. Then did peace, joy, d love fill his soul, and he became anged into a new man in Christ sus.—*Record of Christian Work.*

An Eskimo's Conversion

In the far North, the cold, lonely St. wrence Island, a strange happening reported by the missionaries. In that tle isolated colony was a young man, sorcerer, or "singing man," who would have nothing to do with new ways or those who had come to teach them; the teachers could not reach him. But one day he came in from his solitary trapping out in the ice and snow, a changed man. He said that he had met the Lord Jesus while out at his fox traps, and talked with Him, and had come back to lead a different life. His earnest repetition of the story and his evident sincerity induced many of the natives to follow his example in bringing charms and "medicine" to burn in the mission stove. The people are now eager to learn, and an Eskimo church is forming on the island. Shall we call such an incident nothing more than the superstitious fancy of an ignorant Eskimo? Surely the Lord who long ago walked the shores of Galilee, and called his disciples there, did appear by the Arctic sea as well, and summon this poor native. The changed nature is proof of the meeting—the only proof that any of us can give that somewhere on our life-path we have met Him.—*Forward.*

A Derelict's Conversion

There drifted into my house once a human wreck. He had been the editor of a great daily newspaper, and was a man of rare gifts. It was the old story; little by little the drink habit had fastened upon him and had dragged him down to a living hell. I could not tell him to "assert his manhood"; he had none. I told him that he could be born again; that he could become a partaker of the divine nature, and a son and heir of God. He fell upon his knees. "My God!" he cried. "Can a dog like me become God's son?" And he poured out his heart, giving himself to Christ. I shall never forget his transfigured face, nor the singular solemnity and loftiness of his bearing as he took my hand and said, "I am a child of God."—*C. I. Scofield, D.D.*

The "Major's" Conversion

One night into Water Street Mission there came a ragged bum. He knelt at the altar. Hadley took him, got him cleaned up, and gave him a suit of clothes and a job. In a few days "the Major" had pawned his clothes and was back at the altar again. For many times Hadley helped the man, but it seemed useless. One night he said, "Get out, and don't come back any more." "I will," the Major replied. That night Hadley couldn't sleep. He heard the Lord saying, "Didn't I forgive you when you were worse than the

Major?" At last he went to prayer-meeting, confessed his wrong, and went out in search for the Major. He could not find the wanderer. Toward the end of the meeting in came "the Major," clothed in burlap. Hadley threw his arms about him and asked his forgiveness. That night the Major was converted; and, when he died, over four hundred men dropped a white flower on his casket as a token of the new life that the Major had led them to. It pays to look seven times seven to see if God does not answer our prayers.—*From "Down In Water Street," adapted.*

Lady Somerset's Conversion

If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God, or whether I speak from myself (John 7:17).

One of the most influential Christian workers of recent years is Lady Henry Somerset, leader of the temperance hosts of Great Britain. Before her conversion she was surrounded by a rich and fashionable circle of titled men and women, few of whom were Christians. Through infidel books also she had come to doubt the very existence of Christ. Yet she could not rest in such a state of uncertainty. She pondered and thought, and read and even prayed, but found no resting-place for her faith. Finally one evening, as she was walking in her grounds, she heard a voice speaking to her inmost soul, "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know that I am." The more she pondered on the message the wiser it seemed. And from that hour she began to try to do the will of God. Whatever a Christian woman ought to do, that was her law. And she did come to know, and came into a joyous and inspiring fellowship with Jesus Christ.—*From "Christ's Conversation with Nicodemus about Conversion," by Louis Albert Banks.*

Noah's Carpenters

A lady who took part regularly in the activities of the church with which she was connected as Sunday-school teacher, choir-member, etc., was one day traveling in a train where she got into conversation with an earnest Christian worker, and as they talked about these things the good man, realizing some lack in the lady's character, suddenly put the question, "Can you tell me what became of Noah's carpenters?" "No," was her reply, "I cannot say." "Well," said her friend, "they helped to build the ark, and they were not saved in the ark." All at once it dawned on her that this had been her position,—seeking to bring others to Christ while she herself had no experimental knowledge of Him as Saviour. This incident resulted in her conversion.

A Criminal's Conversion

Recently a reformed criminal has been giving us a chapter from his life's history. Many years ago he took to drinking and fell so low that his family disowned him, and at last even his wife cast him off. One night, hungry, penniless, and footsore, he stumbled into the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. Some one was singing, "There's a wideness in God's mercy," and, as he tells it now, "It just broke me all up"; but he didn't surrender. When the meeting was over he wandered out into the night and groped his way to the home where his wife lived with her father. He threw himself down in the back yard, hoping that when morning dawned he might peep through the shutters and get a glimpse of his little boy, whom he was no longer permitted to visit. As the eastern sky began to blush, and the old song kept ringing in his ears, he says: "Instead of creeping up to the window, I just crept up to the feet of Jesus, and greatly to my astonishment," he adds, "He didn't scold me,—He knew I had been scolded enough, and He didn't pity me; and He didn't give me any advice, either. He knew I'd had plenty of that. He just put His arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun arose I was a new man."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Conversion of a Jew

Nearly twenty-five years ago a Russian Jew of great learning named Joseph Rabbinowitz was sent to Palestine by the Jews to buy land for them. He went to Jerusalem. One day he went up on the Mount of Olives to rest. Some one had told him to take a New Testament as the best guide-book about Jerusalem. The only Christ he had known was the Christ of the Greek and Roman churches, who were his persecutors. But as he read the New Testament, he became acquainted with the real Christ of whom his Old Testament Scriptures had foretold, and his heart grew warm. He looked off toward Calvary and thought: "Why is it that my people are persecuted and cast out?" And his conviction gave him the answer, "It must be because we have put to death our Messiah." He lifted his eyes to that Messiah and said: "My

ord and my God." He came down rom the mount a disciple of Jesus hrist. He went home to Russia and rected a synagogue for the Jews, over e door of which is written: "Let all e house of Israel know assuredly that od hath made that same Jesus, whom e have crucified, both Lord and hrist." He always took his text in e Old Testament and found a straight ath to the Christ. He did not the less ve his Old Testament, because, as he aid, "It all points to Jesus Christ, the orld's Messiah."—*The Sunday School imes.*

Just Surrendering

One had been trying to instruct a ying officer in what faith was. At last e caught the idea, and he said, "I ould not understand it before, but I ee it now. It is just this—I surrender, surrender to Jesus."—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

Dancer on Glass Saved

Several years ago a cheap traveling ow came to Scranton, Pa. Among e performers was a drunken negro amed Joe, whose business it was to ance on broken glass and burning ails, singing, howling and turning andsprings. No lower type of man ould be found. One night a Christian orker got Joe to a quiet room and ere talked to him of Christ and his asted life. Joe was powerfully imressed. The next morning he gave up is place in the show and secured anher job. After a time he went to the oody Institute in Chicago. Upon his raduation he became connected with e Southern Presbyterian Mission on e Congo, where he has been for many ears. He seems especially adapted to e work, and is a splendid example of mple faith and Christian consecration. he poor, black, neglected and drunken own God has transformed into one of e most successful workers in the Mison.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Feeding on the Crumbs

Dr. A. T. Pierson gives this incident "The Miracles of Missions:" Mr. illiams, the apostle to the South Seas, ce had his attention arrested by seeg a man arise from some stones and alk on his knees to meet him. "Welme, servant of God, who brought light to this dark island," shouted the man. hen the two engaged in a conversaon concerning the man's experience. r. Williams said: "Buteve, where did you obtain all this knowledge? I do not remember ever to have seen you at the settlements where I have spoken; and, besides this, your hands and feet are eaten off by disease, and you have to walk upon your knees." Buteve answered: "As the people return from the service, I sit by the wayside and beg from them as they pass by a bit of the Word; one gives me one piece and another another, and I gather them together in my heart, and thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I get to understand." The poor cripple had picked up the crumbs that fell, and had found great satisfaction in feeding on them.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Story of "Just as I Am"

Charlotte Elliot came to Cæsar Milan and asked how she could become a Christian. The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple. You have but simply to come to Jesus." And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner, will He take me just as I am?" "Yes, He will take you just as you are, and no other way." And then she said, "If He will take me just as I am, then I will come," and she went home to her room, sat down at her desk and wrote the beautiful words of the hymn,

"Just as I am without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliot came to Christ, and thousands of others since, in the words of her hymn.—*From "Life to Life," by the Rev. J. W. Chapman.*

Frau Wangel's Conversion

The *Literary Digest* refers to the conversion of Frau Wangel, who has been "one of the leading stage favourites of Berlin, Frankfort, and other German cities. She is said to be an actress of great emotional powers, her talent having won her the admiration of the best class wherever she has appeared." Attending a Salvation Army meeting in August, 1909, she was strangely moved, "fell upon her knees, and offered up an impassioned prayer for forgiveness and acceptance." After this, "she felt impelled, at whatever sacrifice, to cut loose from the stage. Her friends and husband opposed this, but she swept their objections aside. . . . To her former colleagues she wrote, in substance: "My dear friends, peace be with you! This is a thing which you should recall whenever you think of me. When you speak of me, your words will not have the same

sound as in the past. If in the past I have fought for truth with means that were tainted, I ask you now, the friends and colleagues of my shameful vocation, not to take it as an example. Truth does not come to us by human efforts; it is of God alone, and the Bible is His holy word."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Convinced by Lewanika

A French explorer, a captain, was crossing Africa from the Zambesi—east to west—when he came into the region of the Barotse people. He heard stories about the native king, Lewanika, whose highest delight had been to put to death, by newly-invented tortures, those who offended him, and who was known as the "human tiger." This French officer came to the station where Pastor Coillard was in charge, and the pastor, himself a Frenchman, entertained his fellow-countryman kindly. Then came Sunday. The French officer was absolutely outside God, but as a matter of politeness he went to church and sat through the service. When he came out he said, "Monsieur Coillard, who was that remarkable-looking man sitting next to me, who attended so carefully?" "That was King Lewanika, the 'human tiger.'" "Was it?" "Yes." "Then if that is what Christ can do, I mean to be His."—*Rev. Herbert Brooke, M.A.*

Infidel Artist's Conversion

An infidel Swiss artist was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield. He went there on the errand, and scanned the faces of the people. With his heart like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion, and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin, he looked on the assembled worshipers and saw peace written on their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not and what he needed, and their faces were the means of leading him to Christ and the peace which Christ alone can give. The risen Christ is still visible in His people, filled with hope and cheer.—*The Expositor.*

The Old Testament Gospel

Henry Moorhouse, the celebrated English evangelist, who died while quite young, was once a guest in the home of some friends of his. One evening, while he was preparing his sermon, a child of the household came into the room where he was sitting, and said, "Mr. Moorhouse, I want to be a Christian." "Well," he said, "you may be, for it is very easy." He asked her to turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and to read the fourth and fifth verses, making them personal where the pronouns "we" and "our" occur. She did so, and read them this way, "Surely he hath borne *my* griefs, and carried *my* sorrows yet *I* did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for *my* transgressions, he was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon him, and with his stripes,"—and as she came to this part she suddenly stopped, her eyes filled with tears, and Moorhouse said, "Read on." Then she read, "*I* am healed." "It is just as easy as that," said the evangelist, and the child went away believing.—*The Christian Herald.*

Converted Under Sea

A professional diver had in his house what would strike a visitor as a very odd chimney ornament. It was an oyster holding fast between its shells a piece of printed paper. The man was diving on the coast when he observed at the bottom of the sea this oyster on a rock, and the paper fastened to it. Detaching the printed scrap, he commenced to read it through the glasses of his helmet. To his surprise, it was part of a tract containing an offer of divine mercy in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He had lived hitherto a careless, irreligious life, and had scoffed at many gospel invitations. But the Lord had not wearied of calling him to the spiritual feast of His kingdom, and here was another and unexpected appeal. "I could hold out no longer," said the diver, "since God's mercy pursued me even to the bottom of the sea." In the depths of the ocean he repented and trusted Christ, and came to the surface a changed man. But, as he used to observe, "few have been converted in a stranger place than I."—*The Sunday Companion.*

Acting as Substitutes

John Van Ness, of the Narberth, Pa., Presbyterian Church, was recently telling his congregation how French women have been visiting the new-made soldier cemeteries near their villages, and how each one has been chalking over her signature on the rude wooden crosses the words, "I accept." It meant that these good women would be

responsible for keeping green these graves of boys whose loved ones, who would otherwise perform this ministry, were far away in distant lands. The incident beautifully suggests to us, this pastor said, that the finished work of redemption is represented by a cross that stood near an open tomb, and upon which we must by faith inscribe those words of eternal import, "I accept."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Donald Ross' Conversion

One time my father called me home to see my brother, who was dying. On the way back to my school the thought kept in my mind, "If that were I, what would become of me?" Then I knew I should go to hell, for I was not born again. The next question coming to me was: "Why, then, am I not saved? Is there not a Saviour? Did He not come to seek and save the lost?" This continued several days. I did not seem to know how to be saved, any more than a Hottentot. Towards evening of the day I was saved this came strongly into my mind: "Why should I not be saved here and now?" I prayed, but no relief. I said, "I am surely lost; I can do nothing." All at once this Scripture flashed into my mind with great brilliancy: "If ye seek me, let these go their way." My mind reverted to the cross. I saw the Fact—Jesus pouring out His life a sacrifice for me. Instantly I knew what Substitution meant. The work was done—Christ died for my sins—I trusted. That is how I was saved.—*From Life of Donald Ross, a letter to his granddaughter.*

A Remarkable Conversion

A workman, a wicked man and an infidel, was at work one day in the dome of the Crystal Palace of London. Suddenly he heard a great voice saying solemnly, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." From that day the man was a Christian. Whose was the great voice? It was Spurgeon's. The famous preacher, having to speak in the Crystal Palace, feared that he could not fill the vast area, and so came to test his voice, using only those words that the workman overheard.—*From Amos R. Wells, in "Two Minute Talks."*

Billy Sunday's Conversion

"I never pass the place in Chicago where the little mission stood in which I was converted that I don't take off my hat and pray," Billy Sunday said. "Only a little while ago I stood there with my eyes shut saying a prayer. A policeman asked me if I was sick. I told him no, but that my name was Bill Sunday and I had been converted right here. He said: 'Put 'er there, Bill,' holding out his hand; I've heard about it. You keep right on with your prayer and I'll keep the crowd away.'"—*From a sermon by Billy Sunday in the Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Mel' Trotter's Conversion

It is said that some one once asked Melvin Trotter how he knew that he was converted. "Why, bless your heart," was the answer, "I was there when it happened."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Child's Conversion

A little girl in America, when she was asked by the church committee as to her knowledge of Jesus Christ, and asked to recite her experience, said: "I do not know if I have any 'experience.' All I know is that Jesus said, 'Come unto me,' and I came, and He said, 'I will give you rest,' and He gave me rest." One of the older men said: "But, my dear, you do not seem to know much about the Slough of Despond." She dropped a courtesy and said: "Please, sir, I did not come that way."—*From The Bible and Spiritual Criticism, by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.*

Led Her Father to Christ

A little girl asked her father, "Do you ever pray?" He asked her, "Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?" "No, father," said the little child; "the preacher said all good men pray." He answered, "Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way, and I will go mine." "Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?" It flashed upon him that he was in the way of death. He burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy. Which way are you going?—*Light and Life Evangel.*

A Drunkard's Conversion

Dr. Pierson tells of a drunken sot who was sitting one night on an empty whiskey barrel in a saloon. He thought he was dying, and tried to pray, but he could not utter a coherent prayer. Yet he yearned to find Jesus, but he thought, "Where shall I find Him?"

He felt himself falling from the hogshead to the floor, and he said, "I will fall towards the cross"; and that fall towards the cross saved him.—*From "The Heart of the Gospel," by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.*

Gypsy Smith's Conversion

When Gypsy Smith was holding a testimony meeting at one time, a man got up and said: "I have spent twenty years in prison for murder, but God has saved me." Another said: "I have been a drunkard for twenty years, and God has saved me." Another said: "I have been a coiner of counterfeit money, and the Lord has saved me." Then Gypsy Smith got up and said: "Men, listen. God has done wonders for you, but don't forget he did more for this gypsy boy than for all of you put together. He saved me before I got there."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Conversion and Moonshine

Some one said to a young convert: "It is all moonshine, being converted." He replied, "Thank you for the compliment. The moon borrows light from the sun, and so I borrow mine from the Son of Righteousness."—*From Short Talks by D. L. Moody.*

God's Gracious Welcome

A man who had been converted from a sinful life gave this as his experience of acceptance with Jesus: "I just crept to the feet of Jesus, and, greatly to my astonishment, He did not scold me,—He knew I had been scolded enough. He did not pity me; and He did not give me any advice. He knew I had had plenty of that. He just put His arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun rose I was a new man."—*Rev. H. C. Harbaugh.*

Losing His Selfishness

A person who had long practised many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart was once complaining of his state to a certain bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me where you think I shall learn to leave myself. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the bishop, "that the place where you lose self will be that where you find your Saviour."—*The Christian Herald.*

CONVICTION OF SIN

The Real Rebel Was Caught

During what was known as the killing times in Scotland, John Welsh was chased unrelentingly. He hardly knew where to flee; but relying on Scottish hospitality he knocked one night at the door of a landlord bitterly opposed to the field preachers, and to himself in particular, although he had never actually set eyes on him.

The stranger, being unrecognized, was received with kindness. In the evening's talk reference was made to Welsh, and the host complained of the difficulty of capturing him.

"I am sent," the visitor said; "to apprehend rebels. I know where he is to preach to-morrow. I will put his hand into yours."

Overjoyed, the gentleman agreed to accompany his informant next morning. When they arrived at the appointed spot, the congregation had assembled. The people made way for the minister, whom they trusted, and for his comrade.

Welsh desired his entertainer to sit down on the solitary chair which had been provided for himself, and, to his companion's utter bewilderment, took his own stand beside it, and rang out the story of sin and salvation. The spirit of God was there, and the landlord was heart-broken. When at the close Welsh, fulfilling his promise, gave him his hand, that he might do with him whatever he wished, the landlord said:

"You told me that you were sent to apprehend rebels; and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day."—*Men of the Covenant.*

Humbled by Conviction

A little lad who was used to Methodist ways went home from a revival meeting and said to his mother: "John So and So is under conviction and seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night, mother." "Why, Willie?" said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until conviction of sin completely humbles us, and until we have no hope in ourselves, we cannot find the Saviour.—*D. L. Moody.*

Feeling Their Lost Condition

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1:15).

Do you know why there are so few

people saved to-day? Because there are so few who believe they are lost. That's the trouble. A woman came to a meeting some time ago. There was a crowd accumulated before the door was open. She got separated from her little girl, and she could not find her. She sent up word to the minister to call out her child. The minister said: "Mary Moore has got lost, and if she is in the house she will please rise! Mary Moore is lost; if she will rise, the mother will be glad to find her." No one rose. They took the word to the mother that the child was not in the house. The mother got the bell-ringer to go up and down the street, crying, "Lost! lost!" And the hour passed and the woman became almost frantic. They found Mary Moore was on the front seat in the meeting. "Why," they said, "why didn't you step out when we called your name?" "Oh, but I wasn't lost." She thought some other Mary was meant. Do you see the point? When you preach to sinners, they say, "No, I'm not lost." That's the trouble.—*From a sermon by D. L. Moody, in The Christian Herald.*

Needed Conviction of Sin

Some time ago I was holding a series of meetings in a town out West, and one night there came into the meeting a committee from a very distinguished church of our denomination. I did not know that they were in the house until after they had gone. That night I preached on the judgment. They came back the next night. . . . I did not know that they were there that night either, and I preached on hell. The next night they came again, unknown to me, and I preached on the blood. Shortly afterwards this committee had a meeting. There were twenty-seven on the committee, and I got two votes; somebody else got twenty-five, and when they wrote me about it, here is what they said: "We enjoyed you, glad to have had you here in our midst," and the like, "but your theology has too much blood in it, and your sermon too much law. We are living to-day under love and not law." I began to make some investigations about that church, and I found that they had not received a soul on confession of faith in over three years, and I was not surprised. Men must be made to feel that there is something the matter before they can be brought to see the necessity of a Saviour.—*From a sermon by L. G. Broughton, D.D., in The Record of Christian Work.*

Conviction Not Repentance

Conviction is not repentance. It is one thing to be awakened at five o'clock in the morning and it is another thing to get up.—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

What Catches the Fish

Simon answered and said, Master, we toiled all night, and took nothing (Luke 5:5).

I have a friend in Scotland who is a fishing-tackle maker and an enthusiastic fisherman, and he told me once of losing his bait in a mysterious way, without catching anything. The explanation was that by some accident the barb had been broken from the hook. He said that this was exactly what happened when people preached the love of God to men, but left out of their gospel the essential truth that it is Christ on the cross in Whom the love is revealed. In other words, the condemnation of our sins in Christ upon His cross is the barb on the hook. If you leave that out of your gospel your bait will be taken, but you will not catch men. You will not create in sinful human hearts that attitude to Christ which created the New Testament. You will not annihilate pride and make Christ the Alpha and Omega in man's redemption.—*From Studies in Theology, by James Denny.*

Was Heart-Broken

George Whitefield went to preach once at Exeter. A ruffian went to the meeting with his pockets full of stones to throw at the preacher. He waited through the prayer, thinking that it would be greater sport to stop Whitefield after he got to preaching. As soon as the text was named he pulled out a stone, and waited for a good opportunity to throw it. But the Holy Spirit sent almost the first sentences straight to his heart, and the missile fell from his hand. When the sermon was over, he went to Whitefield and said, "Sir, I came to hear you, intending to break your head, but the Spirit of God, through your words, has broken my heart." The man was gloriously converted, and became an influential Christian.—*From "The Fisherman and His Friends," by the Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks.*

Revealing the Dust

A young girl, after sweeping a room, went to the window-shade and hastily

drew it down, saying: "It makes the room so dusty to have the sunshine coming in." She foolishly imagined that it was the sunshine which made the dust, while it only revealed it. A poor old man, who had lived all his life without a thought of God's love, said: "I am quite ready to die. I don't owe any man a penny." But after a talk and prayer with a friend the Holy Spirit shone into his heart, and then he saw what a sinner he was. The Spirit was like the sunshine. Even a candle reveals much that before was hidden.—*The Sunday School Times.*

COURAGE

Cartwright and General Jackson

Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace (Acts 18 : 9).

The story is told of Peter Cartwright's preaching in a leading church of Nashville, and General Jackson's coming in when the preacher had just read his text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And the fastidious city pastor, fearful that the "backwoods" orator would not regard the "amenities," said to him in a loud whisper, "General Jackson has come in. General Jackson has come in." At this Cartwright says: "I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro." General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels, and the next morning the city preacher went down and apologized to him. Shortly after he had gone, Cartwright passed by the hotel and met the general on the pavement. He stretched out his hand and said, "Mr. Cartwright, you're a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. ——, and that he should suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir, I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. —— that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England."—*The Christian Advocate.*

Not Afraid to Die

Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do (Luke 11 : 4).

A young man who was driven out of Western China during the riots seven years ago was the treasurer of our mission there, and there were others farther up than he who needed silver to pay their way out. He saw that they were cared for, and then started alone down the river. The rioters overtook him, boarded his boat, and he jumped overboard. They then began to spear at him in the water. He would dart under the boat and come up on the other side, only to find another spear shot at him. Down he went again, and up again, only to be speared at again, until his case became hopeless. Finally he struck out for the shore, and as he stood in the face of the surrounding mob the chief said, "Let him go," and they melted away. At Northfield, when asked to tell his story on "Missionary Day," he said, "Some friends were curious to know what particular text of Scripture came to me when I was down under that boat. Scripture text? 'The Lord himself was there.'" Well, every one who heard him speak knew that He was. And when the people hear a young man tell one fact like that, and then say, "I am ready to go back and take my wife and child," the church of God believes, and every man and woman that ever has had an experience of divine things is reinforced.—*Dr. H. C. Mabie, in a Prayer Calendar.*

Not Hindered by Fear

But none of these things move me (Acts 20 : 24).

"You remember the battle of Manila Bay. It was black night when the American squadron approached its entrance; and Gridley, of the Olympia, signaled from the conning-tower to the commodore on the bridge, 'We are approaching the entrance of Manila Bay.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's answer. Again the signal from the conning-tower to the bridge, 'We are coming to that part which is supposed to be mined.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's order. Then the flash of fire and the boom of a great gun, and again the signal from the conning-tower to the bridge, 'The forts of Cavite have opened on us.' 'Steam ahead!' came back the commodore's reply. And on they went, under the batteries, over the mines, into the heart of Manila Bay; and when morning came, here stood the American squadron in battle array, flying the stars and stripes, facing the frowning forts and warships, the bands playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and then

came the conflict and the victory."—*From Evangelistic Sermons in Outline, by the Rev. C. Perrin.*

Roman Courage

When the Romans landed on the coast of Britain there came swarming to meet them tens of thousands of the savage natives of the country, and as the primitive people gathered along their white cliffs and looked down upon this strange foe, they uttered howls of rage and seemed to be about to cast themselves down and exterminate the invaders. It was then that the Romans, offering sacrifice to their gods and looking for one moment out across the sea toward far distant Rome, which they might never see again, instead of preparing their ships for flight that thus in case of the defeat, which seemed to be almost a certainty, they might flee in safety, lighted each man a torch and set fire to the vessels which would have been their only hope of escape in case of disaster. And as the savages along the cliffs, many times in number the invaders, looked down upon that heroic act they were struck with a fear that caused a panic to come upon them, and they fled before the heroic band who had counted the cost and squarely met the issue in the time of testing, as the dry leaves are whirled along by the tempestuous wind.—*From Victory Through Surrender, by B. Fay Mills.*

Faithful to Death

When Commodore Joseph Smith saw by the first dispatch that reached Washington from Fortress Monroe that the "Congress," on which his son was commander, had shown the white flag, he said, "Then Joe's dead!" It was so. It is much easier to imagine some men dying at their post of duty, faithful and without a blot on their fair names, than to think of their betraying their trust, or in any way proving unfaithful.—*H. H. Smith, Kinsvale, Va. From Scriptural Anecdotes.*

Rewarded for His Courage

Hoots and jeers failed to deter one little lad at Camp Meade from dropping on his knees every night before he laid himself down to sleep, and as a result he is "top" sergeant of his company. The seven who jeeringly shouted at the little fellow and mocked his faith in his Maker were given a lecture by their company commander that they will not soon forget, and deprived of all leave for thirty days, and given extra duty as punishment. The mocking seven who had cots in the barracks next to the God-fearing youth each night would say: "Where do you get that stuff?" "Ask Him to get you exempted." "Cut it out." The captain of the company heard of the affair, and made it a point to watch and listen. For three nights he heard the ridicule heaped on the little fellow. On the third night he broke in upon them and proceeded to tell the mockers a thing or two. Turning to the chap on his knees, he said, "I shall recommend that you be made first sergeant of this company." The recommendation has been approved by the regimental commander.—*The Washington Post.*

Edward K. Bok's Courage

Some years ago a boy of sixteen years of age began attending banquets as a reporter; and, in order that he might report the speeches more clearly, he determined to be a total abstainer. One night he attended a banquet at which the President of the United States spoke; and, being a poor stenographer, he asked the President if he would give him a copy of his speech. The President asked him: "Tell me, why did you refuse wine at the dinner this evening?" The boy was surprised, but explained his reason. The next day the young reporter's paper had the only verbatim report of the speech. And there sprung up a warm personal friendship between the President and the reporter, who were President Hayes and Edward K. Bok, Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* And Mr. Bok says: "It was a valuable friendship which that young reporter made that evening, my friends. Other friendships were constantly made possible to him through it. And it is easy for that young reporter, speaking to you tonight, to look back and trace his starting-point of acquaintance and opportunities to that unexpected friendship with the President of the United States."—*Rev. W. Thorburn Clark.*

Shamgar and the Philistines

There is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few (1 Sam. 14:6).

A merchant in Glasgow used to preach wherever he thought he could do good. One day he was talking about Shamgar. "Over the hill," he said, "there came a man. He came near Shamgar and said, 'Shamgar, Shamgar, run for your life! Six hundred Philistines are coming over the hill after you.' But Shamgar said, 'They are

four hundred short. I'll take care of them.' He believed the Scriptures, you see,—that one should chase a thousand."—*D. L. Moody.*

A Chinese Boy's Courage

A Chinese boy in Singapore had arranged to be baptized shortly after his graduation, but to his surprise he won a scholarship of $500 a year for four years in the Hongkong University. One of the conditions was, "The winner must be a Confucianist." To a poor student the temptation to defer baptism was very great, but he resisted and stood before the altar for baptism at the appointed time. A friend, a Confucianist, stood next in line for the scholarship, but was so impressed that he refused the scholarship, saying, "If Christianity is worth so much to my classmate, it can be worth no less to me. I will be a Christian." He also was baptized.—*From the Epworth Herald.*

A Courageous Eskimo Boy

Dr. Grenfell writes: "In Labrador we have no penny, blood-curdling novels and five editions of a newspaper a day. Lots of our boys cannot read and write. But they can endure hardness like good soldiers. Last winter one boy of fifteen was left with two teams of huge wolfish Eskimo dogs, while the doctor and his men traveled off to kill some deer. He was warned not to move, or they would possibly be lost. As it happened, the men got parted by heavy snowstorms, and only found a house fifty miles away on the third day after. They at once sent a gang of men to look for the boy. Do you think he had run away in all that long time, and during those dark, cold nights? Not a bit of it! He was just where they had left him."—*The Christian Herald.*

God's Power to Protect Us

I was one day in the Old Bailey, watching a criminal trial, and a witness who had evidently been intimidated by the friends of the prisoner was giving evidence. The examining counsel drew it from her that she did not like to say all she knew in view of the threatened consequences to herself. I remember the words of the judge to that woman right to this day. He said, "Tell all that you know, and remember that the whole power of England is behind you to protect you. So you need not be afraid." To those of us who are His witnesses, all the power of God is about us to protect us.—*From Rev. J. Stuart Holden, in Mundesley Bible Conference.*

Duty More Than Life

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this truth or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for, if dying be an incident to its pursuing. When the Roman general, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, his heroic answer was: "It is a small matter that I should move forward and die. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live."—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

Ready to Die for Christ

During the Boxer rising in China the little chapels outside Pekin were destroyed by the Boxers, and the majority of the native Christians foully murdered. The chapels have been erected again. I have read the account of the opening of one of these restored sanctuaries; and who took part in the reopening? The remnant of the decimated church! Men stood there whose wives and children had been butchered in the awful carnival; there they stood, their love undimmed, their faith unshaken, themselves "ready to be offered" in their devotion to their Lord. —*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Could Not Frighten Him

We have all heard the story of Jamie Douglas. In the days of the persecutions in Scotland, when the Covenanters were hiding for their lives in the mountain caves, the king's spies suspected this small boy of carrying food to his father's hiding-place. One day they surprised him on his errand, and sought by intimidating him to force him to betray the fugitives. Carrying him to the brow of a cliff, they threatened to throw him over unless he would tell them where he was going. "Look down, Jamie," said the captain, holding him over the precipice; "it's awful deep." "It's awful deep," assented Jamie, "it's awful deep, but it's na sa deep as hell."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Had Faith in God

The great Baptist pioneer in Germany, Pastor Oncken, suffered much in his younger days for the truth's sake, both fines and imprisonment. One of

his great stories was that of the burgomaster of Hamburg, who held up his finger and said, "You see that finger? So long as that can move, I will put you down." "Sir," said Oncken, "I see your finger, but I also see an Arm which you do not see, and so long as that is stretched out you cannot put me down."—*The Christian Herald.*

Died for Christ

There is in the Church Missionary Society's hospital at Bannu a bed with this inscription over it: "Conolly bed. In memory of Captain Conolly, beheaded at Bokhara." The story connected with this memorial is very touching. Captain Conolly was executed on June 17, 1842, although he was offered his life if he would become a Mussulman. His sister desired to have what she called "the Christian's revenge" for her brother's death. So she supported this bed in the hospital. Many a wounded Afghan has lain in that bed while a missionary has told the story of the brave English officer who died rather than turn aside from the Christian faith.—*Sunday at Home.*

Quitting Through Fear

When we start on the trail of a man, let us keep on until we come up with him. Too many of us are frightened off. You remember the story of the Californian who went out to follow up a grizzly and was gone three days, then turned up without his game. "Lost the trail, Bill, I suppose," said one of his cronies. "Naw, kept on the trail all right." "Then, what's the matter?" "Wall, the footprints was gettin' too fresh, so I quit." We must not be scared off from our personal work for Christ when the footprints get fresh.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

Rewarded for Their Courage

It is said that Constantius, the father of Constantine, finding, when he came to the throne, a considerable number of Christians in office and at court, issued an edict requiring them to renounce Christianity or give up their places. The far greater part of them readily and resolutely gave up their employments and prospects in order to preserve a good conscience; but a few cringed and renounced Christianity. When the emperor had thus made full proof of their dispositions, he turned out every one who had complied, and took all the others in again, giving as his reason for his conduct that those who would not be true to Christ would not be true to him.—*From Western Recorder.*

Won by His Courage

A sailor on one of our warships crept behind one of the big guns every night and prayed. For a long time he was alone. At last another jack tar joined him. Many nights they met together and prayed behind the big gun. One of their mates—out of a number who had seen and ridiculed them—went and told the commander, thinking he might stop the daily prayer-meeting. But he ordered a place curtained off for his praying sailors, and said that no one must molest them. One by one their comrades came to them, to be admitted into the little prayer-tent, until thirty-two converted men gathered there daily, to read God's Word and worship Him.—*The Christian Herald.*

Soldiers of the Cross

Phillips Brooks described with great enthusiasm a service in a college chapel. "It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw all their strength into the hymn, 'Am I a soldier of the cross?' Even Dr. X——, the college president, sang as if he caught the contagion of their enthusiasm." "Did Dr. X—— sing that hymn? Does he really believe himself a soldier of the cross?" interrupted a somewhat incredulous listener. "Oh, no," answered Bishop Brooks quickly, "he was simply asking for information." There is a vast deal of difference between calling ourselves soldiers and the enduring of hardness as good soldiers.—*The Argonaut.*

Two Brave Children

On the coast of Norway is a lighthouse where a keeper lived with his two children. One day he went to the distant shore for provisions. A storm arose, and he was unable to return. The time for lighting the lamp came, and Mary, the elder child, said to her little brother, "We must light the lamp, Willie." "How can we?" asked Willie. "We ain't big enough." But the two children climbed the long, narrow stairs to the tower where the lamp was kept. Mary pulled up a chair and tried to reach the lamp in the great reflector; it was too high. Groping down the stairs she ascended again with a small oil lamp in her hand. "I can hold this up," she said to her little brother. She

climbed on the chair again, but still the reflector was just beyond her reach. "Get down," said Willie, "I know what we can do." She jumped down, and he stretched his little body across the chair. "Stand on me," he said. And she stood on the little fellow as he lay across the chair. She raised the lamp high, and its light shone far out across the water. Holding it first with one hand, then with the other to rest her little arms she called down to her brother, "Does it hurt you, Willie?" "Of course it hurts," he called back, "but keep the light burning." Are we keeping the light of God's love burning in the world even though it hurts? Are we holding it up so that all nations may see its beams afar?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Thought He Was Facing Death

By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible (Heb. 11:27).

A Dublin gentleman proposed to his wife to drive with him to the beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery. He called his son, a bright little boy about four years old, and told him to get ready to go with them. The boy's countenance fell. "Don't you want to go, Willie?" said the father. "Yes, papa," answered the child with quivering lip, "if you wish." The loyal little fellow was strangely silent during the drive, and when they got out of the carriage clung to his mother with a pathetic, wistful look. After an hour spent among the graves the party returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, and inquired with a breath of relief, "Am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are," said the father. "Why not?"

"I thought," said the brave child, "when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there."

He was facing what seemed to him a summons out of this world, but he did it with the heroism of a Moses, for his faith in his father was like that faith in God which enabled Moses to endure "as seeing him who is invisible."—*The London Telegraph.*

Reliable Men

On the prairies of South America there grows a flower that always inclines in the same direction. If a traveler loses his way and has neither compass nor chart, by turning to this flower he will find a guide on which he can implicitly rely, for no matter how the rains descend, or the winds blow, its leaves point to the north. Daniel was one of many men whose purposes are so well known, whose aims are so constant, that no matter what difficulties they may encounter, or what opposition they may meet, you can tell almost to a certainty where they will come out.—*From Architects of Fate, by Orison Swett Marden.*

A Courageous Greek Christian

At the time of the Armenian atrocities in Turkey, a Christian Greek (now a leader in the mission work among the Greeks in Chicago) living in Thyatira, the city of Lydia, learned of the decision of the Turkish Committee to massacre all the Christians in the city on a certain night. He realized that nothing short of a miracle would save them. A sudden inspiration as from God came to him. He went out and purchased the materials with which to make an American flag. Then he went through the town and gathered all the Christians, ninety families in all, and took them into his own home, and over the entrance to this house draped the Stars and Stripes. He then notified the committee that they need not take the trouble to search for the Christians, as they were all gathered in his home, and went home to await the result. The Turks, of course, dared not attack these people sheltered by the American flag, and the Christians were saved.—*Told in Moody Church by A. C. Dixon, with the identical flag in his hand, and the man who made it on the platform back of him.*

Risking Life for Duty

Caistor is a fishing village near Yarmouth, on the Norfolk Coast, so dangerous a place that it has the first record in all England in regard to the number of rescues effected by the lifeboat. In November, 1901, during a terrible storm, signals of distress were seen at sea. The violent hurricane raged so furiously that it took three hours to launch the lifeboat. And when the boat had been out half an hour it was overturned, and nine of the crew of twelve were drowned! James Haylett, the aged coxswain, lost two sons and a grandson in the catastrophe. But the veteran said simply, and with no touch of boastfulness: "Caistor lifeboatmen never turn back. They would have kept there till now, if necessary, to save men in distress. It was against the rule to go back when

distress signals were shown." No wonder the king personally presented Haylett with a gold medal in recognition of his services. So the brave Stephen would not turn back. He could dare death for the sake of souls. Is not his reward recognition by the heavenly King?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Suffering for Christ

An ungodly father beat his boy to keep the lad from going to church or Bible school. The boy came to my class many times with marks of violence upon him, and finally I exclaimed, "I wonder that you do not run away from home." He looked up in surprise and said, "I ain't stood near as much as you said He did. If I stay home mebbe pa will believe some time." The boy had never heard of Christ's sacrifice for us until he joined the Sunday-school class.—*A personal experience as missionary in a cotton mill town, by Mrs. G. B. Satterwhite, Perry, Iowa.*

Courage of Governor Hughes

When Governor Charles E. Hughes was beginning his heroic campaign to secure the passage of his anti-racetrack gambling bills many of his so-called friends warned him of the violent attacks he would certainly be subjected to were he to adopt such a course. "The opposition will stop at nothing; they will defame your character, they will ruin you politically." "Gentlemen," said the governor, "there is only one man in this world who can harm Charles E. Hughes, and that man is Charles E. Hughes." The sons of Eli were the authors of their own undoing. —*The Sunday Circle.*

A Boy Scout's Courage

When the Boy Scout movement began in America, a big camp had been arranged, which was to include the youngest—boys of eight years. At seven o'clock on the first evening, one of the little boys came to the one who was the Chief for the time being, and, saluting, said: "Please, sir, my mother said if I came to camp I was to go to bed at seven o'clock." "Very well," replied the Chief, "go to bed." "Please, sir," continued the boy, still at the salute, "my mother said if I came to camp I must say my prayers." "Very well, my boy, say your prayers." "Please, sir," again spoke the young Scout, with his hand still raised, "I always say my prayers at my mother's knees; can I say them at yours?" The Chief was so touched that he took the boy aside into the woods, and there they prayed together. From that time the Scout movement became a religious one, although it had not started on those lines. This shows what a little boy's faithfulness and obedience can do. —*From Bishop Taylor Smith, in the Sunday at Home.*

A Woman's Courage

On the rocky coast of Maine stands a lighthouse, built some distance from the land on a small rock. The light-house-keeper and his wife lived alone, visited every two months by a relief boat. On one occasion in the middle of winter they saw a small bark in distress obviously battling to find an entrance into the narrow mouth of the harbour, and the husband conceived it his duty to launch his boat to help them, to give them the guidance and bearings they needed. Ere he reached the bark his wife saw his boat swamp and her husband go down. There she was alone, alone amid that howling waste of wintry water. What did she do? She went and kept the lamp trimmed. At night she lighted the lamp, realizing that her private sorrow must not be allowed to extinguish the light which guided mariners from destruction into safety. For three weeks before the packet-boat came, she lived alone with her sorrows and cares, and *she kept the light shining.—J. Stuart Holden, M.A., D.D.*

A Man He Could Trust

A father who was an officer in the Union Army, and his son a subaltern, wrote out an order, called his son, and, handing it to him, said, "Deliver this to the general down on the firing-line." The young man placed the message under his belt, mounted his horse, and rode away. The enemy's bullets flew thick and fast while he made the dangerous ride. The father stood and watched, and waited, and wondered, while that strange conflict raged in his soul that must take place where the father and the officer are one person, and the son and subaltern the other, and that son exposed to danger by the father's command. At last the son rode back into his father's presence with his foam-covered horse and dismounted. The father threw his arms about his boy's neck, and said, "My son, I did not want you killed, but I had to send a man that I could trust." God's bravest and best soldiers are in the

hard places.—*From "The Changeless Christ."*

Not Ashamed to Pray

Two men went to the Y. M. C. A. director in one of the camps and said that they were in the habit of kneeling down and saying their prayers at home. What ought they to do here? "Try it out," was the advice. They did; the second night two others in the barracks joined them; the third night a few more; gradually the number increased until considerably more than half the men resumed the habit of childhood and knelt by their cots in prayer before turning in. A company captain in one of the cantonments the first evening his men stood at attention for retreat said: "Men, this is a serious business we are engaged in; it is fitting that we should pray about it." There and then this Plattsburgh reserve officer made a simple and earnest prayer for the divine blessing upon their lives and their work. The impression upon the men was described as tremendous.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Courageous Preacher

An old minister of a small church in a country town had one day in his audience a very distinguished statesman. To the surprise of the congregation the service went on as usual, and the old minister preached with his accustomed earnestness and plainness of speech. At the close of the service several members of the congregation gathered about him and asked: "Did you notice that we had a distinguished visitor to-day? Why, that was a member of the cabinet, but you did not seem to be at all embarrassed." Thereupon the old man replied: "I have been preaching in the presence of Almighty God for forty years, and do you think that, with Him as one of my constant hearers, any man can embarrass me by his presence?"—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Smiled at Death

Miss Clara Leffinwell, missionary to China, gives the following account of deliverance from death by the Boxers: "There was a lady missionary whom the Boxers told to kneel down and have her head cut off. The lady knelt as told, but as she did so, she looked up into the man's face and actually *smiled.* As she looked at him a moment, thus smiling, it seemed as if his face began to change and to reflect the smile. He stepped back a little and then continued to withdraw, together with his companions, until after a little they all fled, leaving the missionary ladies alone. As the Boxers were rapidly going away, the leader turned and said to the lady: 'You cannot die. You are immortal.' If her face had shown fear, they would have killed her without hesitation. I suppose that smile seemed supernatural. She afterward said, 'I did not know that I smiled.'"—*From Life of Missionary Clara Leffinwell.*

Pompey's Courage

Pompey, when hazarding his life on a tempestuous sea in order to be at Rome on an important occasion, said: "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live."—*The Biblical Museum.*

A Temperance Hero

In the little town of Berne, Indiana, lives a hero who will not get a Carnegie medal, but he deserves one, and his wife deserves half a dozen. His name is Fred Rohrer, and he is editor of the village paper. Berne was decidedly "wet." But there came a time when Mr. Rohrer conceived the idea of putting out the saloons. Acting under the Nicholson law, by hard work he got enough names to oust the rummies. One night they dynamited his house, blowing out the front of it. A saloonkeeper tried to open a saloon, and was frustrated. He attacked Mr. Rohrer, and only the heroic efforts of two women saved his life. Next time a mob tried to kill him, but the town marshal saved him. Mrs. Fred never got scared at dynamite, skull and crossbones, mobs, clubs or guns. When some one suggested that she "would be a widow," she said: "I would rather be the wife of a dead hero than of a living coward. Last fall Berne voted on the question, and went "dry" four to one.—*Keystone Citizen.*

Couldn't Harm Him

In the second century they brought a martyr before a king. The king wanted him to give up Christ and Christianity, but the man spurned the proposition. The king said, "If you don't do it I will banish you." The man smiled, and answered, "You can't banish me from Christ, for He says He will never leave me nor forsake me." The king got angry, and said, "Well, I will confiscate your property." And the man replied, "My treasures are laid up on high; you cannot get them." The king became still more angry, and said, "I will kill

rou." "Why," the man answered, "I ıave been dead forty years; I have ɔeen dead to the world, and my life is ıid with Christ in God, and you cannot ouch it." And so, let persecution ɔome, we can rejoice continually; for ur inheritance is sure, reserved for us ınto the day when He Who is our life hall appear, and we shall appear with Him in glory.—*D. L. Moody; quoted in Record of Christian Work.*

Resisting Temptation

When the tide turns in the Hudson River, it turns first in the center of the river, and often it is running down the center when it is running up the side. One wishes to row down stream, and when he pushes out from the bank of the Hudson River the tide sweeps him up stream. What must he do? Put all the energy of his being to row against that up-tide until he has crossed it and gotten into the down-tide, and then he will be swept by the tide itself toward the sea. So a man in temptation wishes to escape. What is he to do? Stay by shore and hope for the tide to take him? No. Put all the strength that God has given him into his will, and pull hard for the current that is sweeping heavenward; for when he puts his will with God's will then he comes into the divine tide.—*Juniata Rohrback, Washington, D. C. From The Classmate.*

He Didn't Care

When the noted F. W. Robertson was reminded by a lady that his preaching would get him into trouble, he replied, "I do not care." "But," said she, "do you remember where 'don't care' brought the man?" "Yes," said Mr. Robertson quietly, "to the cross." Our courage may bring us to the cross, but, beloved, remember, no cross, no crown. —*From Record of Christian Work.*

Impervious to Abuse

A young man applied to St. Macarius of Egypt for spiritual advice. The saint directed him to go to a cemetery and upbraid the dead, and after that to flatter them. "Well," said Macarius, when the young man returned, "how did the dead receive thy abuse of them?" "They answered not a word," he replied. "And how did they behave when you flattered?" "They took no notice of that either." "Go," said Macarius, "and do thou likewise."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Every Man a Brick

Be strong and of good courage (Josh. 1:6).

When Tommy says admiringly to Harry, "You're a brick!" I wonder if he knows how the saying originated. In the golden days of Greece an ambassador once came from Epirus to Sparta, and was shown by the king over his capital. He was surprised to find no walls around the city. "Sire," he exclaimed, "I have visited nearly all the towns in Greece, but I find no walls for their defense. Why is this?" "Indeed," the king replied, "you cannot have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." On the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in battle array, and pointing proudly to the valiant soldiers, he said: "There you behold the walls of Sparta—every man a brick!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Brave Ensign

At the battle of the Alma, at a critical moment, an English ensign perceived that a particular hilltop was the key to the whole position. Whoever took and kept possession of it was master of the field. Without the slightest hesitation the brave officer scaled the height and at once displayed his colours. Immediately from all quarters his comrades shouted to him: "Bring the colours down to the troops." Without stirring an inch the dauntless soldier returned the bold answer, "Bring the troops up to the colours." The command was given and the English came off victorious.—*Our Own Gazette.*

Going Where Most Needed

We read the other day of a preacher who had received a number of calls and who was somewhat perplexed as to which one he ought to accept. Finally he called his old African servant and asked him what he thought. The old coloured man never hesitated, but at once spoke up, "Massa, go where is the most devil."—*The Christian Guardian.*

Courage of Daniel

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; . . . and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, . . . as he did aforetime (Dan. 6:10).

It was on a British vessel in the Bay of Biscay. The pilot said to the admiral, "It will be an awful night, and

there is a lee shore, and the wind is rising." The admiral replied: "Sir, you have done your duty in pointing out the danger. Lay me alongside the enemy." When God calls you to duty, let prudence or timidity put in their remonstrance, but let your answer be, "Lay me alongside that hard task, that sacrifice, that danger."—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

Not Afraid of the Ruler

Go ye therefore unto the partings of the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage feast (Matt. 22:9).

A missionary was summoned before a magistrate. The following dialogue developed: Official.—"We hear that you have been inviting Moslems to become Christians." Missionary.—"It is true." Official.—"Whom do you invite?" Missionary.—"I invite you, sir."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Did Not Worry Him

Joe had been converted. He had been a swearer and drinker. His comrades made fun of him, and once tried to force the whisky down his throat; but Joe could not be forced into doing wrong, either by their threats or taunts or laughter. Some one asked Joe if he did not feel bad when the fellows laughed at him. "No," said he, "I don't mind it, because I have the laugh inside of me."—*The Evangel.*

Did Not Sell Principles

A grocer in Southern Ohio who had taken an active part against the sale of liquor to boys, was visited by a delegation of saloon-keepers. After listening patiently to their threats to destroy his business unless he stopped interfering with theirs, he replied, "You mistake my wares, gentlemen. I sell groceries, not principles."—*The Pacific Baptist.*

Not Difficult for a Christian

John Smith, of Harrow, the man whose sacrificial piety has left such a firm seal upon hundreds of Harrovians, was once speaking of some display of moral courage to an old pupil, who remarked: "That was very difficult. I wonder he could do it!" "Difficult?" answered John Smith. "Difficult? He was a Christian!"—*The Sunday Companion.*

Courage of Royal Engineers

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem): and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime (Dan. 6:10).

"It was the coolest piece of work I ever saw," said a British officer. A newspaper despatch tells us what he saw. "A shell came from the Prussian side, which blew up in a trench and cut a telegraph line to pieces. The next moment a signaler dashed through with a layer of wire in his hand, the pincers between his teeth, and quite an armory of other tools in his pocket. Then with shot and shell playing around him he began to relay the broken telegraph wire, fixed it up, walked calmly back to his original spot, wiped from his face the mud and dust with which it was covered, relit his pipe, and awaited his next job." The same despatch says that we have not yet realized the bravery and skill of the telegraph section of the Royal Engineers, whose work is to organize victory "by acting as the ears of the British army." "Under no circumstances whatever must communications between the artillery and the infantry sections be interrupted for a moment, for that might mean disaster to the whole army." To maintain the connection, at any cost, and at any time of night or day, is the signaler's duty. Daniel was one of those heroic signalers who, at no matter what the cost to himself, maintained the connection between heaven and earth. The Bible, from cover to cover, is a record of the bravery and skill, the heroism and self-sacrifice of such Royal Engineers. Without them God's communication with men would be cut off.—*From The Sunday School Times.*

A Courageous Malagasy

In Madagascar a Government order forbade any Malagasy in Government employ to take any part in a religious service in any of the authorized church buildings on the island. One of the native Christians affected by the new regulation was an ordnance map-maker, who was the superintendent of a mission school. He had a very good salary as Government official, but he never hesitated. He stuck to the Sunday-school till he was ordered to a place many miles away. There he found a small Sunday-school and helped it until he was fined and dismissed. Eventually he became an evangelist under the native missionary society. "I was told," he said, "to choose between God

and money. My reply was, without hesitation—God."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Robley D. Evans' Courage

Robley D. Evans will scarcely go down in fame as a diplomat; but in all his stirring career, remarks the *New York Sun,* he never rendered a greater service to this country than during that trying time in the harbour of Valparaiso when his little gunboat, the Yorktown, was the sole representative of our naval power in Chilean waters. Insult after insult was coolly heaped upon the young captain's hot-tempered head, and diplomacy was needed. Evans lay in the harbour with nine Chilean war vessels about him. The Chileans were celebrating some independence day or other with fireworks and searchlight drills. The white beams from the Chilean vessels had an impudent way of swinging occasionally on the little Yorktown, where she lay within machine-gun range of the Chilean cruisers. As the cruiser Cochrane fired her salute she let off a flight of war-rockets, and one of the heavy bombs barely missed the Yorktown. "I at once hoisted a large American flag," reads Evans' log, "and turned both my searchlights on it, so that if any one really wanted to hit me he could know just where I was. I was determined if trouble came there should be no ground for saying we had accidentally been struck in the dark. When the searchlights a few minutes later lighted us up they showed the crew of the Yorktown standing at their quarters and the guns all ready for business." No more rockets came our way.—*The Literary Digest.*

A Pilot's Courage

As the imperial yacht Hohenzollern was entering a Norwegian port, the Kaiser, impatient at the vessel's slowness of speed, himself rang the bell indicating "Increase speed." To the Kaiser's amazement the Norwegian pilot, an old sea-dog named Nordhuns, rushed to the telephone and cried to the engine-room, "Slow down; take no notice of the bell." The Kaiser looked at the man who dared thus to speak in his presence, and said to the pilot, "Go and put yourself under arrest." "I shall not leave this place," replied the old man firmly; "the ship is under my guidance, and I take orders from nobody, not even an emperor." The officers looked on in silence, for they knew that the pilot had the nautical laws and regulations in his favour. Great was their surprise when they saw the emperor quit the bridge, leaving the pilot alone. The next day the Kaiser, who had recovered his good humour, decorated the old sailor, and named him his "official pilot in Norwegian waters." The old sea-dog knew the waters better than the emperor did, and he knew the danger there was in an increased speed. There was one hero in olden times that often defied the king for conscience's sake, and was decorated and rewarded afterward for his moral courage (Dan. 6:13).—*The Christian Herald.*

Not Afraid to Die

The King of France ordered the Prince De Conde his choice of three things,—first, to go to mass; second, to die; or, third, to be imprisoned for life. The answer was, "With regard to the first, I am fully determined never to go to mass; as to the other two, I am so perfectly indifferent, that I leave the choice to your Majesty."

Cromwell's Ironsides were always victorious. They went into battle, praying, and singing psalms. Every soldier had his pocket Bible of select texts for soldiers, and fed his soul upon the word of God.—*Rev. Elon Foster, D.D.*

Trusting the Courageous

Speaking of the Cuban War, and his Rough Riders, Roosevelt declared: "The men I cared most for in the regiment were the men who did the best work; and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to the most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from them the greatest service, and of making them incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours without sleep and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men for whom I cared most where death might smite them, as it did the two best officers in my regiment, Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me had I acted otherwise." And does not the Captain of our Salvation demand the same thing of us?—*Rev. T. M. Fothergill, Ph.D., in The Expositor.*

COURTESY

Lincoln's Inaugural Hat

When Lincoln was first inaugurated he carried a brand new silk hat and a ponderous gold-headed cane.

The cane he managed to put away in a corner, but for a minute poor Lincoln stood before the assembled thousands grasping the hat desperately and seeking in vain for a safe place to deposit it.

Had Stephen A. Douglas been told five years before that he was destined to hold the hat of Abraham Lincoln while that individual was appearing for the first time as President of the United States the "Little Giant" would have laughed at the very idea, yet that was exactly what did happen. He came to Lincoln's rescue and held the hat during the inaugural address.—*Argus.*

Not a Lady

A man's pride shall bring him low (Prov. 29: 23).

"A sailor once carried one of Queen Victoria's daughters on board the royal yacht. As he set her down, he said: 'There you are, my little lady.' The child, who had not liked being carried, shook herself and said: 'I am not a little lady; I'm a princess.' Her mother, who overheard her daughter's speech, said quietly: 'You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day.'"—*From The Life of Queen Victoria, by Charles Morris, LL.D.*

Courtesy Pays

We take this challenge of philosophy from a trade paper called the *Transmitter,* published in Baltimore: A mathematician figures it out that a telephone company loses 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by operators. Well, why not? courtesy is not an expense in business or in other parts of life, but a necessity. We all have to live with other people.—*Collier's Weekly.*

The Test of Good Manners

It is told of a sage that one day, after the fashion of the schools, he was questioned, "Master, what is the test of good manners?" Whereto he answered, "It is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones."—*The Free Churchman.*

A Bad Talent

There are men who pride themselves on their candour, and it degenerates into brutality. One such man said to John Wesley once, "Mr. Wesley, I pride myself on speaking my mind; that is my talent." "Well," said John Wesley, "the Lord wouldn't mind if you buried that!"—*From "Grace and Power," by Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas.*

A Sermon on Recognition

A few weeks ago a certain minister preached on the recognition of friends in heaven, and during the following week this letter came to him: "Dear Sir.—I should be very much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on the recognition of friends on earth, as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."—*From "Outlook of the Churches," by Tertius, in the Toronto Globe.*

Admiring and Practising Courtesy

One day, at the national Olympic games of Greece, a feeble old man arrived late and found all the seats occupied. He passed the seats of the Athenians, but they only laughed at the old man. He passed on to the seats of the Spartans, when, in a moment, they rose from their seats as one man to offer him a seat. The Athenians, seeing this, raised a loud cheer. "Ah!" said the aged, white-haired stranger, "the Athenians *admire* that which is good, but the Spartans *practise* it."—*From the Rev. James Learmont, in "Fifty-two Addresses to Young Folks."*

COVETOUSNESS

Queen Caroline's Covetousness

Caroline, Queen of George II, lived in St. James Palace, and thought that the adjoining St. James Park, belonging to the public, would make a nice palace ground. She asked the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to shut it up and make it a royal garden. "Oh, a trifle, madam," answered the cynical premier. "A trifle, Sir Robert," answered the queen; "I know better. It will cost much, but I wish you to tell me the cost as near as you can guess." "Why, madame, I believe the whole will cost but three crowns," rejoined the prime minister, looking her calmly in the face. The queen, seeing that Sir Robert meant the crowns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, answered, "Then I will think no more about it." The awful cost of covetousness is very often, not only human life and earthly honour and position, but eternal life and heavenly crowns.

CRITICISM

Don't Bark

Faultfinding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this: A dog hitched to a lawn-mower stopped to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said: "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine." It is easier to be critical than correct. It is easier to hinder than to help. Easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Faultfinding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticize or censure like those Pharisees, but it takes a soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly and rise superior to all as Jesus did.—*Selected.*

Saw Only the Roses

A lady, paying an early morning visit to a neighbour, was ushered into a rather untidy room, for which her hostess profusely apologized, but her visitor smilingly replied: "I had eyes for nothing but these lovely roses," pointing to a bowl of Gloire de Dijon beauties, which occupied a prominent place on the table. Just as the eye sees what it looks for, so the soul that is itself beautiful finds all that is best and noblest, and most worthy of praise, in the men and women round about. And in addition to this gift of hyper-vision, it has the equally beautiful gift of *not* seeing, which it exercises on occasion.—*From the Sunday at Home.*

Criticising Ole Bull

When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was in this country he was assailed by much hostile criticism. Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered him the columns of the *New York Herald* to reply to his traducers. In broken English he thanked the editor, saying, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me, and I play against tem." The deeds of Jesus were His best defense against the Pharisees.—*From "Daybreak Everywhere," by Charles E. Locke.*

Better Sleep Than Find Fault

"Having in my youth notions of severe piety," said a Persian writer, "I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. 'Behold,' I said to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' he answered, 'it is better to sleep than to awake to remark the faults of thy brothers!"—*From Architects of Fate, by Orison Swett Marden.*

A Cure for Fault-Finding

"Just stand aside, and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself, as 'he' instead of 'I.'
Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink.
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link,
When you with 'he' as substitute for 'I,'
Have stood aside, and watched yourself go by."

—*The Sunday Circle.*

Plant Pests

There is nothing in the entire round of Christian worship and communion which is not exposed to abomination and abuse. There is not a single plant in your garden which is not the gathering-ground of some particular pest; aye, and the more delicate and tender the plant, the more multitudinous are the foes. But you do not banish the plant because of the pests; you accept the plant and guard it against the pests.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., D.D.*

Running Our Neighbour's Business

"When you chase the chickens out of your neighbour's garden," says a quaint writer, "see to it that you are not yourself creating more havoc by tramping down his flowers." In other words, it is a delicate matter to intrude in another's domain even with the intention of driving out evils. We cannot always see clearly over dividing fences, and our supposed ability to manage our neighbour's household, his business, or even his morals, better than he, may spring from our ignorance or vanity. In any case there is need for kindly tact and caution lest the defects we remedy prove less than the hurts we inflict.—*Forward.*

Their Limited Vision

A lady from the Middle States was seeing the ocean for the first time. Her friends watched her, waiting for her first exclamation. She merely turned

away: "Is *that* all! I thought it was bigger." These Pharisees were like her. They wanted more from *Jesus*, not seeing that the fault lay with themselves, their own littleness, their narrow horizon, their short vision.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Looking for Good in Men

It would be well for us if we could imitate that beautiful man of God, Bishop Whipple, who said, "For the last forty years I have been trying to see the features of Jesus Christ in every man that differs from me."—*Rev. Hubert Brooke, in Keswick Week.*

Silencing Unjust Critics

A lady who excelled in making wax flowers and fruit was criticized severely by her friends, and her work unjustly derided. She convicted them by showing them an apple with which they, as usual, found fault. One complained of the colour, another of the shape, and so on. When they had finished, she silently cut the apple and ate it.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

A Story by Augustine

Have I ever told you of St. Augustine's story of the man who complained to Almighty God about a neighbour, saying, "O Lord, take away this wicked person"? And God said, "Which?" —*Sabbath Reading.*

Hard for Both

It is good to remember that living with others may be just as hard for the others.—*From Robert E. Speer, in The Sunday School Times.*

Gold and Dross

Bunyan's conclusion to the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" says:

"What of my *dross* thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the Gold.
What if my Gold be wrapped up in Ore?
None throws away the Apple for the Core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as rain,
I know not but 'twill make me Dream again."
—*From "Pilgrim's Progress."*

Not the Whole Truth

A hard-faced woman called on her minister to complain that in doing her duty her feelings had ben hurt by something some one had said about her. "And I only told her the whole truth," the woman complained. The "whole truth," the minister repeated, "that was a wonderful achievement, Mrs. Potter,—who but God ever knows that? The biggest of us can but grasp fragments of it. Suppose you tell me exactly what you said about Millie." "I said," Mrs. Potter replied, "that Millie was growing wild and everybody was talking about her, and if her mother didn't watch her closely, it would be too late." "And you called that the truth?" the minister asked. "You said nothing about Millie's being a pretty, affectionate child, nothing about her clever fingers, nor her kind-heartedness, nor her unselfishness." "What had that to do with it?" she asked. "Everything, if you were telling the truth. To take a bit of the shadow-side and offer that as a perfect picture is no more the truth than if I should describe her by saying that she had a knack at trimming hats. Suppose you think the matter over, and whenever you tell something on the shadow-side, stop and tell something on the bright side to balance it."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Too Good in Their Own Eyes

In a certain village were two families. One was rich and the other merely getting along. The former was famous in the village for its unhappiness, while the other was known to be peaceable and contented. One day the rich man went to his humbler friend: "You have nothing like the means for comfort and enjoyment that I have, yet your family are affectionate and contented, while we are quarrelsome and discontented," said he. The poor man replied thoughtfully: "Perhaps it is because you are all such good people at your house. Now, at my house it is different. We are a very faulty lot, and we know it. To illustrate, suppose I am sitting on the rug by the brazier, and the maid passing by knocks over my teacup, spilling the tea on the mats. I immediately cry, 'Excuse me. Very stupid of me to leave my teacup out in the middle of the room for people to stumble over. Serves me right.' But she replies, 'Oh, master, what a blunderbuss I am! Always stumbling and making trouble.' You see we are such a faulty lot, and we know it so well that there is no chance for ill-feeling or quarreling." "Ah!" said the rich man slowly, "I see it all. I should have said, 'Stupid,

what are you up to now?' And she would have muttered, 'A lazy man has no business to spread himself all over a room.' I guess you are right; we are all too good—or, we think we are."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Seeing Men as Skeletons

There is an old fable of a man who for some crime or injustice was cursed with the power of seeing other human beings, not in their beauty of flesh and blood, but as skeletons gaunt and grisly. Much of the sorrow of the world comes from the fact that too many of us have this miserable faculty, and go about stripping off every worthy charm and beauty with which men and women are clothed, trying to find and expose some ugly trait or passion underneath.—*From "Nathaniel Under the Fig Tree," by Louis Albert Banks.*

Blind to the Blots

On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy-book which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempt. The pages were very neatly written, and I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page the little hand was laid upon them, and, looking up into my face with an artlessness that was beautiful, she said, "Papa, don't see the blots!" Of course I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not "see the blots!" When littlenesses and meannesses and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we would only look away from these to some brighter pages!—*Epworth Era.*

The Cheery Transfer

The Holy Spirit will not work in an atmosphere of criticism. Says D. L. Moody in his book, "The Fulness of the Gospel": "Supposing that on the day of Pentecost the apostles had been criticising Peter, do you think the Holy Spirit would have worked so miraculously? Imagine John whispering to James, 'It doesn't seem to me that Peter is quite up to himself this morning'; and James replying, 'I am disappointed myself. This is a representative audience, and he lacks polish and finish.' Suppose Andrew had turned to Matthew and said, 'Really that is too bad for Peter to be so harsh on the Pharisees and rulers. There are so many other things upon which we can agree I do wish he would avoid all controverted subjects.' Do you think that if that had been the attitude of the apostles there would have been any conversions?" Suppose we try the effect of sympathy and prayer, instead of criticism, upon our minister's sermons. —*The Sunday School Times.*

Criticising Preachers

The *Christian Commonwealth* tells an anecdote and draws a lesson. A dog, hitched to a lawnmower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said: "Don't mind the dog, he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine." It is easier to be critical than correct. Easier to bark than work. Easier to burn a house than build one. Easier to hinder than to help. Easier to destroy reputation than construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise, or censure, like the Pharisees, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all as Jesus did.—*The Expositor.*

Cancel the Unkind Words

Some of the older boys and girls have doubtless studied cancellation in school. But there is another kind of cancellation that can be used by boys and girls of all ages. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy.

"He is so slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid in school," said the first boy.

"But he always studied hard," answered the second.

Thus, you see every unkind word spoken by the first boy was cancelled by a kind word from the second. Suppose that the next time we hear an unkind word we try to cancel it by putting a kind one in its place.—*Apples of Gold.*

Conquering Criticism

A girl who wished to conquer a habit of sharp speech which she noticed in herself tried the experiment of con-

fessing in prayer each night every unkind remark she had made during the day. "I felt so ashamed as I repeated such words before God," she said years afterward, "that all day long I tried to guard against having any to confess the next night. I grew to hate the sin, and then, of course, I stopped it. The trouble before had been that I didn't really hate it, although I thought I did."—*Children's Friend.*

Hid His Own Sin

"In a certain village in Scotland there lived a half-witted man whose coat presented a most curious appearance. All down the front it was covered with patches of various sizes, mostly large. When asked why the coat was patched in such a remarkable way, he answered that the patches represented the sins of his neighbours. He pointed to each patch, and gave the story of the sin of some one in the village, then went on to another, until he had related the sins of all in the village. On the back of his coat there was a small patch, no bigger than a threepenny piece. On being asked what it represented, he said, 'That's my ain sin, and I cannot see it!' Is not this a fair picture of the attitude of the Pharisees in Christ's time?" And how about our own attitude to-day?—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Silent About Troubles

This advice, given by Dr. William Osler to young physicians, is of great suggestive value for all classes of men and women: "Learn to consume your own smoke. The air is darkened by the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over non-essentials, over trivial vexations and discomforts that are inevitable incidents in the hurly-burly and strain of everyday life. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence life's aggravations, cultivate the habit of taciturnity, do not talk about your troubles, consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaining. . . We are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happier."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Optimist and Pessimist

Mr. Chesterton, in one of his essays, has quoted from the blunder of a schoolgirl what is perhaps the best definition of the term optimist and pessimist. "An optimist," said the g "is a man who takes care of the ey and a pessimist is a man who takes c of the feet." Exactly. The pessim is concerned with the obstacles in path about our feet, the optimist eyes to see the plan of the journey a the goal at its end. The pessimist m have anxious prudence; the optim has vision.—*The Methodist Review.*

Not Worth Troubling About

"Why didn't you tell her she w taking more than her share of room a encroaching upon your rights?" so one asked of a young girl who merrily describing an old woman had taken a seat beside her in crowded railway car, and crammed i the small space a bird-cage, a basket apples, and bundles numerous and ried. "It wasn't worth while to trou about it; we had such a little way to together," was the reply. What a mo that would be for a life-journey! many little annoyances are not wo noticing, so many small unkindness even may be passed by silently, becau we have only "such a little way to together."—*J. R. Miller, D.D., in T Record of Christian Work.*

Let Something Good Be Said

"When over the fair fame of frie
or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fa
instead
Of words of blame, or proof of th
and so,
Let something good be said.

"Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may l
his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tea
is wet,
If something good be said.

"No generous heart may vainly tu
aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul
dead
But may awaken strong and glorifi
If something good be said.

"And so I charge ye: by the thor
crown,
And by the cross on which t
Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fa
renown,
Let something good be said!"
—*James Whitcomb Rile*

John Wesley on Charity

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light (1 John 2:10).

John Wesley wrote in his diary one day, "To-day I grieved the Divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness." We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as they should be.—*From "The Lesson of Love," by J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Words Like Bees

"Keep a guard on your lips, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the cheering sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife."

—*Immanuel Messenger.*

A Wrong Talent

One of the best stories told at the Shanghai Missionary Conference was of a man who said he was afraid he was going to be of no use in the world because he had only one talent. "Oh, that need not discourage you," said his pastor. "What is your talent?" "The talent of criticism." "Well, I advise you," said his pastor, "to do with it what the man of one talent in the parable did with his. Criticism may be useful when mixed with other talents, but those whose only activity is to criticise the workers might as well be buried, talent and all."—*The Expositor.*

Accusing His Brethren

But thou, why dost thou judge thy brother? or thou again, why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of God (Rom. 11:10).

Here is a suggested bit from Mohammedan books: "Master, my six brethren are all asleep, and I alone have remained awake to worship Allah." "And you too had better been asleep, if your worship of Allah consists in accusations of your brethren."—*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

CRUELTY

Origin of An Old Rhyme

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John, committing many cruel deeds in his strong stone castle, but at last was tumbled from power. His history was put into a riddle, the meaning of which was an egg. The rhyme is more than 400 years old.

DANCING

Ended Their Dancing

The meetings held by Billy Sunday usually affect conditions in a city for a considerable time. After one of his campaigns, a young girls' club was holding their usual meeting. Several members had "hit the trail." The question under discussion was whether they should hold the monthly dance which had been regularly held previous to this campaign. They prided themselves on the fact that the crowd was made up of "select folks," either brothers or sweethearts of the members. But many of the girls who had "gone forward, spoke in words like this, "No, girls, I cannot dance any more after what I have heard. I am not so afraid of the effect upon myself, but I understand many things now that I never thought of before. I cannot do it again." Finally a girl who had not "hit the trail" arose and said, "Girls, I have not 'hit the trail,' so that does not influence me. But I have learned from hearing what Mr. Sunday has had to say about dancing. I suggest that the club end its dances." This is the best answer to the questions about amusements—to let the Light of the world shine in the heart, for all things are made manifest by the light. Christ has come to destroy the works of the devil, and no other destructive agency is so powerful.—*From The Sunday School Times.*

DEATH

Taking Away the Lambs

A nobleman at Bangkok, Siam, whom the missionaries had vainly tried to lead to Christ, sent his only son to the Christian high school for boys. A year or two later, in an epidemic of cholera, the boy died. The missionary gently told the parents about the Good Shepherd, who sometimes takes a lamb in His arms to induce the sheep to follow Him. Deeply moved, the father sketched an outline of the incident and bade an artist paint it. He showed this picture:

A shepherd, with a face kindly and sweet, carrying a lamb in his bosom, while far off two sheep, which had been walking away, were turning with wistful eyes to follow their loved one. "Now," said the nobleman, "I want to give ten thousand taels to build a church in recognition of God's dealing with me through my boy." The church was built, and thus the nobleman also became a "fisher of men."—*The Gospel Messenger.*

Led by the Lambs

The herbage of the field was nipped off close, and the shepherd wanted to get his sheep up to a higher place where there was good pasture. The way led over a steep bluff, and the sheep did not want to go. Then the shepherd carried a lamb up to the higher ground, and looking down over the edge the little thing called to the other sheep. In a few minutes the mother had gone up, and the rest of the flock had followed her. We are like sheep, and are slow to follow our Shepherd up the steep way towards the heavenly life. Then the Shepherd has to use loving urgency. Sometimes He takes a child to heaven to lead a father or mother thither.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

When God Takes the Lines

A southern Christian woman, while dying, imagined in her delirium that she was riding in her carriage with her faithful servant on the driver's seat. "Is David driving?" she asked. "There is no danger if David is driving." "No, no, Missus," replied the weeping negro at her side. "Poor Dave can't drive now. De Lord has hold of de lines."

The humble servant spoke the truth for all ages. The Lord of life holds the lines and guides His children safely through the gate of death into the Paradise of God.—*Preacher's Assistant.*

What Death is to a Christian

Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints (Psa. 116:15).

A mother, in bitter grief, bending over her dying child, was trying to soothe her by talking about heaven. She spoke of the glory there, of the brightness glowing all around, of the shining countenances of the holy angels. But presently a little voice stopped her, saying: "I should not like to be there, mother, for the light hurts my eyes." Then she changed the subject of her description, and spoke of the songs above, of the harpers harping on their golden harps, of the voices as the sound of many waters, of the new song which they sang before the throne; but the child said, "Mother, I cannot bear any noise." Grieved and disappointed at her failure to speak words of comfort, she took the little one from her restless bed, and enfolded it in her arms with all the tenderness of a mother's love. Then as the little sufferer lay there, near to all she loved best in the world, conscious only as her life ebbed away of the nearness of love and care, the whisper came, "Mother, if heaven is like this, may Jesus take me there!" That is what death is to God's saints. It is the great Fatherly, Motherly God lifting His little ones out of their restlessness into the peace and comfort of His Almighty arms.—*Archdeacon Sinclair.*

Paul Not Afraid of Death

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain (Phils. 1:21).

Deserted by comrades, triumphed over by foes, Paul prepares for his coronation day. How grandly does this prisoner contrast with the world's heroes! Lord Rosebery tells how the captured Napoleon, on board H. M. S. "Bellerophon," stood from seven in the morning till noon watching the French coast-line through a telescope, until its last vestige faded, and then, with a ghastly face, he turned and tottered to his cabin. It was his last view of France. Behind that vanished coast-line lay his empire and his glory. Paul's empire was now coming into view. For him glory, undimmed, eternal, was about to dawn. Yet in his hopes of glory Paul was not selfish. The "crown of righteousness" was not for him only, but for all who loved the Saviour's appearing. Paul sought no lonely heaven. Like Rutherford, he could say to his friends: "Your heaven would be two heavens to me, and your salvation two salvations."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Going Home Quickly

An aged Christian was at first sad when he heard of the death of a little girl whom he greatly loved. Then suddenly his face grew bright, and he said: "Why, she's gone cross lots, while I am going all around this long distance. I am glad for her."—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

Ready to Die

They that were ready (Matt. 25:10).

I had a friend in Perthshire, and

used to go there and visit him. He was a very wealthy man, but yet a very godly man, a man who was rich in good works. The motto above his country house in Perthshire always appealed to me as an exceedingly good one. It was this: "*Habita ut migraturus*," which means "Live as ready to depart." A finer motto for a house one could hardly imagine. And my friend lived as ready to depart. He was, comparatively speaking, a young man when he died; but he walked with God, and his death was truly a departure to be with Christ. On the back of all his letters there was a cross, and underneath "*Nihilo nisi cruce*" ("Nothing but by the Cross").—*The Christian Herald.*

Chinese Fear of Death

Dr. Woodbridge, of Shanghai, was teaching, he told us, a class of young men there. There is a word in Chinese for "death," but it is never used; though the slope beyond Dr. Woodbridge's dwelling-house was strewed with coffins, waiting, even if for many months, the geomancer's orders for their burial, never once in all their inscriptions or labels does the word "death" occur. But in the course of those lessons to the students this subject and translation became of course necessary, and he wrote upon the blackboard "death," and its Chinese equivalent. The young men gazed at the writing with set faces, then one started up, took the cloth, and wiped it out! How precious to give to them, in their abject fear, the Saviour who takes from death its terribleness unspeakable, who for his children wipes out not the mere fearful avoided word, but the whole fearful fact,—transforms it into joy and glory!—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Alarmed at Death

A writer in the *Church Union* tells this story: The writer's grandfather had an old coloured workman who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labour. No need of a slave-driver for him, however, as his tasks were conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed with an unalterable firmness in the truths brought to him. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him: "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die." "Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you; that's what I've been living for," said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trusted God's Word

A dying Scotch lass was asked, "What if God should forsake you now?" "He would have more to lose than I," she replied; "I would lose only my poor soul, but He would lose His honour."—*George Lehigh, D.D.*

She Was Not Sinking

A Welsh lady, when she lay dying, was visited by her minister. He said to her, "Sister, are you sinking?" She answered him not a word, but looked at him with an incredulous eye. He repeated the question, "Sister, are you sinking?" She looked at him again as if she could not believe he would ask such a question. At last, rising a little in her bed, she said, "Sinking! Sinking! Did you ever know a sinner sink through a rock? If I had been standing on the sand, I might sink; but, thank God, I am on the Rock of Ages, and there is no sinking there."—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

Won by Their Deaths

In the midst of the Boxer uprising a leading Chinese merchant came to a missionary and asked to be baptized at once. "Hadn't you better wait until the storm of persecution has blown over?" asked the missionary. "A public confession now might endanger you." "No," he said, "I don't want to wait. It is this very thing that leads me to desire to be a Christian. I have seen you Christians go down into the darkness of a horrible death triumphantly, and now that I know it is their religion that sustains them and enables them to do this I want their religion at once." He was received, and has been a faithful, efficient man ever since.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Afraid of the Shadows

A little child played in a large and beautiful garden with sunny lawns; but there was one part of it, a long and winding path overshadowed by trees, down which he never ventured; indeed he dreaded to go near it, because a foolish nurse had told him that ogres and hobgoblins dwelt within its darksome gloom. At last his eldest brother heard of this fear, and after playing one day with him, took him to the entrance of the grove, and leaving him there terror-stricken, went singing throughout its length, then returning and taking the little fellow's hand, they went through it together. And from that moment the fear had fled. So

Jesus, having passed through the valley of death, gives courage to His people. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."—*The Expositor.*

Comforted in Death

The late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was suddenly summoned to meet death. He was attacked with spasm of the heart, and learned that in a moment he would be in the holy presence of his Maker. He felt the need of mercy at the prospect of seeing God face to face, and as he lay upon his death-bed, still, thoughtful, and absorbed in silent prayer, all at once he repeated firmly and earnestly, "And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Buried, But Sown

"I like to think," said D. L. Moody, "of the time when the dead shall rise from their graves. We read, at those last rites for the dead, what we call the 'burial service.' It is an unfortunate expression. Paul never talked of 'burial.' He said the body was 'sown' —sown in corruption,' 'sown in weakness,' 'sown in dishonour,' 'sown a natural body.' If I *bury* a bushel of wheat, I never expect to see it again; but if I *sow* it, I expect results. Thank God, our friends are not buried; they are only sown!"—*Record of Christian Work.*

Heathen Deaths

"Is your baby better?" one mother asks of another whose little one has been sick. "We have thrown it away," is the stolid answer. "Well, it is gone, and you cannot get it back. Just forget it as soon as you can. There is nothing else to do." Such is the hopeless outlook and such the comfort which heathenism brings to aching hearts in China when death invades the home and the little ones are taken. But oh, the change that comes when our blessed gospel enters those hearts and homes! —*The Missionary.*

Not Gone to Heaven

A little girl was walking in a cemetery the other day with her aunt, examining the gravestones, when suddenly she cried out, "Oh, auntie, look here! Here is the tomb of some poor person who has not gone to heaven!" "Not gone to heaven?" replied the astonished lady, looking at an elabo monument with weeping angels sc tured in marble. "Why, what do mean?" "Well, auntie," said child, "the lady or gentleman in grave cannot have gone to heaven, the angels would not be crying! *The Christian Herald.*

More Than a Glimpse

As an aged saintly Scotchman dying, a friend asked him, "Have a glimpse of Christ now that you dying?" The man raised himself a tle, and emphatically replied, "I'll nane o' your glimpses now that I dying, seein' that I have a full look Christ these forty years gane." there were more men and women were getting this full look at Chr there would be more conquerors join the victorious ranks of our bles Commander. — *Record of Christ Work.*

Dying in the Dark

A very celebrated man told a story his early days, and how his mother d in the dark, for they were then too p to afford a candle. She was ready death, because her heart was full Jesus; and just before she died said, "And there shall be no ni there; and they need no candle, neit light of the sun: for the Lord G giveth them light."—*J. L. Nye.*

Going to Be a King

A consumptive disease seized the e est son and heir of the Duke of Han ton, which ended in his death. A li before his departure from the world took his Bible from under his pill and read several comforting passag As death approached, he called youngest brother to his bedside, a after talking affectionately and se ously to him, closed with these wor "And now, Douglas, in a little wh you'll be a duke, but I shall be a kin —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Joy Overflowing in Death

A bright young Christian recen fell asleep in Jesus. His sufferi were great during the last few days his illness. He knew where he w going, and a few hours before passed away his father said to hi "Fred, it is all peace and joy, is not?" "Oh!" he replied, "it been peace and joy all along, but n it is OVERFLOWING."—*From a Brit Gospel Tract.*

Following Christ in Death

Principal Cairns in the modesty of great nature used to stand back l let others precede him on public asions, until his "You first, I fol-," became a settled habit. When he dying, he bade farewell to his fam- and the watchers noticed his lips l moved. They bent to catch his last rds. He was speaking to Him who s dearer to him than life, Jesus, and was murmuring, "You first, I fol-."—*Great Thoughts.*

On the Sunny Side

"You are on the shady side of sev-y, I expect?" was asked of an old n. "No," was the reply, "I am on sunny side; for I am on the side rest to glory."—*From "Pushing to Front," by Orison Swett Marden.*

Not Afraid of the Tunnel

An engine driver's wife lay dying, l her husband spoke to her of pass- through the dark tunnel of death. smiled, and said faintly, "Not k; there's a light in it for me; not , for there's no danger; not green, there's no need of caution. It's *white light* of safety, for 'the d is my light and my salvation, and not afraid.'"—*The Sunday School ronicle.*

Lights in the Graves

The Romans had a practise of light- up their tombs. In Essex a tomb once opened, when a lamp was nd in the corner, and a chair near indicating the rank of the tomb- ant. A fable states that fifteen hun- d years after the death of Tullia, ero's daughter, her tomb, which was dentally opened, was found illumi- ed by a lamp. But the light Christ ds upon the grave is better than the t of this fabled lamp, for it reveals ough the grave the vision of immor- y.—*Condensed from The Free hodist.*

Knew His Master Was There

ate one stormy evening a doctor called to a case of sudden illness. examined the man, and then rose to "Doctor," said the sufferer, "tell the truth. May I have such seiz- again, and may I die in one of n—to-morrow?" "You may," was reply, "or you may live for years. not your days in anticipation. We t all pass through the gate." "But t is beyond the gate?" cried the sick one. "I do not know," the doctor said. "You, a Christian man, and do not know!" "Look here," and the doctor opened the door. Outside lay, crouching in the darkness, a little dog, drenched and cold, with eyes fixed upon the opened door. "That is my dog," he added. "He has followed me all the way. He did not know what was within; he did not care. He knew that I, his master whom he loves, was there. I am like that dog. I do not ask what is beyond that gate. I only know my Lord is there. In His time He will open to His child. And so I, too, wait."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Cured Their Grief

A friend of mine lost all his children. No man could ever have loved his family more; but the scarlet fever took one by one away, and so the whole five, one after another, died. The poor, stricken parents went over to Great Britain, and wandered from one place to another, there and on the continent. At length they found their way to Syria. One day they saw an Eastern shepherd come down to a stream, and call his flock to cross. The sheep came down to the brink and looked at the water, but they seemed to shrink from it, and he could not get them to respond to his call. He then took a little lamb under each arm, and passed into the stream. The old sheep no longer stood looking at the water; they plunged in after the shepherd; and in a few minutes the whole flock was on the other side, and he led them away to newer and fresher pastures. The bereaved father and mother no longer murmured because the Great Shepherd had taken their lambs into yonder world, and they began to look forward and up to the time when they would follow their loved ones.—*From The Way to God, by D. L. Moody.*

Returning God's Jewels

A certain rabbi had two sons, whom both he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country. During his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came; it was night. "How are my boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them." "Stay a while," said his wife, "I am in trouble, and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took care of them, and at last

began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "Wife! what strange request is this? Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to the bed, drew wide the curtain, and said, "Husband, there are the jewels!" The rabbi bowed his head and wept.—*Friendly Greetings.*

Christ at Funerals

I read to-day that Mr. Moody, when a young minister in Chicago, was invited to attend a funeral. So he took his New Testament to see what Jesus did at funerals, and he found that every funeral He attended He broke up! Life broke up death!—*From "Heart to Heart Letters," by Margaret Bottome.*

Not Dead, But Living

An old-time Quaker preacher had a strange experience at his conversion. He fell asleep and dreamed. He seemed to be dead, and laid out for his burial, when a shining face came and bent over him, saying softly, "The man is dead." Then another came and laid a hand over his heart, and said, "It does not throb; he's dead." Then another came and laid a hand upon his flesh, "It is cold; he is surely dead." So one by one came angels and stood around his couch, till one of kindlier face than the rest came and looked upon him, lifted his hand, and said, "Nay, what is this? A nail-print in his palm, and a nail-print in his other palm. This man is not dead; he has been crucified! He has been crucified with Christ and lives with Him!" He awoke and found the place in the Scripture where it is written, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, Christ liveth in me!"—*Sabbath Reading.*

Would Be Back Soon

A physician who was of a strong and sunny nature had a frail wife who needed all the sunshine and vigour of his personality to sustain her. When he died, after a month of specially hard work, her friends said, "It will kill her!" But the ties between husband and wife were too strong to be broken by the incident of death. The memories of the past were as real as his presence had been. The religious life and the faith in God that they two had shared together did not fail her. By the doorway of the living-room she fastened the card that he had sometimes left, in short absences, on his office door: "Gone out—back soon." Let us never forget that, at our Lord's return, "them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him" (1 Thess. 4: 14). Those who came with consolation went away themselves consoled.—*Condensed from The Youth's Companion.*

Summer at Hand

When Dr. Rees preached last in North Wales, a friend said to him, "You are whitening fast, Dr. Rees." The old gentleman did not say anything then; but when he got into the pulpit he said, "There is a wee white flower that comes up through the earth at this season of the year—sometimes it comes up through the snow and frost; but we are all glad to see the snowdrop, because it proclaims that the winter is over and the summer is at hand. A friend reminded me last night that I was whitening fast. But heed not that, brother; it is to me a proof that my winter will soon be over; that I shall have done presently with the cold east winds and the frosts of earth, and that my summer—my eternal summer—is at hand."—*United Methodist.*

Wesley and Death

Mr. Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."—*From Zion's Herald.*

Franklin's Idea of Death

Benjamin Franklin wrote the following epitaph for his own tomb: "The Body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Like the Cover of an Old Book, Its Contents Torn Out and Stripped of Its Lettering and Gilding, Lies Here, Food for Worms. Yet the Work Itself shall not be Lost; for it will, as He Believed, Appear once More in a New and More Beautiful Edition, Corrected and

Amended by The Author."—*Rev. D. R. MacGregor.*

Krupp's Fear of Death

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil (Psa. 23:4).

In striking contrast with this assurance is the fact that perhaps no man ever stood in worse dread of death than the late Alfred Krupp, of Prussia, the great cannon king, who was literally a manufacturer of death. He never forgave any one who spoke to him of dying. Every employee throughout his vast works was strictly forbidden to refer to the subject of death in conversation. He fled from his own home when a relative of his wife suddenly died there, and when Mrs. Krupp remonstrated he became so enraged that a life-long separation ensued. At his last sickness he offered his physician a million dollars if he would prolong his life ten years. But no mint of money could buy extension of life, much less the serene trust of the Christian.—*Adapted from the Rev. Theron Brown in the Congregationalist.*

Changing Homes

I go to prepare a place for you (John 14:2).

The Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor once related how an old Aberdeen minister was comforted a century ago by a little personal incident. He had always feared death, and was powerless to comfort others facing it. Toward the end of his life he moved house. Yet when the furniture had all gone the old preacher lingered in the home where his children had been born and where his sermons had been prepared. At last his servant came to him and said, "Sir, everything's gone; and the new house is better than this one. Come away!" It preached to him a lesson which he never forgot. God has prepared for His children a home "much better than this,"—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—*From The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Sheep Afraid of Death

A friend of mine on an oasis in an Arabian desert, the guest of an Arab sheikh shepherd, was startled in the early morning by the stampeding of a flock, and the men rushed out with their arms to fight off the robbers. There were no robbers. One sheep had died, and the dead body had struck panic through the flock. Christ came to lift the fear of death from a lost humanity. He came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly.—*From Dr. O. P. Gifford, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Not Afraid to Die

A few years ago a Christian man was told by his doctor that he had heart disease and might die any day. It was a great surprise to him, but they sat and talked quietly. Then the man asked if he should give up his business. "No!" said the doctor, "I think you will die sooner if you do; just go on, but live with this knowledge, that you may be wanted to leave this life at any moment." The man went down to business, and calling together the heads of departments he said to them: "I have been to see the doctor this morning and he tells me I have heart disease, and that I may die at any moment and at any place. I shall still come to business, but Jesus may come at any hour to take me to Himself. And, men, understand, please, that this business is to be conducted in the hourly expectation that Jesus Christ is coming to fetch the master. God bless you!" That is the normal attitude of men who watch for their Lord.—*From "Humanity and God," by the Rev. Samuel Chadwick.*

Gone to the Mountains

A pestilence hovers over a great city with its dark wings, and every night the husband goes to his cottage home wondering whether he may not find the wife whom he left in health in the morning stricken at night. One evening the house is closed, and the windows are dark. He knocks and there is no answer, and he rings, and he gets no response, and his heart sinks within him. But suddenly he discerns on the floor a little paper, and opens it and reads it, and it brings him a message from his wife: "My father has come for me, and has taken me up into the mountains where there is no malaria, no disease, no danger. I am safe there, and in a few days he is coming for you to follow me." So we come to the house that held our beloved. It is dark, and out of the windows that shone with the light of love no light is shining. We are heart-broken, until we find the Word brought to us that the loved one has gone to the mountains where there is no pain, nor sorrow, nor temptation, nor disease, but the eternal flowers and the everlasting sunlight.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Only Thing of Importance

John Bacon, an English sculptor, who lived from 1740 to 1799, in his will directed that a plain tablet should be placed over his grave at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, with his name, date, and the following inscription:

"WHAT I WAS AS AN ARTIST
SEEMED TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE
WHILE I LIVED
WHAT I REALLY WAS AS A BELIEVER
IN CHRIST JESUS
IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE
TO ME NOW."

—*The Pacific Baptist.*

Knew Where to Find Him

The late Dr. John McFerrin, who in his day was a tower of strength among the Methodists of the South, was lying on his deathbed calmly awaiting the summons to come up higher. His son, who had charge of a circuit twenty miles away, was by his bedside, and when Saturday came was reluctant to leave his dying father, as his Sabbath duties appeared to require. Whereupon the venerable minister said: "My son, I feel a little stronger, and you had better return and fill your appointment to-morrow. If, while you are away, John, I should happen to slip off, *you know where to find me.*"—*The Sunday Circle.*

Believed the Easter Story

In the *Congregationalist* Margaret Slattery tells of a family she knew that lost three children in less than a week by diphtheria. Only the little three-year-old escaped. When Easter came the parents and child were at church. She taught her class of girls that day and he went to his superintendent's desk, led his school in worship and read the Easter story with only a break now and then in his fine voice. Amid the faces lined by suffering, rebellion, and despair, amid the badges of sorrow and mourning and the silent voices of the Easter congregation, they had seemed a miracle. "How can they?" men and women said to each other as they left the church. A fifteen-year-old boy walking home with his father from the Sunday-school hour said hesitatingly, for he did not talk much with his father, "Dad, I guess Mr. and Mrs. L—— *really believe* it, don't they?" "Believe what?" said the father, for he thought slowly. "The whole big thing, all of it, Easter, you know." "Of course," answered the father, "*all* Christians believe it." "Not that way," said the boy, and began to whistle lest his father should say more.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Was Ready to Go

On a dark and stormy evening an old man lay dying, and the relative watching by his side, distressed that she could send for neither doctor nor minister on such a night, offered to read to him a chapter from the Book. But the old man was in sore pain, and could not listen. "Na, lassie," he assured her, "the storm's up noo, but I thatched my hoose in the calm weather." He did not need to go searching for his hope and refuge in an hour like that; it was all made sure long ago, when the pulse was even and the brain clear. They cannot die unprepared and alone who have lived with the Lord.—*Forward.*

No Dark Valley

A dying child, when asked, "Is the valley very dark?" replied, "I do not see the valley; I just see HIM."—*From "The Transfigured Valley," by the Rev. William Miller.*

Brought to God by Son's Death

If God had granted my ardent prayers for the life of my beautiful first-born son when he was taken sick when nine months old, I never would have been the man I am now; I would have remained a good-for-nothing fellow, a disgrace to my family. But when I stood with my dear, despairing wife at the cradle containing the lifeless body of our only child the question arose in my mind. Why has God taken this beautiful child from us? why has He not granted my prayers for the life of our dear child? Then, suddenly, a low voice spoke to my soul: "Thou shalt not have any other gods beside me." This voice brought me to my knees. Yes, I always prayed; prayed for earthly, material things, but never for spiritual blessings. We had made this child our god, our idol. Here, at the cradle of our only treasure, my eyes were opened. Here I found my Saviour; He comforted me in my great affliction so that I was soon able to say, "Thy will be done."—*Christian Herald.*

A Persian Fable

A Persian fable says that the earth was created a great barren plain, without tree or plant. An angel was sent to scatter broadcast the choicest seeds on every spot. Satan, seeing the seeds on the ground, determined to destroy

them. So he buried all the seeds in the soil, and summoned sun and rain to make them rot away. But while with malignant feeling of triumph he smiled on the ruin he had wrought, the seeds which had been buried away to rot germinated and sprang up, clothing all the earth with plants and flowers, and in beauty undreamed of before. And a voice from heaven said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The burial of Christ was thought by His enemies to be the end; but in truth the grave was but the necessary way to His final and glorious victory.—*Dr. J. R. Miller, in "Come Ye Apart."*

Jesus' Funeral Sermons

A good many years ago, when I was a young man, I used to spend the summer in Chicago, and when the ministers were gone away, they used to send me to attend funerals. One day I was called suddenly to attend a funeral. There were to be a great many business men not Christians there. I said, "This is my opportunity. I will give them a Christian sermon." I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, and I found that He broke up every funeral He attended. The dead couldn't stay dead where He was.—*D. L. Moody.*

Helped by Picture of Jesus' Death

A poor Mohammedan was brought to a mission hospital, and was very ill. She had heard about the magic lantern pictures of the Life of our Lord and expressed a wish to see them. She had her wish gratified, as the pictures were shown in the ward where she lay. When the climax was reached with the picture of the crucifixion, she exclaimed, "See, all is dark, the whole world is in darkness, and all the light is coming from Jesus—He is the Light of the World"; and her own face shone with delight, and seemed transfigured with the light in her soul. "Death is no longer dark to me," she said, and soon she passed away.—*The Church Monthly.*

Crossing the Graveyard

At the funeral of Bishop C. W. Smith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop W. A. Quayle related the story of a little child who was tripping light-heartedly through a graveyard at dusk. Some one asked her if she was not afraid. "Oh, no, I only cross it to get home," was the answer. "Ah, Charles W. Smith," cried the speaker, "you, too, have crossed it because it was the shortest cut home!"—*The Christian Advocate.*

Dying Full of Life

A negro was asked when he had been sitting up to nurse his master one night, "How is your master?" Said he, "He is dying full of life."—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

He Knew Jesus

"Aren't you afeard, John?" said the wife of a Cornish miner, as he was dying. "Afeard, lass! why should I fear? I ken Jesus, and Jesus kens me."—*From The Power of a Surrendered Life, by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

DELIVERANCE FROM TRIALS

Bridges Over Chasms

She was only a tiny girl, unused to traveling, and it happened that in the course of the day her train was obliged to cross two branches of a river and several wide streams. The water seen in advance always awakened doubts and fears in the child. She did not understand how it could safely be crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared, and furnished a way over. Two or three times the same thing happened, and finally the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence. "Somebody has put bridges for us all the way!" she said in trusting content. That is how we find it in life. God has built bridges for us all the way.—*From the Youth's Counsellor.*

Calvary and Easter

"Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart."
—*From the Northfield Calendar for 1919.*

DEMONS

Demon-Possessed

Speaking at the Y. M. C. A. in London, Mrs. Dan Crawford told of a woman who, from her earliest years, had been conscious of a strange presence within her. Under the influence of this madness she committed all kinds of unspeakable crimes. One day she entered the mission house and squatted down in front of the platform. The preacher was a young minister, who had but a very elementary knowledge

of the native language, and when the time came for him to deliver his sermon words completely failed him, so, taking up his Bible, he read through Mark 5, and when he had finished it, not knowing what else to do, he read it again. The old woman listened with profound attention, and at the conclusion she started up and began praying to the unknown Power that had done so much for the afflicted man, to release her from her curse. In her intense praying she foamed at the mouth, and at one time the onlookers thought she would fall down in a fit. But at last she sank on the ground, whispering, "I am freed, I am freed." And freed she was; for a long time she dwelt with Mrs. Crawford, a living testimony to the power of God over the powers of evil.—*The Sunday School Times.*

DESPAIR

Saving the Despondent

A little way out of Kobe, Japan, on the railway line, is a very lonely place, where an average of twelve suicides were committed every year. A woman whose dairy faced this spot was greatly distressed on this account, and came to the Salvation Army seeking advice. I told her (says the officer) to put a large poster on her dairy wall, worded like this: "Wait a moment! If you are in trouble, and contemplate ending your life, call at the dairy or at the Salvation Army Hall at Kobe." Since the poster was put up no suicides have taken place; but one man, who had fallen into bad company and determined to end his life, called at the hall, received comfort and advice, and found salvation.—*The Christian Herald.*

DIGNITY

Like His Master

He riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself (John 13:14).

A Christian general was once seen talking to a poor old woman. Friends remonstrated with him saying, "You ought to consider your rank." The general answered, "What if my Lord had considered His rank?"—*From Charlotte Skinner in "The Marks of the Master."*

DILIGENCE

Little Corners

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives, and sang softly:

"In the world is darkness; so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

"What do you rub them knives forever for?" said Mary the cook. "Because they are in my corner," Georgia said brightly. "I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "No one will notice." "Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again:

"You in your small corner, and I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary, to herself, and she broiled it beautifully. "Mary, the steak was nicely done to-day," Emma said. "That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, and she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; after she heard about the knives she did her best. "How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma laughingly answered, "That is owing to Georgia"; then she told about the knives.

"I won't go to walk," said Helen, "I'll finish that dress of mother's." "Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk!" "No, mother; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it." "In your corner?" And then Helen told about the knives.

The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself as she slowly took out the ten dollars she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day." "Twenty-five dollars!" said the other angel. "I thought she was poor!" "She thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't. She did what she could and He did the rest."—*From "Little Corners."*

Michelangelo's Vigour

Michelangelo wielded the brush and the chisel with consummate skill in his seventy-fifth year. With the later loss of cunning his energy found vent more in the planning and supervising of architectural works, culminating in the building of St. Peter's, but even in these later years he took up the chisel as an outlet for superfluous energy and to induce sleep. Though the product

of his hand was not good, his health was the better for this mutual exercise of mind and body. In his eighty-sixth year he is said to have sat drawing for three consecutive hours until pains and cramps in his limbs warned him that he had not the endurance of youth. For exercise, when manual labour proved a disappointment, he often took horseback-rides. There was no invalidism about this great spirit, and it was not until the day before his death that he would consent to go to bed.—*James F. Rogers, M.D., in The Scientific Monthly.*

Opportunities

Standing by the railroad I watched the postmaster as he hung out the bag to be caught by the mail express soon to pass. A few minutes after and the train came thundering round the curve. The mail agent looked out of his car, and then, thrusting out an iron arm attached to the side of it, snatched the bag, and the train sped on its way. So God is hanging out opportunities along the pathway of our lives. If we are alert and watchful, we may appropriate them for the glory of God and the advancing of His kingdom. If we are careless and indifferent, we pass them by, and they are lost to us forever, as we make but one trip on this line.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

In a Hurry

There is an office boy in Chicago of whom his employer is rather fond. He likes to tell how he came to take him on. Busy at his desk one morning, he looked up to see a little fellow waiting, cap in hand, to speak to him. He went on with his work, and in about three minutes the boy spoke to him:

"Excuse me, but I am in a hurry."

"Oh, you are, well what are you in a hurry about?"

"Got to be in a hurry. Left school day before yesterday to go to work and haven't struck a job yet. If you don't want me say so, and I'll look somewhere else. I can't waste any time. The only place where I can stay long is where they pay me."

"When can you come to work?" asked the surprised merchant.

"I'm here now," said the boy, "and I'd been at work five minutes ago if you'd only said so."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Back Yard Testimony

"I never saw my neighbour or his wife," says a writer, "but nothing could ever convince me that they are not excellent people, because my window overlooks their back yard, and their back yard has a clean carpet of turf, and trees and several lilac bushes beautifully in bloom, and all without a trace of careless disfigurement. And I hear the voices of children and the sound of children's games there of an evening. I believe in the testimony of back yards; they seldom deceive you, while the front is generally built for that especial purpose."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Dress Suit Habit

Charles M. Schwab has said: "Young men may enjoy dropping their work at five or six o'clock and slipping into a dress-suit for an evening of pleasure; but the habit has certain drawbacks. I happen to know several ablebodied gentlemen who got it so completely that they are now spending all their time, days as well as evenings, in dress-suits, serving food in fashionable restaurants to men who did not get the dress-suit habit until somewhat later in life."—*From "Succeeding With What You Have," by Charles M. Schwab.*

McCheyne's Watch

To have our work completed at the end, we must do it while the day lasts. Mr. McCheyne had on his watch dial a picture of the setting sun, and over it the words, "The night cometh." Every time he looked at his watch to see the hour he was reminded of the shortness of life, and of the urgent necessity for earnestness in duty.—*Dr. Miller.*

Launching Their Ships

If any will not work, neither let him eat (2 Thess. 3:10).

A modern wit has suggested that the trouble with the people who sit and wait and watch for their ships to come in is that they have never launched any ships to begin with. We must build and launch, before sitting down to expect return cargoes.—*The Christian Age.*

The Reward of Victory

A victor at the Olympic games was asked, "Spartan, what will you get by this victory?" He answered, "I shall have the honour to fight foremost in the ranks of my prince." Hard service brings promotion, danger, responsibility, and requires increased effort.—*The Sunday School Times.*

DISCOURAGEMENT

Succeeding Where We Failed

"Did you ever notice," said an old lady, smiling into the troubled face before her, "that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again it was right in that same old place where they had been working all night and had caught nothing? If we could only go off to some new place every time we get discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or go somewhere else, or do something else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us. The old temptations are to be overcome, the old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday to be faced again to-day. We must win success where we are if we win it at all, and it is the Master himself who, after all these toilful, disheartening efforts that we call failures, bids us 'Try again.' These disciples, who failed here in faith and power, after Pentecost were filled with power for doing just what they had failed to do in the old days."—*The Wellspring.*

God's Pictures

Mr. A—— came to this little country town, and, opening a law office, spent his days in practise, his nights in study. He lived much by himself, and would answer no questions about his former life. His neighbour, a great artist, felt, as he saw Mr. A—— walking with head down, in a listless attitude, a strong desire to know him, to understand him, to help him. Once in conversation with the artist, Mr. A—— admitted that he had made a great mistake in his life and had lost courage. The artist thought upon it, and, shutting himself into his studio, worked for months, putting the best of his talent upon the canvas before him. When the picture was finished, he pleased and astonished Mr. A—— by calling him in to view the new picture. "My masterpiece," he said: "I shall never paint a better one." When the curtain was drawn aside Mr. A—— saw himself on the canvas, and yet not he, for the man in the picture faced the world straight, shoulders thrown back, head erect, ambition, desire, and hope in the attitude and expression. The artist waited breathlessly. At last Mr. A—— spoke. "He thinks I am that? He sees that in me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Mr. A——, "*I will be that,*" and he left the studio with hope and confidence in every step. God paints the picture of your life and mine, and gives us frequent glimpses of what through Him we may be, while He waits hard by for that answer: "Yes, I will be that."—*From "Living Teachers," by Margaret Slattery.*

The Devil's Best Tool

Be strong and of good courage (Josh. 1:6).

There is an old fable about how the Devil once offered his tools for sale, intending to give up his business. He displayed his tools,—malice, hatred, jealousy, deceit, and several others, with the prices marked on them. One of them was laid apart, marked with a higher price than the others. When the Devil was asked why this was, he said, "Because that is my most useful tool; it is called depression; with that I can do anything with people."—*The Leader.*

As Big As His Task

I knew a little three-year-old girl who undertook to move a table which taxed all her strength. After a long struggle, her mother said to her discouragingly, "Baby, you can't move that table. It's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was the undiscouraged reply of the little girl, "I'm as big as it is."—*From The Marks of a Man, by Robert E. Speer.*

Rashness of Discouragement

I have heard of a poor man who was carrying a load of sticks when he became tired and sat down on a bank. Laying his sticks on the ground, he said, "I am sick and tired of this. I wish death would come to relieve me." Instantly, Death slipped up and said, "Here I am, what do you want of me?" "I want you to help me put this bundle of sticks on my back again," said the astonished pilgrim. So we, like Jonah, express in our discontented moods much that we do not really mean.—*Dr. Clifford.*

DIVORCE

An Impressive Custom

That was an impressive object lesson of the ancient Dutch, who set two earthen pots afloat, on each of which was the inscription, "If we knock together we sink together."—*From "Living Water."*

DOUBLEMINDEDNESS

Knowing When We Know

"It is one thing to know," said a great teacher, "it is another to know that you know." Dr. David Starr Jordan has put the same thought thus: "The world steps aside to let any man pass who knows where he is going." One of the qualities that gave Nelson the command of the British fleet was his prompt and firm decision. Like Dewey, he always knew what he wanted. Alexander, asked how he had conquered the world, replied that he did it by never hesitating. A vacillating spirit, such as Balaam displayed, will not win physical, mental, or spiritual victory.

DOUBTING

Hat-Pins and Button-Hook

A little lassie bounding in from school, claimed that she'd learned to punctuate. "Indeed!" exclaimed the mother, "and how did you do it?" "Well, mamma," cried the excited little grammarian, "it's just as easy as can be! If you say that a thing *is* so, you just put a *hat-pin* after it; but if you are only asking whether it is so or not, you put a *button-hook!*" There's a world of sound philosophy about the little lassie's explanation. All life resolves itself, sooner or later, into a matter of hat-pins and button-hooks—our affirmations and our interrogations. We declare confidently: We know whom we have believed! Believe your belief, says an old writer, and doubt your doubts. Never doubt your beliefs, and never believe your doubts. It is a quaint way of saying that the hat-pin and the button-hook must be kept, each in its proper place.—*From "The Luggage of Life," by F. W. Boreham.*

Looking at Circumstances

It is said that the wardens of a church once called upon their pastor during a long and severe drought and requested him to offer up a prayer for rain. "Well," he said, "I can offer the prayer, but it is of no use while the wind is from the East." Just because our faith is largely of that nature, we look to the east wind instead of to God for the effectiveness of our prayers.—*The Religious Telescope.*

Rejecting the Doubters

A gentleman who was organizing a company of young people to do evangelistic work in the slums politely refused to accept some of them. When questioned as to such action, he said: "Those whom I have declined to take have no confidence in the undertaking. They say the odds are against us. We can't take the fearful with us when on such serious business."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

DOUBTFUL THINGS

Rejected Doubtful Things

"I decided not to go into it," announced the one who had been invited to engage in a doubtful enterprise. "When I tried to decide in favour of it, I found that I had to argue with myself. When that happens, I always think it best to give a thing up," he explained.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

DUTY

The Fatal Sleep

Some time ago a vessel had been off on a whaling voyage, and had been gone about three years. The father of one of the sailors had charge of the lighthouse, and he was expecting his boy to come home. One night there came up a terrible gale. This father fell asleep, and while he slept his light went out. When he awoke, he looked toward the shore and saw a vessel had been wrecked. He at once went to see if he could not yet save some one who might be still alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was, to his great grief and surprise, the body of his own boy! He had been watching for that boy for many days. Now that boy had at last come in sight of home, and had perished because his father had let his light go out.

I thought, what an illustration of fathers and mothers to-day that have let their lights go out! You are not training your children for God and eternity. You do not live as though there were any thing beyond this life at all. You keep your affections set upon things on the earth instead of on things above, and the result is that the children do not believe there is anything in Christianity. Perhaps the very next step they take may take them into eternity; the next day they may die without God and without hope.—*D. L. Moody.*

A Faithful Dog

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was traveling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he intended

making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce him to eat anything. He went at once to his favourite, and as soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran up to him, deposited the gold coin at his feet, and then, with great eagerness, devoured the food placed before him. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat lest he should lose his master's property.—*Selected.*

Character Pots

I had sometimes caught a glimpse of the small scullery-maid at my boarding-house; but one day, slipping to the kitchen for a cup of hot water, I had a queer bit of a chat with her. She was scouring granite pots with a vim and vigour which were bound to bring results, and all the while her face was as shining as her finished work. "Do you like them, Alice?" I asked. "No, I hate them," she replied emphatically. "What makes you smile so over them, then?" I asked, curiously. "Because they're 'character pots,'" the child replied at once. "What?" I inquired, thinking I had misunderstood. "'Character pots,' miss. You see, I used to only half clean them. I often cried over them, but Miss Mary told me as how, if I made them real shiny, they'd help to build my character. And ever since then I've tried hard, miss; and oh, it's been so much easier since I've known they were 'character pots.'" I said a word or two of encouragement, and went on my way, knowing that I had been rubbing up against a real heroine. Everyday life is brimful of disagreeable duties. Why not turn them every one into "character pots"?—*From East and West.*

A Little Hero

A lady who was visiting a rope-works saw at one end of the building a little boy turning a very large wheel. She thought it was too laborious work for such a child, and as she came near she spoke to him. "Who sent you to this place?" she asked. "Nobody; I came by myself." "Does your father know you are here?" "I have no father." "Are you paid for your labour?" "Yes, I get ninepence a day." "What do you do with your money?" "I give it to my mother." "Do you like this work?" "Well enough, but if I did not I should do it, for I want to get money for my mother." "How old are you?" "Almost nine." "Are you never tired of turning this great wheel?" "Yes, sometimes." "And what do you do then?" "Why, lady, then I take the other hand." She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and said, "The next time my tasks seem hard to me I will not complain, but 'take the other hand.'"—*The Classmate.*

Still Chiseling

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stone-cutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. "Still chiseling?" he remarked pleasantly. "Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work. "To what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know," replied the stone-cutter; "I haven't seen the plans." And then he went on chiseling, chiseling, chiseling. And that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect above, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—*The Christian Herald.*

In the Attic

"Pansy" tells a story of a boy who hired out to a man who kept a large hardware store. He was sent up into an attic where there was a great box full of nails and screws of all sizes, hinges, old tools, and bits of iron. He was told to put the box in order. The attic was gloomy and dusty, and the work seemed useless and tiresome. Nobody was watching him, and he was tempted to take a nap. But instead he set about his task with a determination to do it well. He made compartments in the box and sorted out the articles carefully. He worked at it *three* days until it was done, and then he reported to the head clerk, who inspected his work. "All right," he said. "You will be given a place at my counter. That box is a test job which we give to see whether a boy will be worthy of a better place." How are we meeting the nail-box test that may just now be ours?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Hastening to Duty

A lady relates the following: One day during the Boer war, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us to His service. Have we answered as readily? —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Sentinel at Pompeii

When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many persons buried in the ruins who were afterwards found in very different positions. They found some in deep vaults, as if they had gone there for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, where he had been placed by the captain, with his hands still grasping the weapon. There, while the earth shook beneath him; there, while the floods of ashes and cinders overwhelmed him, he had stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years, he was found. So let Christians stand by their duty, in the post at which their Captain places them.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

Forgetting His Duty

It is said that a soldier who enlisted in the Civil War took along his kit of watchmaker's tools, and while they were in camp he did considerable business. But one day when the order came to strike tents and prepare for battle, he looked around his tent in dismay and exclaimed, "Why, I can't possibly go, for I have twelve watches to repair which I have promised by Saturday night." That man had forgotten what he enlisted for.—*The Dolgeville Republican.*

Standing

On the field of Waterloo there was a regiment which stood under fire through all that awful day, and were not once suffered to charge upon the foe. They held the key to their position, and as again and again they asked permission to advance the answer came, "Stand firm." When they had nearly all fallen, the message came back for the last time from their commander, "You have saved the day"; and the answer was returned, "You will find us all here." Sure enough, they lay a heap of slain on that fatal yet glorious hill. They had simply stood, and history has given them the reward of valour and the imperishable fame of having turned the tide of the greatest battle of the nineteenth century. So God is preparing crowns for quiet lives, for suffering women, for martyred children, for the victims of oppression and wrong, for the silent sufferers and the lonely victors who just stood at their posts.—*Immanuel Messenger.*

True to His Duty

On an English railroad a signalman was employed whose house was near his post. The tracks ran between the signal-box and his garden, and the garden was separated from the rails by a high fence. One day he received, by his electric-bell, the signal to stop an approaching train, as there was trouble down the line. As he stood at his post, flag in hand, the signalman saw his three-year-old boy creeping under the fence, evidently with the intention of snatching the forbidden pleasure of a visit to his father in the signal-box. The train was close upon them. The father had but an instant to choose between leaving his post and seeing his child run down by the engine. He stood firm, and the terrible sacrifice to duty was exacted from him. His child was killed, but the train was saved from disaster. An untrained man would have dropped the flag and sprung to the rescue of the child. He would have seen only the impending horror of the boy's death, and not the more awful tragedy which threatened the helpless passengers on the train. But the man who for years had been taught by command, by practise, by every habit of thought and life, to guard the trains committed to his care, did not waver even under the supreme test.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Monotonous Duties

The great steel bridges which span the estuaries of rivers are made of metal which rusts if it is not kept painted. Accordingly, each has a gang of painters always at work. They start at one end and work steadily along until after a year or two they reach the

other end. Then they begin again, for the paint first put on has been wearing all the time. We complain of the "round" of duty, so much of which is the doing of the same thing over and over again. But through that steady task we are preserving ourselves from decay, and keeping intact and safe some bridge or other across which multitudes may pass.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Duties Never Conflict

Mary Slessor's mother used to say, "Where one duty jostles another, one is *not* a duty!"—*From "Mary Slessor of Calabar," by Livingstone.*

EATING

The Despised Remedy

Dr. Dio Lewis, who sounded the call to arms in the Crusade days of 1873, and whose name will always be associated with the formation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, used to tell a story of a patient of his who suffered from the gout. In vain did the good doctor urge this gentleman to renounce his champagne and other pleasures of the table, and to live a frugal and hygienic life. The old man considered such advice altogether too simple, and felt he was not getting his money's worth. He craved some medicine with a high-sounding name that would at least lend some dignity to his disease. "Doctor," he said one day, "I am afraid you do not understand my case." "I believe, sir, I do," replied Dr. Lewis, "and that I can recommend a remedy that will prove very beneficial." Taking a prescription blank he wrote the words, "Protoxide of hydrogen." "Get it at any drug store," he added. The old fellow went his way, considerably mollified and hopeful of good results. Imagine his indignation when he learned that protoxide of hydrogen was the despised remedy that the doctor had been suggesting all along, namely, water.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Admiral Dewey's Advice

Admiral George Dewey, when complimented on his superb health on his seventy-fifth birthday, smiled and said: "I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise and no banquets. We eat too much. One-third of what a man eats is all he needs in order to live." "In that case," said the *Washington Star* reporter, "what becomes of the other two-thirds?" "Oh, that enables the doctor to live," Admiral Dewey replied.—*Youth's Companion.*

ECONOMY

Using the Remnants

She was a dear, quaint old lady, whose days were full of kindness and whose hands were seldom idle. She was showing some treasures of handiwork, silken quilt, daintily stitched and finished. We exclaimed at its beauty, and then began slowly to recognize its component parts. "Why, Auntie, you did not make this whole pretty slumber-robe out of just those odds and ends of silk you were gathering?" She nodded and laughed. "There are bits enough in the world, child, to make almost anything we want, if only we are willing to save the bits and take pains to put them together," she said. "The reason for most of our doings-without is that we want our material all in one piece—yards and yards of it—so that we can lay on what pattern we like, and cut it out easily. But it doesn't come that way usually. Strength, leisure, money, education—we seldom get any of them in the lengths we want, but putting the bits together will work wonders, if only we learn how to do it."—*Forward.*

EGOTISM

Not Indispensable

Samuel did not think that *he* was indispensable to Israel, but he knew that *God* was. "He is impossible to get along with, because he thinks he's impossible to get along without," was said of one Sunday-school worker. No wonder the result was a dismal failure for the would-be indispensable. The worst idea a Christian can have is that he is absolutely necessary to the work in which he is engaged, that his absence would stop the whole undertaking.—*Sunday at Home.*

A Humbling Experience

A rather pompous-looking deacon was endeavouring to impress upon the young minds of a class of boys the importance of living a Christian life. "Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them. A moment's pause; then a shrill little voice was heard to say, "Because they don't know you."—*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*

ELECTION

No Fatalistic Election

Many men fold their arms and say, "If I am one of the elect I shall be saved, and if I am not, I shan't. No

use bothering about it." I have an idea that the Lord Jesus saw how men were going to stumble over this doctrine of election, so after He had been thirty or forty years in heaven, He came down and spoke to John. One Lord's day in Patmos He said to him: "Write these things to the churches." John kept on writing. His pen flew very fast. And then the Lord, when it was nearly finished, said: "John, before you close the book, put in one more invitation. 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And *whosoever* will, let him take of the water of life freely.'"—*From D. L. Moody.*

How to Be Elected

A colored divine was once asked to explain the doctrine of election. Said he, "Brethren, it is this way: The Lord He is always voting for a man, and the Devil he is always voting against him; then the man himself votes, and that breaks the tie!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Who the Elect Are

For many are called, but few chosen (Matt. 22:14).

This is Henry Ward Beecher's epigrammatic and convincing phrase, "The elect are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't."—*The Youth's Companion.*

EMOTION

Overcome by Her Pardon

He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives (Luke 14:18).

During his visit to Canon City, Colo., in 1899, the Governor of the state, hearing that Mr. Moody was to speak at the penitentiary on Thanksgiving Day, wrote him, inclosing a pardon for a woman who had already served about three of her ten years' sentence. Mr. Moody was glad to be the bearer of the message to the woman, who was unaware of its coming. At the close of his address he announced that he had in his hands a pardon for one present, intending to make some further comments, but at once he saw that the strain was becoming such that he dared not go on. He called the name and asked the woman to come forward and accept the Governor's Thanksgiving gift. The woman hesitated a moment and, with a shriek, crossing her arms over her breast, fell sobbing and laughing across the lap of the woman next to her. Again she arose, staggered and fell at the feet of the prison matron. The excitement was so intense that the evangelist could only make a very brief application of the scene to illustrate God's offer of pardon and peace. He afterwards said that if his offer of God's pardon produced such scenes he would be accused of extreme fanaticism and undue working on the emotions.—*From the "Life of Moody," by his son.*

Not Feeling, But Fact

Christian workers often hear a man or woman say, "But I don't feel any different." General McClellan, when he had been appointed Major-General of the Union Army, wrote to his wife: "I do not feel any different from what I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not yet donned my new uniform. I am sure that I am in command of the army, however, for the President's order to that effect now lies before me." It is exactly the same with us who are "justified by faith." It is not a question of feeling, but of fact.—*From "The Life of Faith."*

Trusting Christ, Not Feeling

There is an old saying of Samuel Rutherford's: "Believe God's love and power more than you believe your own feelings and experiences. Your Rock is Christ, and it is not the Rock which ebbs and flows, but your sea."—*From the South Sea Evangelical Mission.*

ENVY

The Envious Potter

There is a legend of a Burmese potter, who became envious of the prosperity of a washerman and induced the king to order him to wash a black elephant white, that the king might become lord of the white elephant. The washerman replied that he had no vessel large enough. Whereupon the king ordered the potter to make the vessel. But the first step of the elephant crushed every vessel made, and the potter was ruined by the scheme by which he sought to ruin the washerman. Envy always punishes itself. There is no sin that so surely leads to soul suicide as envy.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

A Cure for Envy

The man who keeps busy helping the man below him won't have time to envy the man above him,—and there may not be anybody above him, anyway.—*The Christian Herald.*

EXAMPLE

Following His Father

He was a pretty little fellow, with bright eyes and brown curly hair. His interest in the Sunday-school lesson was good, but when the teacher said, "Dick, whom shall you want to meet first when you go to heaven?" his unexpected and startling answer was: "But I am not going there." "Not going there?" said the teacher. "No," he said, calmly and decisively; "I am not; mamma and sister are, but I am going with papa." Some time after we had an opportunity, in a candid conversation with Dick's papa, who was our family physician, to repeat the incident, adding pointedly: "And now, doctor, where are you going?" Strong man and confirmed unbeliever that he was, he nervously paced the floor, with tears in his eyes. At first he tried to laugh, but soon found he could not parry it off in that way. "Yes," he said, "that is just like Dick; he always wants to be with me." And so we pass it on to father: Where are you going? Will it be safe for your boy to follow you?—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Light on the Wall

Let your light shine before men; that they may . . . glorify your Father who is in heaven (Matt. 5:16).

In her dainty room, in a luxurious home, a young girl had slipped away early to bed one night, weary from the strain of the winter's gaiety. She had not yet closed her eyes, when suddenly a light shone on the opposite wall, revealing a beautiful copy of Plockhorst's "Good Shepherd," so that the picture stood out sharply and clearly from the darkness of the room. The girl raised herself and looked out through the parted curtains to see where the light came from. It was just the kitchen lamp in the little cottage of a day labourer across the garden at the rear. Night after night the light shone, revealing the face of the Saviour of men on the wall of that upstairs room in the luxurious home. But the owner of the lamp never knew it. So do many lives, treading the humble routine every day in the spirit of their Master; so do they often, when they know it not, send a revelation of the Saviour to those who may have great wealth or high position, and of whose lives they know nothing. Many a humble man has unconsciously given a great one an inspiration to better living in a moment of temptation.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A False Measurement

It is said that an old colored man, in reading a well-known hymn which contains the line "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," mistook the word "sense" and gave this odd version: "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints." What a pity that people will judge the Lord that way!—*From the Christian Herald.*

The Way of the Shining Face

At a feast in Makira, Solomon Islands, there were gathered a number of savages with their big bush heathen chief, for whom the native Christians had been praying for several years. Suddenly the chief stood up, and addressing the Christians said in a loud voice, "I want you all to pray strong for me. I want to bring my people to your church to learn of your Master. I see that you all stop very good. I see the faces of all of you shining as if your hearts were happy, as if you were very glad. My people are not like that. They all look as if they were sick. They look heavy, and their eyes are dull. They look as if they never swim [wash]. They do swim, but they *look* as if they never swim. They look no good. Before, you all live like us and pray to our Adaros [devils]. But I see you find a better way. Your way is the way of the shining face! I want very much to come and learn of your new Master. You all pray strong for me."—*Northcote Deck, in "The Life of Faith."*

The Force of Example

When a fountain pen salesman was writing in his note-book an order for five hundred pens which he had just received from a prosperous merchant, the merchant exclaimed, "Hold on, sir! I cancel that order," and turned to wait on a customer. The salesman left the store in disgust. Later, the merchant's book-keeper said, "Why did you cancel that fountain pen order?" "Why?" said the man, "because he talked fountain pen to me for a half-hour, using a number of forcible arguments, and then booked my order with a lead pencil. His practise did not agree with his profession." Does ours?—*Record of Christian Work.*

Won by His Example

A youth was converted at a camp-meeting, and, returning home, was troubled with many fears. He thought that his mother would disown him, his father never speak to him, and

his brothers and sisters despise him. Kneeling down just before he reached home, he asked God to keep him faithful, and to help him to be a true witness for Him, He did not speak about his conversion to any of them at first, but the new-found joy shone in his eyes, and revealed itself even in his whistle. One evening, some ten days afterwards, he said to his brother, "Tom, I was converted last week at a camp-meeting." His brother replied, "Henry, we've all been watching you. Mother says you look and talk like a new being. Father says you are the most agreeable one about the place. Do you reckon God will do for me what He has done for you?" "Yes, certainly; there's a camp-meeting near here to-morrow. I'll go there with you." And the result of that boy's witness-bearing was the conversion of all the family.—*The Christian Herald.*

Processional Caterpillars

There is a sort of caterpillar called the "Processional Caterpillar," which walks in long lines, each one following closely the next in front. Now a certain man, Le Fabre by name, once saw a number of these marching round the moulding of a stone vase in his garden. He got some more of them and filled up the gap between the tail and the head of the procession, and watched to see what the caterpillars would do. They went on following each his neighbour in front; they walked round that vase for a week, and covered nearly a mile of distance! Don't be professional caterpillars with your nose glued to your neighbour's back, and no thought as to where he is leading you, or whether he is worthy to be followed at all. Follow the right, scorning the consequence, like these three brave Hebrew children.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Won by His Humility

Friends had tried again and again to get one of the worst fellows at a soldiers' camp in France to attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings, but he would not come. One night, however, he appeared when the secretary was speaking. When asked why he came that night he said, "I saw that fellow washing dishes one day when there was a rush at the counter, and I am ready to listen to a man who is big enough to do that." The secretary did not think when he washed the dishes that day that he was doing any special good to any one; but here was a soldier watching him, ready to be influenced for good by him.—*The Christian Herald.*

Cheered by Phillips Brooks

A Boston newspaper once printed this item: "The day was dark and gloomy, but Phillips Brooks walked down through Newspaper Row, and all was bright." Are you commending your Christian Gospel—Gospel means *good news*—by such an attitude?—*From "Manhood of the Master," by Fosdick.*

Unconscious Imitation

This was the best thing that could be said of any man, yet Peter repudiated it. Can it be said of us? S. D. Gordon writes: "I remember one time my brother returned home for a visit after a prolonged absence. As we were walking down the street together he said to me, 'You have been going with Denning a great deal—a mutual friend of ours. Surprised, I said, 'How do you know I have?' He said, 'You walk just like him.' What my brother had said was strictly true, though he did not know it. Our friend had a very decided way of walking. As a matter of fact, we had been walking home from the Young Men's Christian Association three or four nights every week. And unconsciously I had grown to imitate his way of walking."—*From Quiet Talks on Service, by S. D. Gordon.*

The Gospel According to You

Rev. F. B. Meyer once said, "We (Christians) are either Bibles or libels."

"You are writing a gospel,
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say.
Men read what you write,
Whether faithless or true,
Say! what is the gospel
According to *you?*"

—*Paul Gilbert, in The Expositor.*

Meant More Than Words

General William Booth in the early days of the Salvation Army, wrote: "About a month ago, one of our people, who had herself been a drunkard, was standing at one of the open-air services on the waste, when she observed a woman who had formerly been one of her bad companions suddenly leave the crowd and walk quickly away. Hurrying after her, she found this poor drunkard in great distress about her

soul. 'Oh!' she said, 'I listened to the speakers; but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed from what you used to be, I could stand it no longer.' She was induced, however, to return to the meeting, and then to attend the service in the hall, where she found salvation. She is now another living witness of the power of Christ to save the drunkard. May God preserve her faithful unto death!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Had Seen the Gospel

A Chinese native once came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered that he had never *heard* the Gospel but had *seen* it. He then went on to relate how he knew a man who had once been an inveterate opium-smoker and a man of violent temper. This man had become a Christian and his whole life had altered. "I want," he said, "the Power that did that for him."—*The Free Churchman.*

A Language They Understood

A remarkable illustration of the mere character of a preacher, apart from his words, is a story told recently by Dr. Horton, of London. A young man who had gone as a missionary to China was filled with love for the people, but was unable to master the language. At last, having done his best for two years without success, he felt it his duty to take his resignation to the Mission House. When this became known, a delegation of natives, composed of heathen as well as Christians, went to the Mission House with the plea that this man remain. And their argument was this: "He has done us all more good than any one else in the Mission, although he does not understand our language and cannot preach to us."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Good Advertisement

A brick manufacturer who is a very fleshy man, advertised for a boy. A boy appeared and he was running over with questions. "How much wages do you pay?" was the first question. "Five dollars a week and board," was the reply. "What kind of board?" said the sharp applicant for a position. "Well," said the corpulent and good-natured manufacturer, "I eat it." "Give me the job," said the boy, with a smiling glance at his prospective employer. Now this is a humorous story, but it has a point. The brick manufacturer was a good advertisement of the board that he gave his workmen. If you and I should ask some one to become a Christian, would he look at the Gospel's results in our lives, and say, "I want the job"?—*G. W. Tuttle, in The Christian Endeavour World.*

The Empty House

A man and his little son were going along a country road on a dark, starless night. Dark as the night was, the boy noticed a still darker spot near by, and, drawing closer to his father, asked what it was. The father replied: "That is an empty house; an empty house at night is always darker than no house at all." And how true that is in the world of morals! The lights from some lives shine on the pathway of men and make the way easier; but all that some others contribute to men is shadows and intensified darkness in a darkened world.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Started the Infidel Club

Some men were standing at the corner of a street in Glasgow, when a very prosperous looking man went past. Said one of the men, "That is the founder of the Infidel Club in Glasgow." "What do you mean by saying that?" said another of the men. "Why, that man is an elder of the Kirk." "Elder or no elder," replied the man, "he is the founder of Glasgow's Infidel Club." Then he told how the man's inconsistent life had been for years bearing such false witness to Christ that it had undermined the faith of several young men who had joined together to form the infidel club. We sometimes forget that there are two kinds of witnesses—witnesses for Christ, and witnesses against Him. —*Professor Drummond.*

A Bad Advertisement

A little while ago I saw a half-dozen sandwich-men walking through the streets of London, looking thoroughly pinched and starved and wretched, and their boards carried the advertisement as to where the onlookers could get "the best dinner in London!" Famished wretches advertising the best dinners! Cheerless men and women advertising "the joy of the Lord!" Heralds in whom there is no buoyancy advertising the Light of life! No, it is the cheery spirit, the praiseful spirit, that offers the best commendation of the grace of God!—*J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

A Hut Like Heaven

At Creek Town (West Africa) there was one blind woman whom Mary Slessor placed far before herself in the Christian life. "She is so poor that she has not one farthing in the world but what she gets from us—not a creature to do a thing for her, her house all open to rain and sun, and into which the cows rush at times—but blind Mary is our one living, bright, clear light. Her voice is ever set to music, a miracle to the people here, who only know how to groan and grumble at the best. She is ever praising the Lord for some wonderful manifestation of mercy and love, and her testimony to her Saviour is not a shabby one. The other day I heard King Eyo, of Calabar, say that she was the only visible witness among the church-members in the town, but he added, 'She is a proper one.' That old hut is like a heaven on earth to more than me."—*From "Mary Slessor of Calabar," by W. P. Livingstone.*

Convinced by His Life

"What argument of mine led you to Christ?" asked a missionary in Egypt lately of an educated Mohammedan who was preaching Christ with great zeal and success. The missionary was surprised to receive as answer, "Every argument presented I could refute, at least to my satisfaction. It was your life that convinced me of salvation through Christ." How it behooves us all to live close to Christ.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Just Like Jesus Would Do

A lady who had for many years been a great sufferer said, after a visit from the sainted Dr. Chalmers, "Oh, yes, I am better this afternoon. Mr. Chalmers has been here today, and he never comes but after he is gone I think that is just how Jesus would have come to see me; that is just how Jesus would have spoken to me; that is just how Jesus would have looked." God help us so to live that people who remember us will also remember Jesus Christ!—*Record of Christian Work.*

Christianity Caught, Not Taught

Referring to the need for spreading Christianity, and the best way to spread it, the Bishop of Stepney recently said he had been much struck with the truth that was in the words of the Dean of St. Paul's, who said that "after all, Christianity is not taught, it is caught—like the measles—from somebody else."—*The Christian Herald.*

Lincoln on Example

Norman Hapgood, the editor, quoted in an address on Lincoln a Lincoln saying of value to parents. "Lincoln," said Mr. Hapgood, "was once talking to a dissipated man of middle age who was lamenting the fact that his seventeen-year-old son had just begun to indulge in liquor. "Well, there is just one way," said Lincoln, "to bring up a child in the way it should go, and that is to travel that way yourself."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Estimating God

The world is moderately full of people who estimate the value of religion by its effect upon the lives of those who profess it; indeed, in the last analysis I suppose we all do that, and must do so. Do you remember Kipling's word:

"By all ye will or whisper, by all ye leave or do,
The sullen, silent peoples will weigh your God and you."

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Our Lives Like Mirrors

In his address on "The Changed Life," Henry Drummond says: "All human intercourse is a seeing of reflections. I meet a stranger in a railway carriage. The cadence of his first word tells me he is English, and comes from Yorkshire. Without knowing it he has reflected his birthplace, his parents, and the long history of their race. Even physiologically he is a mirror. His second sentence records that he is a politician, and a faint inflection of the way he pronounces *The Times* reveals his party. In his next remarks I see reflected a whole world of experiences. The books he has read, the people he has met, the influences that have played upon him and made him the man he is—these are all registered there by a pen which lets nothing pass, and whose writing can never be blotted out. What I am reading in him meantime he also is reading in me; and before the journey is over we could half write each other's lives. Whether we like it or not, we live in glass houses."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Following Her Mother

The wife of a prominent lawyer, who had been under deep conviction

for several days, gave the following account at prayer-meeting of her conversion: "Last evening my little girl came to me and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?' 'No, Fannie, I am not.' She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, 'Well, if mamma isn't a Christian, I don't want to be one.' And I tell you, my dear friends, it went right to my heart, and then I gave myself up to Christ."—*A. W. Cooper, Allentown, Pa. The Expositor.*

EXCUSES

Without Excuse

An elderly gentleman on being asked if he was saved, answered in a jocular way: "Just let me tell you a little story, and then you will see how I stand." "Very well," we said, "go ahead." "Years ago I lived in Ohio, and one day one of my neighbour's children was taken sick. It was several miles to the doctor's, and I went to the minister of our little cross-roads church and asked if I could get his horse to go after the doctor. Well, sir, what do you think? He wouldn't let us have it! Then I went to our blacksmith and explained matters to him. He was a very profane man, and you ought to have heard him swear. He said he had just come in with his horse from a long drive, but he guessed he could stand another six miles. 'Go ahead,' he said; and I took the horse and got the doctor. Now," said the man with a triumphant air, "you can see just how I stand. That little experience settled Christians and religion with me forever." "All right," said I, "you will oblige me by just answering one question." "Yes, sir, I'll try to," he replied. "Well, my brother, it is this: when you come up before the judgment-bar of God, as you some time will, will you tell God that story?" His chin dropped on his breast as he looked steadily down to the floor a moment, then answered, "No, I won't." "Then," said I, "you had better be prepared with a better argument for that great day, and the only one that will avail you is that the blood of Christ cleanses you from all sin."—*The War Cry.*

FAITH

Had Faith in Grandfather

There is a man living in the city of New York who has a house on the Hudson River. His daughter and her family went to spend the winter with him, and in the course of the season the scarlet fever broke out. One little girl was put in quarantine. Every morning the old grandfather used to go and bid his grand-child good-by before going to his business. On one of the occasions the little child took the old man by the hand, and, leading him to a corner of the room, without saying a word she pointed to the floor where she had arranged some small crackers so they would spell out, "Grandpa, I want a box of paints." He said nothing. On his return he went to the room as usual. His grandchild, without looking to see if her wish had been complied with, took him into the same corner, where he saw, spelled out in the same way, "Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints." That was faith.—*From "The Way to God," by D. L. Moody.*

Hast Thou a "This"?

Two sightless men came to my Lord one day.
They had one need, one mighty prayer to pray.
He heard, He saw, He knew what was amiss.
Then asked, "Believe ye I am able to do *this?*"

"*This* that ye ask: *this* need, that every day
Casts such an awful shadow o'er your way:
This that no other healing hand can touch:
Believe ye that I can, in love, deliver such?"

They said unto Him, "Yea, we do believe."
"According to your faith ye shall receive,"
My Lord replied; and, touching their blind eyes,
He opened the dark doors and bade their sun arise.

Hast thou a "*this*"? A blindness that is darkening thy day?
A river that obstructs thy onward way?
A mountain that refuses to remove?
What is the "*this*" to thee, the "*this*" thy faith to prove?

Believest thou my Master can, this hour,
If He but wills it, in His grace and power,
Deal with the very thing that baffles all?
Then tell Him so, and from thy heart the load shall fall.

—*William Luff, in The Record of Christian Work.*

Had Faith in God

There was once a good woman who was well-known among her circle for her simple faith and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman, living at a distance, hearing of her said, "I must go and see that woman, and learn the secret of her calm, happy life." She went, and, accosting the woman, said, "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," was the answer, "I am not the woman with the great faith, but I am the woman with the little faith in the great God."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Power of Faith

When Farragut—that noble man who succeeded because he believed that he should succeed—was talking with the commander of the fleet off Charleston, who delayed and delayed making an attack with his whole force of monitors, and who finally gave it up and never brought on a battle, this commander complained that the government did not give such and such arrangements and combinations, that he had not this advantage and that he lacked that advantage. And when he got through his story, the old hero Farragut said to him, "You have not told one reason." "What is that?" said the man. "You did not believe you could do it." That was the story in a few words. When Farragut meant to run the forts on the Mississippi he believed that he could do it, and he did it; and when he wanted to run the fire in Mobile Bay, desperate as it was, he said he could do it, and he did it; and it was the power of his faith that carried him through.—*From a sermon on Faint-heartedness, by Henry Ward Beecher.*

Hudson Taylor's Faith

In the year 1887 the China Inland Mission, under the leadership of J. Hudson Taylor, asked the Lord to send to China, under their auspices, at least one hundred new missionaries. To meet the increased expenses they also asked for $50,000 more money, and, knowing that if it came in small sums it would necessitate a larger office force, they asked that it be sent to them in large payments. At a meeting for prayer held early in the year, these earnest workers poured out their hearts in petition to God for these special things. As they rose from their knees, and tarried a few moments before separating, Hudson Taylor said, "Don't you think, before we go, it would be well to thank the Lord for sending us these things? He has surely heard us, and we may not all be able to meet together for prayer again." Once more they knelt, and this time offered up glad praise and thanksgiving to God for what He was going to do. Such sublime faith was abundantly rewarded, for, ere the close of 1887, one hundred new missionaries were on the field, and the necessary $50,000 was paid in, having been received in but eleven payments. —*The Christian Endeavour World.*

His Faith All Gone

There is a well-known incident of Cardinal Manning's life. At a time when he was experiencing great depression of soul and a darkening of his faith he had to go into the shop of a well-known bookselling firm for a copy of one of his own books, entitled "Faith in God." As he waited for the book to be sent up from the storeroom, he heard a man's voice call up from the lift, "Manning's Faith in God all gone." The cardinal, we are told, took the lesson to his own heart.—*The (British) Christian Herald.*

Practical Faith

What mighty works might be accomplished by prayer if we all used the faith of the orphan girl Kara, in India. Fearing slavery, and worse, she appealed to a missionary—a teacher from an adjoining village—to take her home with her. The teacher said, "We have no vacant room and no money to build more." Kara's sad look, although too proud to cry, appealed to the teacher, who said, "You pray to God to enable us to take you. I, too, will pray." On reaching home that night the missionary found a letter from America containing ten dollars. With this encouragement a messenger was sent early next morning for Kara. It was a long day's journey, but at noon he returned with Kara. The girl said simply: "Why we both prayed to God, so I thought I might as well start." She was half-way there when the messenger met her.—*The Expositor.*

Faith and Knowledge

And our question is, What is faith? There is a beautiful old allegory of Knowledge, the strong mailed knight, trampling over the great tableland that he surveyed, and testing and making his ground sure at every step, while

beside him, just above the ground, moved the white-winged angel of Faith. Side by side they moved, till the path broke short off on the verge of a vast precipice. Knowledge could go no farther. There was no footing for the ponderous knight; but the white-winged angel rose majestically from the ground and moved across the chasm, where her companion could not follow.—*From an address at Northfield by J. Patterson Smyth.*

Hudson Taylor's Motto

The Rev. F. B. Meyer says, in "The Soul's Ascent," "I remember so well Hudson Taylor coming to my church the first time I ever met him. He stepped on the platform and opened the Bible to give an address, and said, 'Friends, I will give you the motto of my life,' and he turned to Mark 11:22: 'Have faith in God.' The margin says, 'Have the faith of God,' but Hudson Taylor said it meant, 'Reckon on God's faith to you.' He continued: 'All my life has been so fickle. Sometimes I could trust, sometimes I could not, but when I could not trust then I reckoned that God would be faithful.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trusted Christ

In a creed we believe *about* a person or circumstance; but in faith we repose our trust *upon* a person. We must not believe about Christ only, but in Him, as Livingstone did, when on one occasion he was opposed at nightfall by an army of infuriated savages, and was tempted to steal away in the dark; but his eye lit on the promise, "I will be with you all the days," and he wrote, "I went to sleep because I knew it was the perfect word of a perfect gentleman." Do not believe *about* Christ, but *in* Him.—*From "The Secret of Guidance," by F. B. Meyer.*

A Definition of Faith

Elijah's faith was quite gone, for the time at least, and, like us when the future holds out no hope, he soon grew despondent and tired of life. A former pastor of mine used to give one of the best definitions of faith that I know. He used to say, "Faith is trusting God's reason where my reason cannot reach."—*The Sunday School Times.*

How Moody Obtained Faith

Dwight L. Moody wrote: "I prayed for faith, and thought that some day faith would come down and strike me like lightning. But faith did not seem to come. One day I read in the tenth chapter of Romans, 'Now faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' I had closed my Bible, and prayed for faith. I now opened my Bible and began to study, and faith has been growing ever since."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Keeping Faith Bright

A woman who was showing a beautiful, massive piece of family silver, apologized as she took it from the cupboard where it was kept. "Dreadfully tarnished!" she said. "I can't keep it bright unless I use it." That is just as true of faith as it is of silver. Tucked away in the Sunday closet of the soul, and only brought out for show, it needs apology. It is bound to be tarnished. You can't keep faith bright unless you use it.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Expectancy of Faith

Some one has said that Columbus practically found America before he left Spain, and so far from being surprised when he saw the Western continent, he would have been surprised if he had not seen it. The expectancy of faith is a large element in success. —*Gerald B. Hallock in the Christian Endeavour World.*

Saint Theresa's Faith

"With three shillings, Theresa can do nothing; but with God and her three shillings, there is nothing she cannot do," said Saint Theresa, when she wanted to build an orphanage and had but three shillings to begin with.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Taking God at His Word

Mr. Wesley was once engaged in a very important conference with some of his associates. They were discussing the subject of faith. No one was able to give a satisfactory definition. At last they called in a woman who was known to possess deep spirituality and strong good sense. When she was asked what faith was she promptly replied, "It is taking God at His word." "That will do," said Mr. Wesley, "that is enough for us all."—*The Evening Star.*

Augustine's Definition of Faith

Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—*Augustine.*

FAITH AND WORKS

The Two Oars

What doth it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but have not works? Can that faith save him? (James 2:14).

Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose; one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was everything; the other asserting the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. Consent being granted, he said, "I hold in my hands two oars. That in my right hand I call 'faith,' the other, in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the oar of faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and the boat makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with a precisely similar result,—no advance. Mark! I pull both together, we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing-place. So, in my humble opinion," he added, "faith without works, or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."—*Archbishop Whately.*

Helped to Answer Her Prayers

Even so faith, if it have not works, is dead in itself (James 2:17).

A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch the birds. He asked her what she did. She replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I prayed that God would keep the birds out of the traps." "Anything else?" "Yes, then I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."—*The Christian Leader.*

Taking Proper Precautions

Faith must be accompanied by works. Mohammed once overheard one of his followers say, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God." "Friend," said the prophet, "tie thy camel and commit it to God."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Not the Right Kind of Faith

A young man out west wrote as follows to a friend: "We have been to a glorious revival, sister and I, and have both got religion. Father and mother are getting old, so we have just sent them to the poorhouse." There was something the matter with the religion these people had gotten. Their first duty was to offer themselves in sacrifice for those who were nearest them and then to reach out to the wider humanity that needs their help. —*The Chautauquan Daily.*

Prayer and Works

The village had been through the excitement of a fire late that afternoon. It was not strange that the subject should be in the minds and on the lips of those who were out at prayer-meeting in the evening. One good old man brought it up in his prayer. "Oh, Lord," he petitioned, "be with all those in affliction this night. Bring comfort to the poor widow who lost her little all of worldly goods by fire this day, and raise up friends and helpers for her in her dire need." He was scarcely through when another man stood up. "Friends," he said, "I believe the Lord has begun to answer that prayer already. He has reminded me that I have a good kitchen table that Martha and I can spare very well, and enough stuff in our cellar to furnish it with three square meals a day for Widow Brown for some time. I believe He will help the rest of you find chairs and a stove and firewood and bedding, and everything else she may need to start her life again."—*East and West.*

Wesley's Expository Notes

One of John Wesley's associates, named Samuel Bradburn, was much esteemed as a good preacher and an excellent man. At a time when he was in straitened circumstances, Wesley sent him five one-pound notes, with this letter:

DEAR SAMMY:

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN WESLEY.

The reply was equally happy:

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,

S. BRADBURN.

—*The Institute Tie.*

FALSE BELIEFS

Sincere but Mistaken

In an English exchange we find the following incident, a true occurrence: I was going west one time during the winter. The train had two engines ploughing along. There was a woman with a little baby in her arms, who wanted to leave the train at a certain small station where they stop the train if you come from a distance. The brakeman came in and called the name of the station when we were getting near. The woman said, "Don't forget me," and he replied, "Sure." There was a man there who said, "Lady, I will see the brakeman doesn't forget you—don't you worry." A little later he said, "Here's your station." She hopped out of the train into the storm. . . . The train had gone on about three-quarters of a mile when the brakeman came in and said, "Where's that woman?" The traveler said, "She got out." The man said, "Then she's gone to her death; we only stopped the train yonder because there was something the matter with the engine." They called for volunteers and went back and looked for her. They searched for hours and found her on the prairies, covered with a shroud of snow and ice, with the babe folded to her breast. She followed the man's directions, but they were wrong. How great that man's responsibility, greater still that of the preacher who instead of telling lost men of God's way of salvation by the atoning blood, obscures the cross and sends men into eternal darkness.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Heathenism's Encroachments

Missionaries on furlough express surprise at the progress Orientalism has made here in the last few years. Places of Vedanta worship, conducted by so-called swamis, are spreading here with amazing rapidity. Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Washington, Boston, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Chicago, and Lowell now have swamis, or other leaders of occultism, and it is asserted that over 30,000 persons attend the services and follow the strange pagan doctrines. The deluded American followers of these teachers of heathenism are said to reach 100,000. Vedantism, the core of Hinduism, is an ancient, pantheistic philosophy, subtle and indefinite, with its teachings of successive incarnations. When one hears that there are 15,000 Americans allied with the Magdagna sun-worship propaganda alone, and that this particular cult has its temples here in which ancient rites suited to the necromancy of mediæval times, are performed, one is naturally incredulous. To conceive of Americans worshipping Krishna, who had 16,000 wives and 180,000 sons during his incarnation, and "Kali, the Terrible," whose history is probably the most repulsive of that of any heathen deity, demands such a stretch of imagination that the average person will refuse to believe in its possibility.—*The Christian Herald.*

Like False Creeds

Two travelers, who fancied they were abundantly able to take care of themselves, entered a railway carriage when the train was being made up and found comfortable seats. They had dropped into conversation when a porter looked in and told them to go forward. "What is the matter with this coach?" they asked. "Nothing," he grinned, "only 'taint coupled on to anything that'll take you anywhere." That is the trouble with many beautiful creeds and theories—they sound well, but they do not take you anywhere. The soul that would journey heavenward must make sure of the coupling. This is it: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Counterfeit Religions

Now comes a wise editor, and remarks: "A century ago the attitude toward the pagan religions was that they were all false, while Christianity alone was true. Now this classification of 'true and false' is being given up by all careful students of religion, because the pagan religions teach some moral truths." Now let the editor substitute coin for religion: "A century ago the attitude toward outside coins was that they were all false, while the mint coins alone were true. Now this classification of genuine and bogus is being given up by all careful students of numismatics, because all coins contain some true metal." The bank teller who reasoned that way would soon lose his position. No one says that truths in pagan religions are false, but that the religions which contain them are spurious and powerless.—*From Dr. William Ashmore, in Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

A Buddhist Faddist

Rev. Dr. Barbour, of Rochester, was crossing the Atlantic. The royal suite of rooms, once used by an emperor,

was now occupied by the wife of a Tammany official, a woman whose life had no deep interests, who must look to fads to occupy her mind. One day she engaged Dr. Barbour in conversation by suddenly asking, "Are you a Christian?" After his quiet affirmative answer, she said abruptly, "I'm not." He expressed regret, but no surprise, and inquired what religion she did follow. "I am a Buddhist," she announced with considerable pride. "Are you? What do you believe?" "Oh, I'm only a Swami." "How interesting. What do the Swamis believe?" At this she coloured slightly and answered, "The Buddhist priest told me that while one is only a Swami it is not necessary to know what you believe."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Sick Sheep Follow Anyone

When the shepherd in Scotland was asked if his sheep would follow the voice of a stranger, he replied: "Yes, when they are sick; but never when they are well. A sick sheep will follow anybody." Just so long as a Christian keeps himself in a healthy condition by feeding on God's Word and by exercising in His fields of activity there will be little danger of his going off after the "faddists" and false teachers of his age. It is when his ears become diseased—when he has contracted ear itch—that he becomes restless and dissatisfied with his Master.—*The Lookout.*

Trying to Keep Warm

The *Ram's Horn* makes a new application of an old story. A Quaker, riding with a fashionable woman, thinly dressed but with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, "unless thee puts on another breastpin." Some who are searching for religious fads, expecting them to bring joy and comfort into their lives, are likewise shivering in their chilly toggery. The Quaker would advise them to bedeck themselves with one more delusion, in order to show the utter absurdity of their search. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*The Sunday School Times.*

FAMILY PRAYERS

Surrounded by Prayer

A short time ago I was attending a service in one of our New York City Rescue Missions and was greatly impressed with the open and honest testimonies of the men who bore witness to the saving grace of Christ. One man, a Scotchman, particularly arrested my attention. It might be said he had gone astray from his birth. Coming to the United States when quite young, he soon found the easy path which led to the gates of death. There is no sin in which he did not speedily become expert, and he rapidly graduated in the school of iniquity. His wild life became too much for his physical frame and he was abandoned as one dead. Given up by physicians and friends, and reduced to the last extremity, the Lord met and saved him. If ever a regenerated soul moved in this earth he is one, and he attributes the change to what? During all those reckless years of evil, the memory of the family prayers in his Highland home never forsook him, and at last those prayers prevailed. A boy surrounded by prayer may wander away, but not forever.—*Rev. Joseph W. Kemp, in The Sunday School Times.*

FEAR

Fearing the Unknown

It is the unknown that we fear. That, probably, was the feeling of the huge elephant which once found its progress barred by a tiny barking creature, which it could easily have swept from its path with a whisk of its trunk.

The following reminiscence is related by an Englishman who was employed in forestry in a certain district in India:

"One day," he says, "I was out with a small fox-terrier. I was tired and lay down to sleep under a tree. Soon I was awakened by a barking, and found Ruffie, the fox-terrier, barking away at a big bull elephant which had approached. It stood with its trunk up for a few minutes, and then turned tail, routed by a tiny English terrier."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Afraid of Criticism

"They eat and drink, and scheme and plod,
They go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

—*F. Locker-Lampson, in The United Methodist.*

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST

Transformed His Life

The president of one of the largest banks of New York said that after he had served for several years as an office boy in the bank over which he now presides, the then president called him into his office one day and said: "I want you to come into my office and be with me." The young man replied, "But what do you want me to do?" "Never mind that," said the president, "you will learn about that soon. I just want you to be in here with me." "That was the most memorable moment of my life," said the great banker. "Being with that man made me all that I am today." What must the disciples have received by being with Jesus!—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Companionship with Christ

A happy Christian one day met an Irish peddler, and exclaimed: "It's a grand thing to be saved." "Eh?" said the peddler; "it is, but I know something better than that." "Better than being saved?" said he. "What can you possibly know better than that?" "The companionship of the Man who has saved me!" was the unexpected reply.—*The Believer's Pathway.*

Lived in Heaven

A devout Scotchman, being asked if he ever expected to go to heaven, gave the quaint reply: "Why, mon, I live there!" All the way to heaven is heaven begun to the Christian who walks near enough to God to hear the secrets He has to impart.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Feeding on Christ

A magnificent pearl necklace, belonging to the empress of Germany, was once discovered to have lost all its beautiful sheen and colour through lack of use and want of light. The court jeweler tried in vain to clean it, but decided to return it to its native element. He enclosed the pearls in a bottle filled with air-holes, through which the salt water could constantly flow, and sunk them beneath the waters of the Northern Ocean to be there fed again. Unless we feed upon Him who is the bread of life we will lose that beauty of character which the indwelling of Christ imparts.—*The Christian Herald.*

FOLLOWING CHRIST

One Set of Footprints

As Christ laid down His life for us, He wants us to lay down our lives for the brethren. I am told that men going through the Rocky Mountains will find an Indian trail where there is only a single trail of footprints, as if only one man had gone over the mountains. The chief goes before, and all the rest of the tribe follow him, and put their feet into his footsteps. This is what our Chief wants us to do. He went first and alone over the mountains of self-sacrifice, and He wants us to walk in His footsteps. If we are not willing to do this, we have no right to the name "Christian."—*The Classmate.*

Had Only One Object

A gentleman followed by a rough-looking dog got into a car in Edinburgh. The dog followed the car in the face of many obstacles. Soon after another dog came up bent on a quarrel; afterward, another yet more determined; then a third and a fourth. He took no notice, but continued to follow his master—only following and looking up. What a lesson he taught us! His one object was to follow his master, and this he did faithfully.—*From The Christian Endeavour World.*

FORBEARANCE

Pocketing Insults

It is related that a lecturer before a class of medical students once advised the young men to have large pockets for insults and small ones for fees. Pocketing insults is a good way to deal with them, but the Master's way and the only effective way is to make sure that the "insult pockets" have holes, so that whatever is put in will drop out and be lost forever.—*The Gospel Herald.*

FORGIVENESS OF SIN

God Gives a New Chance

John Maynard was in an old-time country school-house. Most of the year he had drifted carelessly along, but in midwinter some kind words from his teacher roused him to take a new start, and he became distinctly a different boy, and made up for the earlier faults. At the closing examination he passed well, to the great joy of his father and mother, who were present. But the copybooks used

through the year were all laid on a table for the visitors to look at; and John remembered that his copybook, fair enough in its latter pages, had been a dreary mass of blots and bad work before. He watched his mother looking over those books, and his heart was sick. But she seemed, to his surprise, quite pleased with what she saw, and called his father to look with her; and afterward John found that his kind teacher had thoughtfully torn out all those bad, blotted leaves, and made his copybook begin where he started to do better. To all who would forsake sin God offers a new chance, and promises to blot out all old sin and make the record begin with the new start.—*Rev. Franklin Noble, D.D.*

As Far as East from West

Dr. Chapman tells of a man who had been a professor of mathematics in a German University, but who became a wreck through strong drink. He came to one of Dr. Chapman's meetings, forlorn and dejected, and took a seat in the rear of the room. He was converted and became a member of the church. It was Dr. Chapman's custom to meet the men of his church every Sunday morning, before going into his pulpit, for a short conference on things pertaining to the Christian life. "One morning I told them that our sins were taken from us as far as the east is from the west," he says in relating the story, "and then, seeing this old professor before me, I said, 'Professor, that is a mathematical proposition for you. How far is the distance from east to west?' He reached for his pencil and notebook, when suddenly he stopped and burst into tears; and facing the crowd of men, he said, 'Men, you cannot measure it, for if you put your stake here and east be ahead of you and west be behind you, you can go around the world and come back to your stake and east will still be ahead of you and west will still be behind you. The distance is immeasurable. And, thank God, that is where my sins have gone!'"—*From "Another Mile," by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.*

No Longer Rebels

There was a great king who had suffered much from his rebellious subjects. But one day they surrendered their arms, threw themselves at his feet, and begged for mercy. He pardoned them all. One of his friends said to him, "Did you not say that every rebel should die?" "Yes," replied the king, "but I see no rebels there."—*The Sunday School Times.*

He Delighteth in Mercy

Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh, had an interview with Dr. Carmen, of Edinburgh. Their church business ended, Dr. Carmen looked at Dr. Whyte with earnest, inquisitive mien, saying: "Now, ha'e ye any word for an old sinner?" "It took my breath away," says Dr. Whyte. "He was an old saint! But it is the paradox of grace that the greatest saints feel they are the greatest sinners. So I just rose up and held out my hand to him,—a strong man's hand was his,—and I said to him, 'He delighteth in mercy.' I had nothing else to say, and escaped out of the room. Next morning I got a letter from him. I have it in my desk. It read, 'Dear friend, I will never doubt Him again—the sins of my youth. I was near the gates of hell, but that word of God comforted me, and I will never doubt Him again. I will never despair again. If the devil casts my sin in my teeth, I will say, "Yes, it is all true, and you cannot tell the half of it, but I have to do with One who delighteth in mercy."' I can show you the paper," says Dr. Whyte; "it sanctifies my desk. It may touch the tongue of some of my sons years hence to preach the same gospel the old father has tried to preach to you today."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Her Sins Were Forgiven

One night, when Dr. John G. Paton was writing late, he heard a knock at the door. He called out, "Who's there?" A voice softly answered, "Missi, it is Lamu." This was a woman who had been rejected from the Lord's Table, because of the sins of her former life. She said: "I cannot sleep, I cannot eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? My heart is very bad; yet I know that it is my joy to try and please my Saviour." Mr. Paton tried to guide and console her, and she listened very eagerly. Then she said, "Missi, you and the elders may think it right to keep me back from the Lord's Table; but I know in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now Jesus would take me to glory." Her look and manner thrilled the missionary. He felt that, if Christ were in his place, He would not turn the poor woman away, and a few days later he received her with nine others at the Lord's Table.—*The Christian Herald.*

Made Free Indeed

In a Scottish village lived a doctor noted for his skill and piety. After his death, when his books were examined, several accounts had written across them in red ink: "Forgiven—too poor to pay." His wife, who was of a different disposition, said: "These accounts must be paid." She therefore sued for the money. The judge said: "Is this your husband's handwriting in red?" She replied that it was. "Then," said the judge, "there is not a tribunal in the land that can obtain the money where he has written 'Forgiven.'" So when Christ says "Thy sins are forgiven," we are released from our spiritual debts.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Sins All Taken Away

A story is told of a woman who came to a minister, carrying in her hands a mass of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" "Yes, it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "No, I cannot say that I do. What does it mean?" "That is I," she answered, in great distress, "and the multitude of my sins, which cannot be numbered." The minister spoke calmly to her, and inquired where she had got the sand. "Down on the beach." "Go back there," he said, "and take a spade with you. Heap up a big mound of sand; pile it as high as you can. Then stand back on the shore and watch what happens to it when the tide comes in." Of course when the tide flowed in it completely swept away the pile of sand. And so when God forgives sin, He takes it away as completely as the incoming tide carries away the heaped-up sand.—*East and West.*

A Korean Legend

The Koran assigns two angels to every person at birth,—one the angel of good deeds, the other the angel of evil deeds. The angel of good deeds accompanies the man all day long, and puts down in his book every good thing the man does, repeating it ten times, that nothing may be omitted. The angel of evil deeds writes down every evil thing the man does. At the close of the day they fly home to God with their report. The angel of good deeds says to his fellow-angel, "Forbear to report the man's wrong-doings for seven hours. Peradventure he will repent and be forgiven, and then the record need not be made against him." It is thus our Master feels toward us. He is quick to commend us for the good we do, for our obedience, our service, but He is reluctant and slow to set down evil against us.—*From "When the Song Begins," by J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Heard Only Part of Will

A certain wayward young man ran away from home and was not heard of for years. In some way, hearing that his father had just died, he returned home and was kindly received by his mother. The day came for the reading of the will; the family were all gathered together, and the lawyer commenced to read the document. To the great surprise of all present the will told in detail of the wayward career of the runaway son. The boy in anger arose, stamped out of the room, left the house, and was not heard from for three years. When eventually he was found he was informed that the will, after telling of his waywardness, had gone on to bequeath to him $15,000. How much sorrow he would have been saved if he had only heard the reading through! Thus many people only half read the Bible and turn from it dissatisfied. The old Book says: "The wages of sin is death," yea, verily, but it says more, it says, "but the gift of God is eternal life."—*The Expositor.*

Complete Divine Forgiveness

There is a charming old Celtic legend which says that the Angel of Mercy was sent to a certain saint to tell him that he must start for the Celestial City. The saint received the messenger and his message with gladness, and at the appointed hour they set off together. As they passed up the shining way beyond the bounds of this world the saint was suddenly troubled with the thought of his sins. "Mercy," he said, addressing his angelic guide, "where did you bury my sins?" "I only remember that I buried them," he replied, "but I cannot tell where." Then he added, "As for the Father," He has forgotten that you ever sinned." What a wonder is divine forgiveness! How absolutely complete.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The King's Pardon

In the reign of Charles I a prisoner was brought to trial and the jury found him "Guilty." Throughout the proceedings the condemned man remained calm and unconcerned, and even when the sentence was passed he

said nothing. Then, producing a paper from his pocket, he handed it to the judge. It was the King's full pardon which a messenger had brought in time to set him free. With that in his pocket he feared nothing. So in our day of judgment, if we have Christ's free pardon for sin we shall not be afraid of anything. — *The Sunday Circle.*

No Love Like That

A native priest came to Bishop Warren, of India, to ask what this gospel was that he was preaching. For answer the Bishop told him the story of Jesus' prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The priest listened with increasing perturbation, and at the end of the story sprang up and cried, "Get out of here! Get out of India! You will convert all our people if you talk to them that way. We have in all our religions no story of love like that." —*Told by Bishop Warren at the Laymen's Missionary Convention in Chicago.*

Socrates on Forgiveness

Thou art a God ready to pardon (Neh. 9:17).

How wonderful this attribute of God is may be inferred from a discourse of Socrates, in whom cultured paganism found its highest expression: "It may be," he said, "that God can forgive sin, but I do not see how." Only Christ and the forgiven soul can "see how."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Curative Standpoint

A celebrated physician who always entered the sick room with a smile upon his lips was asked how he could be living among so many terrible diseases and yet not be overwhelmed by them. He replied: "I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint." The heart of Christ would have broken long before He reached the cross had He not looked upon sinning humanity from the "curative standpoint." If we would have His joy in us let us take His view of evil. —*The Record of Christian Work.*

His Sin Covered

Blessed is he . . . Whose sin is covered (Psa. 32:1).

It makes a deal of difference by whom our sin is covered. The trusted agent of a large firm had, in a time of unusual expense, run past his allowance, and had taken company funds for a wrong use. He became distressed for fear he would be discovered and regarded as a criminal. Thinking to gain advice, he disclosed his trouble to a fellow-agent, who responded, "Oh, don't worry, I can cover that up for you." "But you're not the man to cover it up," he replied, and he went straight to the head of the firm and explained everything to him. "You've made a serious mistake," said that man, "but I'll cover the discrepancy for you this time," and he wrote a check for the amount. "Ah, if you cover it I am all right," said the relieved man. When God buries a man's sin and puts his seal on the door of the tomb, the man finds a peace which he had never known before.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why He Praised God

A minister was much annoyed by the "Glory," "Hallelujah," and "Praise the Lord" of a certain parishioner. One day the minister invited him to tea, and thought to keep his mind from thoughts of praise, so gave him a book on science to read, to pass the time before tea. Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory," "Hallelujah," and "Praise the Lord." "What is the matter?" asked the minister. "Why this book says the sea is five miles deep!" "Well, what of it?" "Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of their ever coming up again. Glory!"—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

The Welcome Door

"You know what beggars do. If they go to a door and get anything, they make a little mark; you and I do not understand it, but it means, 'Good house to knock at'; and the next beggar who comes sees that token, and he knocks boldly. Now, I have already made that mark on Christ's door, and I have told you of it; it is a good house to knock at, for I have tried it. But suppose, being a beggar, you were to meet some fifty or sixty tramps, all coming down the street, and they were to say to you, 'Are you in the same trade as we?' 'Yes, I am a beggar.' 'Well,' they say, 'there's a good house down there. we have all of us been to it, and they have given us all something.' 'What, given something to all of you?' 'Yes, to every one of us.' 'What, to the man yonder? Why, he looks good for nothing.' 'Yes.' 'Then I will be as quick as I can to knock

and get the next turn.' Since the world began there never has been a sinner who sincerely asked for mercy through faith in the precious blood of Jesus who has been rejected."—*From a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.*

FORGIVING OTHERS

A Cure for Headache

At a women's meeting the subject of cures came up, when a newcomer was asked to give her experience. "I don't mind telling, but I guess you will think it is a funny kind of cure," she replied with a smile. "Once, years ago, I had a dreadful headache. I hadn't slept a wink the night before. I was grieving about a friend who hadn't treated me right. I was just brooding away, going over and over again in my mind what I would say to Mehitable Record some day, when I saw that a big grudge was growing right up inside of me. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'suppose Mehitable Record did really do it. Is that a reason why you should grow a grudge?' So I set right about forgiving her as hard as I could, and pretty soon I just loved her, no matter what she had done." The needles were motionless. The speaker, although flushing under the gaze of many eyes, continued: "And when I had thoroughly forgiven her, my headache was gone and I felt nice all over. It set me to thinking.

"After that, whenever I had a headache or pain, I practised going away by myself and forgiving some one, and it worked wonderfully." "Did you always have some one," asked the minister's wife softly, "to practise on?" "Deary me, no," said Aunty Glen. "Everybody's always treated me so nice I ran out of folks to forgive long ago." "How did you manage your cure, then?" "Oh, 'long about that same time, I ran out of aches and pains, too. I haven't lost a day in bed in forty-five years." There was a pause. Miss Everett, with shining eyes, broke the silence: "Ladies, I move a vote of thanks to dear Aunty Glen for a bit of very inexpensive and very dear philosophy. And I move also that we adopt her cure and practise it."—*The Youth's Companion.*

General Lee's Forgiveness

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you (Luke 6:27).

A Union soldier, bitter in his hatred of the Confederacy, lay wounded at Gettysburg. At the close of the battle General Lee rode by, and the soldier, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, raised his hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as he could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The General heard him, dismounted and went toward him, and the soldier confesses: "I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

Not "'Scusin" Properly

A little maid no taller than the table came to her mother with apron wet. "Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed the vexed mother, "you have been to the water-cooler again. I shall be obliged to punish you this time." "No, Mudder," said the trembling voice, "you'll 'scuse me this time, 'cause Lila was so thirsty she cried for a drink, and nobody was there to give it but me." "Well, daughter, as it was for Lila's sake, I will excuse you this time. But you must not turn the spigot again. Will you remember?"

The little one promised, her face all sunshine, and the mother changed the wet apron. But that was only a small part of the mischief, and in the worry and fatigue of mopping up the water that had run all over the pantry floor, and collected dangerously near the flour barrel, the mother's temper gave way. "I declare, Agnes!" she said, "you are too much bother for anything! Why can't you learn to let things alone?" Hearing no sound, she looked up, to see disappointment on the baby face. "Why, Mudder," said the little one, "I thought you said you would 'scuse me. I don't call this 'scusin' me!"—*The Central Christian Advocate.*

The Wrong Disposition

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you (Matt. 6:14).

Two small girls had a quarrel. The mother of one of them, who knew about the quarrel, talked with her little girl about it, and tried to show her the wrong of it, and her need of asking God's forgiveness. Accordingly, when the little one kneeled down to pray, she humbly asked, "O God, please forgive me for speaking angrily to Charlotte, and for quarreling with her." So far so good. But the wrong disposition was still there, for the child went on: "And make Charlotte come to me and ask my forgiveness. O Lord, give her no rest, by day or night, until she is sorry, and comes and tells me so!"—*From Our Hope and Life in Christ.*

Much to Forgive

If therefore thou . . . rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee . . . go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother (Matt. 5:24).

Bismarck once borrowed an autograph album in which he was greatly interested, and wrote a few lines on a page which already contained two other autographs. One was, "My long life has taught me that one must pardon many things and forget nothing." (Signed) "Guizot." The other was, "A little forgetfulness will not hurt the sincerity of the pardon." (Signed) "Thiers." Below these Bismarck wrote, "My life has taught me that I have much to forget and much to be forgiven for."—*The Sabbath School Visitor.*

Pardoning His Enemy

Governor Stewart, of Missouri, recognized, in a convict he was about to pardon, a steamboat mate under whom he served as cabin boy. He said, "I want you to promise you will never again take a stick of wood and drive a sick boy out of his berth on a stormy night; because some day that boy may be governor, and you may want him to pardon you for another crime. I was that boy. Here is your pardon."—*John F. Cowan, D.D., in the Christian Endeavour World.*

Godlike to Forgive

A gentleman once went to Sir Gardley Wilmot in great wrath and indignation at an injury he had received from a person high in power, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. Having related the particulars, he asked Sir Gardley "if it would not be manly to resent it?" "Yes," said the Christian knight, "it will be *manly* to resent it, but godlike to forgive it."—*The Canadian Missionary.*

Wesley's Rebuke to Revenge

John Wesley, voyaging to Georgia in a ship on which an English general and his servant were embarked, one day overheard the officer berating his subordinate for some failure or offense, crying: "Take care what you do, sir! I never forgive!" "Then, general," put in the fearless Wesley, "I hope you never sin."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Only One Enemy

Edward Everett Hale said at the celebration of his eightieth birthday, "I never had but one enemy, and last week, when I was trying to think of his name, I found I had forgotten who he was."—*The Christian Tribune.*

Good Forgetters

When the small boy hailed his little playmate next door, and caught up his cap to run out for the usual morning together, an older member of the family said teasingly: "What! Going to play with him again? I thought you quarreled only last evening, and were never to have anything more to do with each other. Funny memory you have!" Jimmy looked a little abashed, dug the toe of his shoe into the carpet, and then flashed a satisfied smile as he hurried away. "Ho! Roland and me's good forgetters."—*From the Sunday Circle.*

Great Forgiveness

It is said that after the frightful massacre of Christian Armenians in 1901 "an Armenian woman, who had seen her father, uncles, husband, and son murdered by the Turks, was visiting Moslem homes with an open Bible, preaching forgiveness and the life of Christ, within a week of the murders."—*From "What Next in Turkey?" by David Brewer Eddy.*

What Forgiveness Is

There are many definitions of forgiveness, but a very good illustration of it was given by a little boy, on being asked what forgiveness of injuries was, gave the answer: "It is the scent that flowers give when they are trampled on!"—*The Sunday at Home.*

Burying the Hatchet

"What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" said an inhuman slave-master,

when in the act of applying the lacerating whip to an already half-murdered slave. "Him teach me to forgive you, massa," was his reply.

What Christ Did for Him

They who say they will forgive, but cannot forget, an injury, simply bury the hatchet, while they leave the handle out, ready for immediate use.—*D. L. Moody, in The Sunday School Times.*

FORMALISM

Formal Worship

A missionary writer tells us that in one of the great temples of Japan the devotion of the worshiper consists in running around the sacred building one hundred times and dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round, when, the wearisome exertion being ended, the worshiper goes home tired and very happy at the thought of having done his god such a worthy service. We think this unspeakably silly, and yet, is there much difference between running around a temple a certain number of times, and walking to church, sitting quietly through the service, and walking back? Unless we go with a definite purpose of worship; unless we listen reverently and obediently to the voice of God, speaking through His Word and His minister; unless we truly approach God when we bow in prayer,—we are just as foolish and unreasonable as the Japanese runner.—*Children's Friend.*

Only Forms and Ceremonies

I have read that a czarina of Russia, while taking a pleasure ride, saw a beautiful wild rosebush in full bloom by the roadside. She ordered a guard posted there to protect it, then forgot the incident. Long after the flowers had withered and the bush died, the sentry remained on guard. Long after the freshness and even the life of his religious experience had gone, the Pharisee retained the form and went on with his forms and ceremonies as before. These forms were as useless without a heart-experience as was the sentry after the rosebush had died.—*The Sunday School Times.*

FRIENDSHIP

A Friend Indeed

"A friend in need"—my neighbor said to me—
"A friend indeed is what I mean to be:
In time of trouble I will come to you,
And in the hour of need you'll find me true."
I thought a bit and took him by the hand:
"My friend," said I, "you do not understand
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme,
A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Hungry for a Handshake

We all like the person who flings the door of his heart wide open and bids us welcome with a warm grasp of the hand and a cordial good fellowship, who sees a brother in every man he meets, instead of a rival, a competitor, a possible enemy. A poor foreigner, who could speak very little English, was recently accosted in Central Park, New York, by a kind-hearted man, who saw that he looked dejected, and thought that he might be in need. To his offer of assistance, however, the foreigner replied that he didn't need money, but that he was lonely, and "just hungry for a handshake."—*Success.*

GAMBLING

Costly Gambling

Two Irish labourers employed in the construction of a huge building made a wager. Pat bet a dollar that he could carry Mike in his hod up the ladder to the top of the fourth story. Mike bet a dollar that he couldn't do it, but would let him fall. Panting and perspiring Pat finally put his friend down in safety at the top of the structure. "You've lost! you've lost!" "Yes," replied the other regretfully, "I've lost. But once, at the third story, when you stumbled and almost let me drop, I felt sure I was going to win."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Like Mother, Like Son

A certain mother in one of our large towns was very fond of playing progressive euchre. One evening she received a fine silver cup for being the most successful player in a group of her society friends. She was much delighted with her success, and on showing it to her family the next morning, her son, in his early teens, said, "Huh! I can beat that, for I made ten dollars at the pool table last night!"—*The Ram's Horn.*

GENTLENESS

Rudeness and Gentleness

On one occasion a nurse in one of the London hospitals complained to the Chaplain-General to the forces that she had been rudely treated by some patients. "Thank God for that," was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished nurse. "Why," said the Bishop, "if you are carrying a vessel and somebody knocks up against you, you can only spill out of the vessel what is inside. And when people misjudge and persecute us, we can only spill what is inside. In the case of a godless man, he will probably swear. But if you are filled with the Holy Ghost, you will manifest the gentleness of Christ, and make men astonished."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

GIVING

A Cablegram from Heaven

A cablegram from heaven reported by Dr. W. J. Schieffelin at the Chicago National Layman's Congress (1910) shows how a Calcutta merchant met a misfortune in his business. A secretary of a British missionary society called on the merchant to ask his help in the work. He drew a check for $250 and handed it to the visitor. At that moment a cablegram was brought in. He read it and looked troubled. "This cablegram," he said, "tells me that one of my ships has been wrecked and the cargo lost. It makes a very large difference in my affairs. I will have to write you another check." The secretary understood perfectly and handed back the check for $250. The check book was still open and the merchant wrote him another check and handed it over. He read it with amazement. It was a check for $1,000. He said, "Haven't you made a mistake?" "No," said the merchant. "I haven't made a mistake." And then with tears in his eyes, he said, "That cablegram was a message from my Father in Heaven. It read 'Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth.'"—*E. M. P.*

Harvest from Fifty-Seven Pennies

When little Hattie May Wiatt came to a small Sunday school and asked to be taken in, it was explained there was no room for her. In less than two years she fell ill, and slipped away on her own little last pilgrimage, and no one guessed her strange little secret until beneath her pillow was found a battered and torn pocketbook with fifty-seven pennies in it, wrapped about with a little scrap of paper on which was written, "To help build the little Temple bigger, so that more children can go there to Sunday school." Hattie was a poor little girl, and for two years she had worked and saved her pennies for the cause which was nearest her heart. The pastor told the touching incident to his congregation, and people began making donations for the enlargement of the little church. The papers told it far and wide, and within five years those fifty-seven pennies had grown to be $250,000, and today, if you go to Philadelphia, you can see a great church there called the Baptist Temple, with a seating capacity of 3,300, a Temple College where more than 1,400 students are accommodated, a Temple Hospital, a Temple Sunday-school building so large that all the children who want to attend may come and be comfortable there. She was only a little girl with a little girl's heart, but who can estimate the power of her ardour, her unselfishness, and her fifty-seven pennies?—*The Christian Herald.*

The Order of the Iron Cross

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me (Matt. 16:24).

Do you know how the Order of the Iron Cross grew up? Nearly a hundred years ago the King of Prussia, Frederick William III, was carrying on expensive wars. He was trying to strengthen his country and make a great nation of the Prussian people, and he had not money enough to accomplish his plans. What should he do? If he stopped where he was, the country would be overrun by the enemy, and that would mean terrible distress for everybody. He therefore asked the women of Prussia, as many of them as wanted to help the king, to bring their jewelry of gold and silver to be melted down into money for the use of their country. Many women brought all the jewelry they had, and for each ornament of gold or silver they received in exchange an ornament of bronze or iron precisely like the gold or silver ones, as a token of the king's gratitude. These bronze and iron ornaments all bore the inscription: "I gave gold for iron, 1813." These ornaments became more highly prized than the gold or silver ones had been, for they were a proof that the women had given up something for their king. It became very unfashion-

able to wear any jewelry. So the Order of the Iron Cross grew up, whose members wear no ornament except a cross of iron on the breast, and give money otherwise used for adornment for the service of their fellowmen. Let us have an Order of the Iron Cross among Christians.

Three Kinds of Givers

Some witty person once said: "There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge and the honeycomb."

To get anything out of a flint you must hammer it, and then you get only chips and sparks.

To get water out of a sponge you must squeeze it, and the more you squeeze, the more you will get.

But the honeycomb just overflows with its own sweetness.

Some people are stingy and hard; they give nothing away if they can help it.

Others are good-natured; they yield to pressure, and the more they are pressed, the more they will give.

A few delight in giving, without being asked at all; and of these the Bible says, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—*London Christian.*

A Mark of True Conversion

He was one that had great possessions (Matt. 19:22).

A Methodist labourer in Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "*Is his purse converted?*" He agreed with Dr. Adam Clarke, who used to say he did not believe in the religion that cost a man nothing.—*The Biblical Museum.*

Generous in Words Only

Teofilo ("Friend of God") said to Christobel ("Christ-bearer"), the new convert in the little mission chapel in Cuba:

"Christobel, if you had a hundred sheep would you give fifty of them for the Lord's work?"

"Yes, I would."

"Would you do the same if you had a hundred cows?"

"Yes, Teofilo, I would."

"Would you do the same if you had a hundred horses?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you had two pigs, would you give one of them to Him?"

"No, I wouldn't; and you have no right to ask me, Teofilo, for you know I have two pigs."

"*If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.*"—*Selected.*

The Widow's Mite

She of her want did cast in all that she had (Mark 12:4).

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for a contribution to some charitable object. "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked his friend. "Certainly," was the reply "I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "Seventy-five thousand dollars." "Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave, for she you know, gave 'all that she had, even all her living.'" The rich man was cornered.—*The Biblical Illustrator.*

Sacrificing to Give

S. D. Gordon (in Quiet Talks on Service) tells a simple pathetic story of a minister in a certain small town, who made an appeal for a special offering to home missions one Sabbath morning. He felt, after finishing his sermon, that the effort was a poor one and the results would be small. There was a struggle going on, though, in the last pew. A poor crippled girl, to whom some of the members had given a pair of crutches, was wondering what she could give. When the plate passed her she calmly balanced her crutches on it. They were her "life," for they had transformed her. As the plate was taken down the aisle, a banker stopped it here, the merchant put in a slip, some one paid fifty dollars for the crutches and sent them back to poor, crippled Maggie. The pastor said, with dimmed eyes, "Surely our little friend is giving us a wonderful example." And the plates were back to the pews again. Her gift became worth hundreds of dollars. And she went out of the church the happiest little woman in the world.

Led to Christ by Tithing

I will surely give the tenth unto thee (Gen. 28:22).

A widow taught her boys to lay aside ten cents of each dollar they received for the Lord's work. Charley became restless, wandered far west, and went down fast under the influence of strong drink. Still the habit was so persistent that he continued to pay tithes. One day, as the shining,

ten-cent piece lay before him he exclaimed, "This is all foolishness. I'll buy a drink with this dime, and end the nonsense forever." He caught it up, rushed to a saloon, threw it on the counter and ordered a drink. Before this reached him the bit of silver seemed turned into an accusing spirit which cried: "You are using God's money for that which is ruining your soul and body." He caught it up, dashed out of the door, ran far out into the country and threw himself on the ground, pleading for mercy. After hours of agony he arose—the child of a King. The tithe had led him to his Redeemer.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Comfort of Giving

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, it is more blessed to give than to receive (Acts 20:35).

A good story is told by a Methodist minister. He says that in one of his charges a good man gave regularly every Sunday five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents a week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to Him! My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."—*The Home Herald.*

Not Too Much for an Indian

An Indian one day asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The bishop asked, "Why?" He said, "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman, who was standing by, whispered: "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."—*The Expositor.*

Why He Gave So Much

The people that sat in darkness saw a great light (Matt. 4:16).

An Indian chief who had been converted from heathenism was exceedingly fervent in his prayers and praises during worship, and extremely generous in his kindness and gifts to the missionary and his work. The missionary at length asked the Indian why he was so jubilant in his devotions, and so lavish in his gifts. The convert made this pathetic reply: "Ah! you have never been in the darkness." —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Church Members I Have Met

Once I knew a Baptist,
  He had a pious look.
He had been totally immersed—
  Except his pocketbook.
He'd put a nickel on the plate,
  And then, with might and main,
He'd sing, "When we asunder part,
  It gives us inward pain."
I also knew a Methodist
  Who couldn't sin, he said.
He'd holler "Glory" loud enough
  To almost raise the dead.
But as to his apportionment,
  Though his barns were waxing fat.
His shouting wasn't loud enough
  To ever quite raise that.
—*S. M. Greene, in Los Angeles Times.*

Giving Our Best to God

Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them, else ye have no reward with your Father who is in heaven (Matt. 16:1).

The subjects of a certain king planned to give him a birthday party. It was decided that each one should bring a bottle of his best wine as a present for the king. A large barrel was to be placed just inside the door, and as each one entered he was to pour his wine into the barrel. One man upon examining his stock of wine decided that he didn't have any more than enough for himself to last through the winter. "I'll just fill my bottle with water," said he. "No one will ever know the difference when it is mixed with all that good wine, and I can keep my wine for myself." The king was delighted with the party, and in the course of the evening invited all the guests to gather around the barrel

and drink to his health. What was his surprise on turning the spigot to see nothing but water. Every man had thought and done the same thing. The king felt insulted and very angry. His subjects left the room and went to their homes with their heads hanging in shame. Are we giving our best to the King of kings?—*Heard in an Address by Mr. Cothran Smith.*

How Wm. Colgate Gave to God

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. As he trudged along he met an old man, a captain of a canal-boat, and the following conversation took place: "Well, William, where are you going?" "I don't know," he answered; "I must make a living for myself." "There is no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely." William told his old friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making. "Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go." They kneeled down upon the tow-path and prayed, and then the old captain gave him this advice: "Some one will soon be the leading soapmaker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap; give a full pound; and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man." The boy arrived in the city. Lonesome and far from home he remembered his mother's words and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and united with the church. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did; ten cents of every dollar were sacred to the Lord. He engaged in the soap business, made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with his Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, and grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever. Then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five tenths. This is the story of William Colgate, who gave millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—*From a Leaflet Entitled "God's Tenth."*

Repaid by the Lord

A Christian business man with a large family, living in a rented house had finally the means to build a home in the suburbs. The lot was leveled and plans in readiness when a letter came from a missionary whom they were supporting in China, saying that the hospital had burned and there was no place for the sick. "Which shall it be," the husband asked the wife, "a home and fresh air for our children or a hospital for the Chinese?" They wavered between what seemed to be two paths of duty. Finally the wife said: "The Lord gave us that fund for a house. I believe He meant a house in China." The husband agreed. They drew out the money and sent it to rebuild the hospital, settling down to live indefinitely in the old house on the dusty street. But business began to be more profitable somehow. Money seemed to come in. They hardly knew how it came about, but in less time than they had first expected their home was built, a cozier one than first planned.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Gives Tithes and Prospers

Twenty-two years ago Albert A. Hyde, today the richest man in Wichita, Kansas, found himself without money and $50,000 in debt. But with high courage he again started business, and opening his Bible at the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, he made a ring around the twenty-second verse. A doctor who had known Mr. Hyde for some time gave him a recipe for an ointment he had used in his private practice, and suggested that he put it on the market as a commercial commodity. This ointment was the mentholatum sold everywhere in the United States at this time. Mr. Hyde has kept his promise and his giving is very much in excess of the tithe. It supports a mission school in India. It contributes largely to the Y. M. C. A. in Wichita. It maintains a missionary steamboat in Africa, supports in full three missionaries in China, one in Japan, one in India, and seven in the United States, besides numerous private philanthropies, which few besides Mr. Hyde himself know about.—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Warrior" Brown's Gift

A Salvation Army officer tells of an old Maori woman who had won the

name of "Warrior Brown" by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. She was converted and gave her testimony at the open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato, a nasty blow. A week before, the cowardly insulter would have needed to have made himself scarce for his trouble; but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it in her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came round, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase.—*Lutheran Standard.*

Sobbing with the Pocketbook

Old mammy came in to see me the other day quite exercised in her mind about Sis Ca'line. "Sis Ca'line was tellin' me 'bout some po' fambly," she said, "a sniffin through her nose an' sayin', 'Hit's a sad case, Sis Mirandy, dat I has sho' shed a barrel o' tears ober.' 'Dat's sho a lot o' tears,' 'spoused I, 'but what yuh gib dat po' fambly, Sis Ca'line? Hit would be mo' comfortin' to' em ef you'd quit cryin' and get busy cookin' fer 'em.' But lawdy," said Mammy Mirandy, rolling her eyes, "Sis Ca'line takes out all her sympathy cryin' ober the afflicted. You ain't never heard her sob none wid her pocketbook, has ye?" "Naw'n, I 'specs dere ain't no cheaper way of helpin' folks dan to cry ober 'em. An' de funny part of hit is, if you do cry ober 'em ev'ybody says what a kind, symperthetic heart you has got; an' dey don't take no notice dat all you draps in the conterbution plate is a tear of pity."—*Missions.*

Paying for "Free" Salvation

He that will, let him take the water of life freely (Rev. 21:6, 17).

An apparent inconsistency which may have bothered many a thoughtful person is admirably explained by a story told by a writer in the Detroit *News-Tribune.* The coloured parson had just concluded a powerful address on "Salvation is Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped a brother in the back of the church. "Look a-yeah, pahson," he interrupted, "if salvation am free, what's de use in payin' for it? I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' till I find out. Now—" "Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate. S'pose you was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? And it would not cost yo' nothin', would it?" "Ob course not. Dat's jest what I—" "Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?" "Yes, suh, but—" "Waal, brudder, salvation is free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat ye' got to pay fo.' Pass the hat, deacon."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Not Concerned About Giving

Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness (Luke 12:15).

A missionary was some time ago addressing a large congregation. He noticed a boy intently listening, who seemed greatly interested. The earnest face of the little fellow led the missionary to say that even children might preach the gospel in foreign lands by their prayers and their gifts. At the close of the address the boy pressed his way to the platform, and, with eager face, took the hand of the missionary. "Do you want to give something to the cause?" asked the missionary. "No, sir," replied the boy. "I was just wondering if you had any foreign stamps to give away." Some Christians come to church, and do almost anything, just for what they can get out of the church, rather than for what they can give to it, and thus they remain famished and lean, for in the spiritual life we feed better upon what we give than upon what we receive.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Giving the "Bit More"

When I was a boy I always patronized the little candy store that stood in the middle of the square, and was owned by an Irishman with a heart bubbling over with generosity. I used to watch the "sour balls" and "mints" drop into the bag, and then, when the balance was well down on the side of my two-cent purchase, he would drop a "bit more." All the boys knew the place as the "bit more" store. It is this "bit more" quantity that counts in friendship, social and business life, and ,in fact, in everything we do. Giving the "bit more" develops the generous soul.—*The Expositor.*

Giving Back to God

Render unto God the things that are God's (Matt. 22:21).

The other day a little girl told me

she was going to give her father a pair of slippers on his birthday. "Where will you get your money?" I asked. She opened her eyes like saucers and she said, "Why, father will give me the money." And just for half a minute I was silent as I thought the dear man would buy his own birthday present. And the father loved his little girl for her gift, although he had to pay for it. She had not anything in the world that he had not given her. You have not anything of your own to give to Jesus Christ. You can only give Him back what belongs to Him.—*Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland, in the Sunday School Chronicle.*

Giving God a Pumpkin

For they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living (Mark 12:44).

The Rev. J. M. Baker, a missionary of South India, writes this pathetic incident: An old man, thirty-five miles north of Ongole, had a great desire to give something to Jesus. The only thing he had to give was a magnificent pumpkin he had grown with great care and protected a long time from thieves. But how was he to get it to the Lord? The hamlet had no Christian teacher to tell him, and the touring evangelist of that section was not liable to visit his village for some time. His conclusions were: "I will take it to the missionary. He will know what to do." In India this vegetable is worth about four cents. The old man had walked seventy miles, and one-half of the distance carried on his head a weight of about thirty pounds and the food for his journey that he might present to the Lord an acceptable gift of four cents.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Ashamed Not to Give

And all the money that it cometh into any man's heart to bring into the house of Jehovah (2 Kings 12:4).

Here is a story which illustrates a truth that needs to be impressed, whether it be true or not. A little boy sitting next to a lady in church noticed that she had nothing for the collection plate His own collection was in his hand; but as the collector approached, the little fellow seemed greatly disturbed because his seatmate seemed entirely unprepared for the offering. The situation appeared to him to be serious, for when the steward got within a few pews' distance he hande over his silver piece to the lady, as h whispered in her ear: "Take this, an I will get under the seat till he goe by."—Such sensitive souls as this bo are exceedingly rare. We have see the collection plate in the gallery of city church pass thirty people at on time without receiving a cent, and the did not appear to be disturbed in th slightest.—*Onward.*

Giving Richly Rewarded

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one o these my brethren, even these least, y did it unto me (Matt. 25:40).

Baron James de Rothschild once sa for a beggar to Ary Scheffer. Whil the great financier, attired in the rag of a beggar, was in his place in th estrade, I happened to enter the studi of the great artist, whose friend I ha the honour to be. The baron was s perfectly disguised that I did not rec ognize him, and believing that a ver itable beggar was before me, I wen up to him and slipped a louis into hi hand. The pretended model took th coin and put it in his pocket. Ten years later I received at my residenc an order on the office in the Rue La fitte for 10,000 francs, inclosed in th following letter: "Sir—You one da gave a louis to the Baron Rothschil in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He ha employed it, and today sends you th little capital with which you intruste him, together with the interest. A good action always brings good for tune. Baron James de Rothschild.' On receipt of this order I sought th billionaire, who proved to me from th books before him that under his man agement my louis had actually fructi fied so as to have swelled to the large sum sent me. So Christ is walkin through the world in the guise of a beggar—hungry, naked, and outcast Blessed are we if we give to the Mas ter in the person of these poor breth ren, or take the gospel to those wh have it not.—*The Expositor.*

Young Hamlin's Self-Denial

When Cyrus Hamlin was ten years old, his mother gave him seven cents to celebrate a great holiday. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc "Perhaps, Cyrus," said she, "you will put a cent or two in the missionary box at Mrs. Farrar's." As he trudged along he began to ask: "Shall I put in one cent or two? I wish she had not said one *or* two." He decided on two. Then conscience said: "What

five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen! Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So he said, four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt it must be three for gingerbread and four for the souls. When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his unreasonable hunger. And, smiling through tears, she gave him an overflowing bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asks: "What was the meaning of mother's tears?"—*The Epworth Herald.*

Wash Tub Earnings

Mr. Quarrier, the founder of a home for waifs and strays of Glasgow, once received a remarkable gift from a washerwoman. When she was an old woman she one day sent for him from Gorbals. He found her very weak and ill. "Ye were once a puir body yersel'," she said to him, "and I was once a puir girl with naebody to care for me, but God has been kind and good." Greatly to his astonishment, she handed him receipts on the bank which amounted to 627 pounds, with the words: "I've plenty mair, an' ye'll get it all when I dee." Soon afterwards Janet quitted her life of toil, singing as she passed away, "Just as I am, without one plea." Altogether she gave the orphans 1,400 pounds, saved from her earnings as a washerwoman. The money was used to construct a reservoir and filter for the homes. "Strange, was it not," said Mr. Quarrier, "that our water supplies should have come from the savings of money earned at the washtub?"—*The Christian Herald.*

Not a True Gift

History tells us that Louis XI "executed a solemn act of ownership," conveying to the Virgin Mary the whole country of Boulogne in France; but reserved for himself all the revenues thereof. How much like this "solemn deed" is our repentance! We may say we are sorry, but if we reserve for self the control of our actions, how deep is that sorrow? God measures our repentance not by our "exceeding" sorrow, but by the revenues of our lives that flow into His treasury.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Placing Money in Christ's Hand

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (James 1:22).

A pastor was taking a missionary collection recently when he said, "I want each of you to give today as though you were putting your money right into the pierced hand of Jesus Christ." A lady came up afterward, and said, "I was going to give a half-dollar, but I did not do so." "Why did you not do it?" the preacher asked. "Do you think I would put a half-dollar into His pierced hand? I have ten dollars at home, and I am going to give that." If we were putting our money into the pierced hand of our Lord our contributions would amount to millions, and the world would be evangelized in ten years.—*The Religious Herald.*

Paying in Work

Every man according to his ability (Acts 11:29).

In a certain church there was one member who could stand up and speak, or offer a beautiful prayer; but the people had no faith in him. Although a wealthy man, he was very stingy, and would not part with his money. If he owed a neighbour anything, this farmer would say, "Oh, I'll come round with my team and do some work for you, and square my account that way." A revival broke out in the church, and this man arose to give his testimony. He said, "Dear friends, the Lord has done great things for me. How can I ever repay Him?" A wag called out, "You had better pay Him in work!"—*Rev. R. E. Morton.*

Giving the Best

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me (Matt. 25:40).

A gentleman, after hearing a sermon on this text, said: "A few days since I carried to a poor Christian woman a comforter, warm, but well-worn, and two loaves of bread, good bread, but a little stale. The weather was very cold, and the comforter was gratefully received. The poor woman was hungry, and the bread was better than she usually obtained. But today, listening to the sermon, I thought that had I reflected that it was Jesus I was visiting in the person of one of His disciples, I would have taken a new comforter and fresh bread."—*Rev. Robert Boyd.*

A Cheerful Giver

A California gentleman once stated that the most benevolent man he had

ever known was an aged Israelite of 'Frisco. This old man receives every poor man who comes to his door as if he were Jehovah in disguise; and if a day passes without bringing a case of need, he goes home sad and wondering if God is displeased with him that He should not have visited him that day. Dorcas had this same spirit of benevolence, and her work of charity was a "labour of love."—*Rev. E. L. Pell, D.D., in The Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Not Killed by Giving

The old coloured preacher had the right idea about this when he said, "I hab nebber known a church killed by too much gibbing to de Lord. If dere should be such a church, and I should know about it, I tell you what I'd do. I'd go down to dat church dis bery night; and I'd clamber up its moss-cobered roof, and I'd sit a-straddle of its ridge-pole, and I'd cry aloud, 'Blessed are de dead which die in de Lord."—*From "Should a Tenth Always be Given to the Lord?"*

Gladstone's Giving

Tired Gladstone, distributing his benevolences, administering time and strength and love to the unfortunate, half pettishly exclaimed: "I am making a dog of myself for these!" "Yes," rejoined his friend, "a St. Bernard dog." Was the Grand Old Man of England ever grander than when visiting and feeding and clothing and praying with the chimney-sweep? —*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

More for a Dog Than Missions

A writer in *The British Weekly* says: "The measure of our liberality is not what we give, but what we retain. It is good to keep an account. It was thus, as he once told me, that one of the most generous of men, now gone to his reward, had his heart and his purse opened. His lifelong fancy was a nice dog, and one evening early in his career, as he was looking over his cashbook, two entries caught his eye. First, 'To Foreign Missions, 2s. 6d.'; then, a little farther on, 'To prize poodle pup, £3, 3s.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Worrying About Her Income

God loveth a cheerful giver.

A lady of whom we know, when asked by her pastor to help a cause dear to her heart in her comparative poverty, and to which she gave one pound then, proffered him five shillings. Her pastor called her attention to the surprising and ominous change. "Ah," said she, "when day by day I had to look to God for my daily bread, I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, and I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want."—*The Classmate.*

Giving to the Poor

In analyzing the secret of King Edward's popularity among his subjects, a French writer recalls a story worth re-telling. He related how, when His Majesty was driving along a country road in Scotland one day he came upon an old market-woman struggling under a load which was more than she could manage. "You might take part of this in your carriage," cried the old woman to the king, whom she did not recognize. "Alas, my good woman," replied His Majesty, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother." "A lot of good that will do me," was the reply. "Take it all the same," said the king, smiling, and he put a sovereign bearing Queen Victoria's effigy in the palm of the astonished old peasant.—*Young People.*

Korean Giving

Absence from home and from religious surroundings apparently does not wither the grace of giving in the Korean heart. In the year 1905, 1,033 Koreans—men, women and children—emigrated to Yucatan, Mexico. In this number were four Christians. In the last fiscal year over two hundred and fifty Christians were added to the church roll, and these Koreans recently established a Korean Presbyterian Mission Home in the City of Merida, Mexico. Funds sufficient were raised to bring from Los Angeles, Cal., two evangelists, all expenses paid. We doubt whether this can be paralleled by any body of emigrants the world over.—*From Bulletin No. 20, of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.*

Economizing for God

"We shan't get much here," whispered a lady to her companion, as John Murray blew out one of the two candles by whose light he had been writing when they asked him to contribute

to some benevolent object. He listened to their story and gave one hundred dollars. "Mr. Murray, I am agreeably surprised," said the lady quoted; "I did not expect to get a cent from you." The old Quaker asked the reason for her opinion; and, when told, said, "That, ladies, is the reason I am able to let you have the hundred dollars. It is by practicing economy that I save up money with which to do charitable actions. One candle is enough to talk by."—*From Architects of Fate, by Orison Swett Marden.*

Not a Voluntary Giver

Giving "grudgingly or of necessity," if it can be called giving, reminds one of Farmer Applegate's cow. "How much milk does that cow give?" asked the summer boarder. "Wal," replied Farmer Applegate, "ef you mean by voluntary contribooshun, she don't give none. But ef ye kin get her cornered so's she can't kick none to hurt, an ablebodied man kin take away about 'leven quarts a day from her.—*The Christian Herald.*

Inferior Gifts

Your lamb shall be without blemish (Exo. 12:5).

A tourist in Southern California tells of looking with much admiration at the wonderful flowers which grew about a fine residence. The lady of the house, seeing the visitors, came out and spoke to them very cordially, asking them questions about their home and their tour. Then taking a pair of scissors, she snipped off a fine handful of flowers, which she gave them. They noticed, however, that the flowers she cut were all past ripe, and when they turned away they gently shook the bouquet, and the petals nearly all fell to the ground. That is the kind of gifts too many give to Christ. But we dishonour Him when we bring Him our fading flowers.—*From Devotional Hours with the Bible, by J. R. Miller.*

Giving and Receiving

Freely ye have received, freely give (Matt 10:8).

So long as we live we must give. And that is one of the joys of living. Perhaps some of us have wished that the time might come when we need not "give" any more. Then we need to read this true little message in verse:

"'For giving is living, the angel said,
'Go feed to the hungry sweet charity's bread.'
'And must I keep giving again and again?'
My selfish and querulous answer ran.
''Oh, no!' said the angel, piercing me through,
'Just give 'till the Master stops giving to you.'"
—*From an editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

Reaping Her Gifts

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap (Gal. 6:7).

Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, sold her diamonds that she might build a home for incurables. On one of her visits to the home she met a wicked sick woman, to whom she talked about Christ. She told the matron on leaving that she hoped special attention would be given to that poor creature, for the princess was anxious that before she died she would become a Christian. One day she found the invalid with bright face because her heart was radiant with hope, and with tears in her eyes the princess said to her husband on returning to the palace, "I saw the glitter of my diamonds today in the tears of penitence."—*Quotation from a sermon by A. C. Dixon, D.D., from Onward.*

Generous Giving by Boys

As an illustration of what boys can do in the way of making life brighter for those less fortunate than themselves, "The Crumb of Bread," a well-named Paris charity, stands as evidence. The headquarters of this charity is a large, white kitchen, where portions of hot soup are served to the poor and needy at a certain time every day. One winter evening a number of years ago a dozen or more lads were gathered together for a meeting of their branch of the association named after St. Vincent De Paul. These boys were workers, most of them still apprentices, at various trades. They had little themselves, but they were willing to share of that little. The winter was very hard, they had been out of employment more or less, and had a difficult time getting along themselves. Still, they decided to help the poor as much as they could, and agreed to visit the various butchers and grocers in that section and ask them to contribute

ends of meat and vegetables from which they would make soup and give it to the hungry poor. Their plans were carried out, the lads themselves making the soup and serving it after work hours. Hundreds of hungry men, women, and children were served free of charge that winter by these generous boys. Today this charity is known as one of the most worthy in Paris, and one hundred and thirty persons can be served at the same time at the tables of the soup kitchen.—*The Boys' World.*

One Sign of a Live Church

Casting their gifts into the treasury (Luke 21:1).

The Bishop of Nelson (New Zealand), at a recent meeting, told of two men who met recently, and one asked the other for a subscription for his church. The reply was that the church was always wanting money. The other friend said, "When my lad was a boy, he was costly; he always wanted boots and shoes, stockings and clothes, and wore them out fast, and the older and stronger he grew the more money had to be spent on him, but he died, and does not now cost me a shilling." "Yes," said the Bishop, "a live church always wants money."—*The Christian Herald.*

Sold Herself to Give

A clergyman in West Africa, asked his hearers to bring, the next Sunday, what they could give to send the good news to those places where God's love was yet unknown. Next Sunday saw a motley collection of things available for turning into money. At last a little black girl walked up and offered—herself. The missionary smiled. "Not yet, dear child," he said; "some day, I hope, but at present you are too young to teach." "But massa not understand," said she; "I have sold myself to missus. She will give you the money." Does not this true story put us lukewarm Christians to shame."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Giving in Christ's Name

A cup of water to drink, because ye are Christ's (Mark 9:41).

It is said that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well, Andrew, 'Ill give five pounds, seeing it's *you.*" "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can't take anything for this cause seeing it's *me,*" and handed the money back. The man felt reproved, but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right; here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus Christ."—*From Biblical Illustrator.*

Conquering His Avarice

There is a story of a rich man, one of whose ships was delayed at sea. When one day had passed with no tidings, the man was anxious, and with each added day his anxiety increased. At length, however, he awoke to the fact that his money was having a tremendous hold upon him. He then ceased to worry about the ship, and became anxious for his own soul. He was determined to break the perilous mastery, and taking the value of his ship he gave it at once to a charitable object. We all need to deal thus rigorously with ourselves, whether we have only a little money or much.—*J. R. Miller.*

A Living Thief

Will a man rob God? (Mal. 3:18).

A minister was conversing with a man who professed conversion. "Have you united with a church?" he asked him. "No; the dying thief never united with the church and he went to heaven," was the answer. "Have you ever sat at the Lord's table of the Sacrament?" "No; the dying thief never did and he was accepted." "Have you given to missions?" "No; the dying thief did not, and he was not judged for it." "Well, my friend, the difference between you two seems to be that he was a dying thief and you are a living thief."—*Rev. C. H. Kilmer.*

Not a Tithe of a Tithe

In the midst of an age of plenty, even luxury and wealth, God is made a beggar. Though the wealth of Christians in the United States is estimated at $8,000,000,000, in the year 1910 they gave to the spreading of the gospel among those who have never heard of it only one-twelfth of a tithe of the savings. In other words, after all necessary expenses had been paid and luxuries provided, out of what they were ready to deposit in the bank they gave one one-hundred-and-twentieth part. Is it surprising that the cause suffers? What does God think of us?—*Missions.*

Victory Over Avarice

One of Mr. Moody's favourite stories is about a converted miser to whom a

neighbour in distress appealed for help. The miser decided to prove the genuineness of his conversion by giving him a ham. On his way to get it the tempter whispered, "Give him the smallest one you have." A mental struggle ensued, and finally the miser took down the largest ham he had. "You are a fool," the Devil said, and the farmer replied, "If you don't keep still I'll give him every ham in the smoke-house!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Giving Without Reward

Thy Father who seeth in secret, shall recompense thee (Matt. 6:4).

On a certain occasion, after a charity sermon at the United Presbyterian Church in Broughton Place, Edinburgh, one of the congregation, by accident, put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, and, starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back. But Jeems (the doorkeeper), who held the plate, said: "In once, in forever." "Aweel, aweel," grunted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit for the penny only."—*The Sunday School Chronicle, London.*

Forgetting the Poor

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall also cry, but shall not be heard (Prov. 21:13).

A lady, on getting into her carriage, remarked to the groom, "Jackson, it's a very cold day. Will you remind me when I get home to send some warm blankets to the poor people?" She arrived at her luxurious and warm rooms, took off her furs, and over a cup of tea made herself comfortable. Later, when Jackson reminded her of the promised blankets, her reply was "Ah, yes, I remember; but it's nice and warm now." The rich man in warmth and comfort had no feeling for poor Lazarus at the gate.—*Sir Joseph Lyons in The Daily News and Leader.*

Rebuked by a Skeptic

Two men, a Christian and a skeptic, were discussing the evidences of the Christian religion. The skeptic frankly and bluntly said: "We might as well drop this matter, for I don't believe a word you say; and, more than that, you yourself don't really believe it. For to my certain knowledge you have not given, the last twenty years, so much for the spread of Christianity, such as the building of churches, or for foreign and home missions, as your last Durham cow cost."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Cheating the Lord

United States Senator Vardeman, so the story goes, once rented a plot of several acres to one of his black neighbours. The land was to be planted in corn, and the senator, then ex-governor, was to receive one-fourth. The corn was duly harvested, but the senator did not receive his fourth. Meeting the Negro one day, he said: "Look here, Sam, have you harvested your corn?" "Yes, sah, boss, long ago." "Well, wasn't I to get a fourth?" "Yes, sah; boss, dat's de truf, but dar wasn't no fo'th. Dar wuz jes' three loads an' dey was mine." There are some white people who treat the Lord in the same fashion.—*The Baptist.*

Coppersmiths Doing Injury

The pastor had just read the words, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil." Closing the Bible, he continued in an earnest tone: "My brethren, a coppersmith is doing our church much evil." After the buzz of excited whispering had somewhat subsided, he remarked with a significant smile, "The evening offering will now be taken."

How to Stop Giving

"How can one get rid of so many appeals for money?" asked a lawyer. "That is easy enough," was the reply, "just stop giving altogether, and in a little while the public will find it out and will let you severely alone, as they do many others." "Yes," said the lawyer, "I suppose that is so, but what would be the effect upon me if I should stop giving?" "Why, your soul would grow small just in proportion as your bank account grew large."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Taking Riches to Heaven

Riches of their liberality (2 Cor. 8:2).

An English paper reports a recent epigram by the Rev. S. Chadwick, of Leeds. It is in reference to the common saying that when he dies a rich man must leave all his wealth behind him: "That is not true. When you die, you can take your money with you, —but you must first change it into the

currency of the country to which you are going."—*Zion's Herald.*

One of the Heathen

And the priests that kept the threshold put therein all the money that was brought into the house of Jehovah (2 Kings 12:9).

One Sunday, when the collection was for foreign missions, the collection-bag was taken to Mr. Dives, who shook his head and whispered, "I never give to missions." "Then take something out of the bag," the elder whispered in reply; "the money is for the heathen."—*The Presbyterian Record.*

An Insincere Critic

A certain good priest was once riding in a street car in New York, and in passing a very handsome and ornate church, a fellow passenger turned to him and said: "If these Christians would stop building fine churches and give the money to the poor, it would be much more to their credit." "I've heard a similar remark before," was the quiet rejoinder. "Indeed! and by whom, may I ask?" "Judas Iscariot!" was the crushing answer.—*The Classmate.*

Not Giving to Charity

"Here's a nickel for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me." "Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"—*The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Prospered by Giving

Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. 6:2).

They asked Captain Levy, of Philadelphia, how he was able to give so much and still have so much left. "Oh," said he, "as I shovel out He shovels in; and the Lord has a bigger shovel than I have."—*Sunday School Times.*

Sending Riches to Heaven

Two friends were in conversation. One told the other of a "good man who had died and left $30,000." "What a pity," said the other, "that he left it *behind* when he might have sent it *ahead.* He is not likely now to ever hear of it again."—*From the Call to Prayer Bulletin.*

Love Not Afraid of Giving

A poor widow contributed to the Dorpatian Branch of the Russian Bible Society a rouble, and to the question whether that sum was not rather too much for one in her circumstances, she answered, "Love is not afraid of giving too much."—*From "A Tale Worth Telling—The Believers' Pathway."*

Some of His Money Safe

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (Luke 12:15).

Three men were talking together after the Chicago fire. One of them said, "Thank God, there was some of my money placed where it could not burn." As he turned away, one of the others said to his companion, "That man gave away last year nearly a million dollars, and if I had not been a fool I should have done the same."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Giving to Missions

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations (Matt. 28:19).

I have a friend, an enthusiast for foreign missions, as every Christian should be. He went to a tremendously wealthy man and asked him for a contribution for a certain missionary society. He said, "Why not evangelize the heathen at home?" My friend said, "All right, here is a tract."—*W. Graham Scroggie, in Good News.*

A Shilling Heart

The deceitfulness of riches (Matt. 13:22).

"Ah!" said a woman who had been wont to do much for Christ in poverty, and who had had a great sum left her, "I cannot do as much as I used to do." "But how is that?" said one. Said she, "When I had a shilling purse I had a guinea heart, but now I have a guinea purse and I have only a shilling heart."—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

What Money Can Do

They gave money also (Ezra 3:7).

A writer has thus illustrated the possibilities of money: "A ten-cent piece will buy a cigar, or preach the gospel a whole day through native lips. A dollar will furnish an evening's amusement, or keep a boy in a mission school for twelve months."—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

Not Interested

Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver (2 Cor. 9:7).

After one of my services where I had made a plea for the work, a woman came to me and said, "Mr. Granger, if I had five hundred dollars in my pocket now, you could have it." I wasn't so interested in how I was going to get what she *didn't* have in her pocket, as I was in how I was going to get what she *did* have.—*Rev. W. A. Granger.*

A Blind Woman's Gift

A poor blind woman in Paris once put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she exclaimed. On being pressed to explain, she said, "I am blind and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?' They replied, "About twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I could save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to shed light to the dark heathen lands."—*The Wesleyan.*

A Poor Lad's Gift

"In one of our Sunshine meetings," writes a missionary, "we told the children about the Halifax sufferers. A few days later a boy, scantily clad and without shoes, came to us requesting that we accept a dime that he had earned by carrying wood. 'Send it,' he said, 'to them hungry children.'"—*Missions.*

The Calf That Died

There is an old story of a man who had two calves, and promised that one should be the Lord's. All went well for a time, and his gift promised to be a good one. However, one day he found one of the calves dead. At first he was distressed, but soon he announced to his wife, "Sarah, the Lord's calf is dead." Is it not often so? Yet Abraham withheld not his only son.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Tithing Church at the Equator

Right over the equator there is a little Protestant church of two hundred members just dug out of heathenism during the last ten years. Every member of the two hundred is a tither. Their money is in the form of a bent copper wire resembling a large hairpin. This money comes in bunches of ten, and out of every bunch the native Christian takes one and brings it into the treasury of the Lord. If he goes fishing and has a good catch, before he reaches home he takes one out of every ten fish to the village market and sells it to swell his love-offering to Christ. Not only one penny in ten and one fish in ten does he pay, but one member in ten is given to the Christianizing of neighbouring tribes.—*The Missionary Outlook.*

Giving Silver and Gold

Will a man rob God? yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings (Mal. 3:8).

"Let us conclude our meeting by uniting in singing Hymn 102, omitting the fourth stanza," announced the presiding officer, with an effort not to appear hurried. Number 102 was a favorite hymn, and the society sang heartily:

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

"Madam President," said a voice when the third verse had been sung, "I am opposed to omitting that fourth stanza." People looked in amazement, for Miss Sparkman had never opposed anything in the society before. Almost unconsciously the women opened the hymn-books they had just closed, to see the fourth stanza. Miss Sparkman read aloud the words of the omitted verse:

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

"I'm opposed to omitting the fourth stanza," said the little lady. "If it were just in our singing it wouldn't be so bad, but we are omitting it in the life of our society. The amount of money that has come into our treasury this year is shamefully small. The appeals from our mission fields are read and we listen to them and say placidly, 'How interesting!' but we 'omit the fourth stanza.'"—*Mrs. E. C. Cronk, in The Missionary Review of the World.*

Giving Creates Interest

One day a boy said to his mother: "I am going down to the church to-

night to hear the missionary from Africa, for when he was here before I gave him five cents, and I want to know what he has done with it." We should give intelligently, and follow up our gifts with our interest.—*From Five Missionary Minutes, by George H. Trull.*

A Collection Not An Offering

A certain small boy had a dog which he named Fido. The boy was very fond of Fido. One day at dinner the boy's father noticed that he took the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placed it on another plate. Upon inquiry, the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. "My son," said father, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps that are left." The boy protested, but his father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection." Love for the Master should be great enough to prompt an offering at each attempted service.—*The Albany Journal.*

Giving Our Best

"What can I spare?" we say:
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array,
I am not like to miss:
And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf,"—
And yet one reads, our Father gave his Son,
Our Master gave himself.

—*From Frederick Langsbridge.*

Not Storehouses, But Ships

Freely ye received, freely give (Matt. 10:8).

At a sailors' meeting a seaman prayed, "Lord, make us ships with two hatchways; one to take in cargo, and the other to give it out." Paul knew its answer, "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." We are not storehouses, we are ships, intended to trade with the heavenly country and bring supplies for a needy world. Always loading ends in overloading; if we unload, we shall soon be reloaded.—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Two Shovels

They asked Captain Levy, of Philadelphia, out Chestnut street, how he was able to give so much, and still have so much left. "Oh," said he, "as I shovel out, He shovels in; and the Lord has a bigger shovel than I have."—*From Dr. Weddell, in The Sunday School Times.*

GOD

Jehovah

Jehovah-Jireh "will provide,"
From His unbounded store,
A ransom for the sinner's guilt,
And all that he needs more.
(Gen. 22:13, 14; Phil. 4:19.)

Jehovah-rapha,—He that heals
And cleanses sin's dark stain,
With all the maladies of life
That follow in its train.
(Exod. 15:26; 1 Peter 2:24.)

Jehovah-nissi,—Victory!
Not only over sin,
But e'en in death and at the grave,
Our victory He'll win.
(Exod. 17:8-15; 1 Cor. 15:55-57.)

Jehovah-ra-ah,—Shepherd true,
Who guides with staff and rod,
In pastures green, by waters still,
The sheep, led home to God.
(Psa. 23; John 10:1-16.)

Jehovah-shalom is our peace;
No longer rebels we,
But reconciled to God by Him
Who hung on Calvary's tree.
(Judges 6:23, 24; Eph. 2:14-18.)

And then Jehovah-tsidkenu,—
Our righteousness is He,
Providing robes to meet the King,
Soon Israel's to be.
(Jer. 23:6; Rom. 4:4, 5, 11.)

Jehovah-shammah,—"God is there!"
A ransomed world will sing,
While traveling to Jerusalem
To greet Jehovah's King!
(Ezek. 48:35; Rev. 21:3.)

Jehovah is the sinner's Friend,
Oh, wondrous Friend is He,
Sent with a love that knows no end
Through all eternity!

—*By Ella E. Pohle.*

God Revealed in Nature

In one of his poems Lowell tells the story of an ancient prophet who made

a pilgrimage far into the wilderness until he reached the holy hill, Mount Sinai. He had lost the sense of God's presence, and had set out for the sacred mountain, confident that there, if anywhere, he should find it again. And so he stood on the hillside and prayed to God to give him a sign. He bowed his head and waited for the answer to his prayer. He expected something wonderful, perhaps a loud peal of thunder. He heard nothing; not even a breath of wind stirred the air. But suddenly, while his eyes were cast on the ground at his feet, the tuft of moss before him burst open, and a little violet sprang through. In a moment it flashed upon him how blind he had been. He remembered that just before he left home his little daughter had come running to him to give him a nosegay of precisely the same flowers. They grew at his own door, and he had no need to come so far for them.—*The Expository Times.*

The Riches of God

In one of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's meetings, a man rose to give the following remarkable testimony. "I got off at the Pennsylvania depot one day as a tramp, and for a year I begged on the streets for a living. One day I touched a man on the shoulder and said, 'Mister, please give me a dime.' As soon as I saw his face I recognized my old father. 'Father, don't you know me?' I asked. Throwing his arms around me he cried, 'I have found you, I have found you, all I have is yours.' Men, think of it, that I, a tramp, stood begging my father for ten cents, when for eighteen years he had been looking for me, to give me all he was worth."—*Abbreviated from "The King's Business."*

Knew There Was a God

A missionary in Honan, China, writes to the *Record of Christian Work:* "One day while I was talking to the people about 'Our Father which art in heaven,' an old lady came in and sat down, listening attentively. After the others were gone she said: 'The God you have been speaking of is the one I have worshiped all my life. I am now sixty-seven years old. At twenty my mother's eyesight began to fail, so I prayed: "O God, if you will really make my mother's eyes well, I will offer a sacrifice of my own flesh." She got well and I kept my promise and cut a piece of flesh off my arm and offered it up.' The dear old lady showed me a great scar on her left arm where she had offered a sacrifice to 'Our Father.' 'Now,' she said, 'I want you to teach me this prayer [the Lord's Prayer] that I may use it daily.' I felt I could say as Paul at Athens: 'Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Fatherhood of God

A Roman Emperor was passing through the streets of Rome in a triumphal procession, surrounded by attendants and soldiers. A child came out of the crowd and ran toward him. The soldiers cried, "Go back, child! go back! he is your Emperor!" But the child replied, "He is *your* Emperor, but he is *my* Father!" In the kingdom of God, Christ is not only our Prince of Peace, but also our Everlasting Father.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Goodness of God

A writer tells of a friend who literally kept a daily book account with the Lord. On one side he put down all he did for God; on the other side he put down what the Lord did for him. If a friend helped or cheered him, he put that down. If he was sick and then was restored, he put it down. All favours and mercies he recorded. After a few weeks of this bookkeeping he gave it up. "It's no use," he said, "I can never get a balance. I am always hopelessly in debt." That is the story of every life—the divine goodness overflows. — *From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

God a Sun

Our Lord suffered, and so must we. I heard Bishop Fitzgerald say that after he had scaled a lofty mountain and stood there in the radiance of the morning sun he drank in the beauty of the scene, then turned his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "Thank God, the Sun of Righteousness shines forever! It is worth the struggle to get into His light." So climbing up through conviction, repentance, and faith, the soul comes out into the full light of the new life,

"Where the air is pure, eternal,
And the golden sunlight gleams."

—*W. D. Neale, in Nashville Christian Advocate.*

God Like the Sun

The Thracian emblem of God was a sun with three beams; one shining upon a sea of ice and thawing it; another upon a rock and melting it; and a third upon a dead man and putting life into him. So God shines upon His people even in their forgetfulness of him, and brings to an end their coldness, and hardness, and deadness.—*From The London Sunday School Times.*

God Revealed in the Flowers

One business man criticized another for wearing a flower in his buttonhole, as not being businesslike. The other replied: "My business in the world is to glorify God, and I can do it by appreciating the beauty He has put into a flower. I buy a flower and wear it. You buy a weed and smoke it. Which is the more businesslike?"—*The Record of Christian Work.*

God Everywhere

"Mother, how many gods are there?" asked a little boy one day. A younger brother who heard him said, "Why, one, to be sure." "But how do you know that?" said the one who asked the question. "Because," said his little brother, "God fills every place, so there is no room for any other."—*From "The King's Highway," by Dr. R. Newton.*

God Is Light

Things brand new in the world of science are often age old in the realm of faith. "Even the blase members of the American Philosophical Society sat up and took notice last night," said the *Philadelphia Record* of April 24, "when they were treated to something brand new in the world of science." The article went on to say that the gathering gazed at an "invisible light," the inventor of which is Robert Williams Wood, professor of experimental physics at Johns Hopkins University. "The light is filtered through a special violet lens and can be projected with absolute accuracy a distance of six miles. Only the person at the receiving end can see the light, and he must be equipped with a sheet of paper or cloth which is phosphorescently treated. When the light hits the paper or cloth it shows green." This light was successfully used for signaling purposes on the battlefront in France, where it was invented. Now the Bible tells us "God is light" (1 John 1:5), a light invisible to the thoughtless, self-centered world. When "the light of the world" came into the world (John 8:12), "Men loved the darkness rather than the light; because their works were evil" (John 3:19). Faith is that substance in the divine, supernatural alchemy that makes it possible to see the Invisible Light. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). Moses saw our Invisible Light, and "endured, as seeing him who is invisible" (Heb. 11:27). Those aviators and patrols on the firing line not only held out because of the cheering signals from the invisible light, but they did exploits. And only those that see our Invisible Light can do anything for God. "He that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, that they have been wrought in God" (John 3:21).—*The Sunday School Times.*

God Reigns

When Lincoln had been assassinated, and word of the tragedy came to New York, "the people were in a state of mind which urges violence." A man appeared on the balcony of one of the newspaper offices waving a small flag, and a clear voice rang through the air: "Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Fellow citizens, God reigns!" It was the voice of General Garfield. That voice proclaimed the divine sovereignty, even when the heavens were black with the menace of destruction. Lincoln had been assassinated, but God lived! Human confusion does not annihilate his throne. God liveth! "The firm foundation standeth sure."—*From J. H. Jowett, D.D., in The Christian Herald.*

God Revealed in His Handiwork

The God who made the world and all things therein (Acts 17:24).

I have a little sheet of paper in my house on which there is a faint representation of a hyacinth. I have many other pictures far more beautiful, but I regard it as the most exquisite of them all. My mother painted it. I never see it but I think that her hand rested on it. Suppose you had such a conception of God that you never saw a flower, or a tree, that you did not think, "My Father made it." What a

beautiful world this would seem to you!—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

God's Image in Nature

The whole earth is full of his glory (Isa. 6 : 3).

A man interested in Japan showed a friend of his a Japanese metal mirror. The friend looked at his own face in it, then remarked on the skilled workmanship, the engraved back, and the metal polished with such clearness. "But," said the owner, "that mirror was not made to see one's face in. Take it to the window, let the sun shine upon it, and note the reflection on the wall." His friend did so, and saw, clearly outlined on the wall, the face of Gautama Buddha, who is worshiped by many Japanese. The skilled workman had hammered in the face of his god so deftly that it could be detected only in the reflected sunlight. God is so hammered into His universe, into its material nature and into the moral history of mankind, that if we hold it in the sunlight of His wisdom and love we can see His face in it all. —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

GOD'S LOVE AND CARE

The Greatest Text

God—The greatest lover.
so loved—The greatest degree.
the world,—The greatest company.
that he gave—The greatest act.
his only begotten Son,—The greatest gift.
that whosoever—The greatest opportunity.
believeth—The greatest simplicity.
in him—The greatest attraction.
should not perish,—The greatest promise.
but—The greatest difference.
have—The greatest certainty.
eternal life—The greatest possession.
—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Ocean of God's Love

There is a story of a poor woman from the slums of London, who took her first trip to the seashore, and looked for the first time on the ocean. Tears were streaming down her face. And one standing by asked her why she was crying. "Oh, it is so wonderful!" she replied, "to see something that there is *enough* of." So we may stand today on the shore of the ocean of divine love, and as we look upon it in all its grandeur we also may shed tears, but of rejoicing, that at last we have found something there is *enough* of.—*Forward.*

Precious in God's Sight

There are books upon my shelves that I can never handle without a certain reverence and care, and I am gentle because they are of value to me. And the singular thing is that these precious volumes are not always the volumes that are most finely bound. Some of them are little tattered creatures that a respectable servant longs to light the fire with. . . . So I take it God is gentle, because you and I are precious in His sight. He is infinitely patient with the worst of us because He values the worst of us so dearly.—*From a sermon on "The Gentleness of God," by G. H. Morrison.*

Two Kinds of Love

Mark Guy Pearse tells how one of his children said to the youngest, "You must be good or father won't love you." He called the child to him and said, gravely and tenderly, "It is not true, my boy." "But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?" asked the child. "Yes, I shall love you always; when you are good I shall love you with a love that makes me glad; and when you are not good I shall love you with a love that hurts me." Thus, nay more, our heavenly Father loves His children.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Realizing God's Love

A blind girl whose eyes had been opened by a surgical operation, says *The Christian Herald,* delighted in her sight of her father, who had a noble appearance and presence. His every look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed, or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears of gladness to her eyes. "To think," she said, holding his hand closely in her own, "that I have had this father for these many, many years, and never knew him!" When we awake in the next life to the glories of the divine Presence, we may in a similar way voice our wonder that we had for many years of earth-life a heavenly Father, yet never quite knew how great, how loving, and how ready to bless He actually is!—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Presence of God

Not long ago I came across a hunter, and we began the process that you call "swapping yarns." He had been in Africa and, of course, he trotted out a lion. I trotted out twelve I had tackled. He trotted out a snake, and I trotted out a few more. He trotted out his elephant story, and I trotted out a few of mine. Most men have a little phrase, a little characteristic trick, that gives the game away. His little phrase was "presence of mind," and my little phrase was the "presence of God." Let me put it fair and square: You are jaded and tired and done out, and you dump down on some grass. And just as you dump down out shoots a big snake or a leopard. Now, you could not possibly have searched for that snake. No amount of mere mediocre "presence of mind" could have averted that contingency, but—blessed be His name!—there is such a thing as the "presence of God."—*From Dan Crawford in The Record of Christian Work.*

God Not Always Pruning

"People talk as if the blessed Master only got fruit out of us with a prunin' knife,—always standin' over us, an' a-cuttin' here, an' a-loppin' there. Why, bless His name, sunshine and showers, and the gentle south winds, have a deal more to do with a bunch of grapes than prunin' knives have. We do want a bit o' prunin' now and then, I dare say, but don't 'e go a-thinkin' about the dear Lord as only standin' over us for that. A-standin' there with all His kindness and care—why, He is trainin' the branches, and is watchin' over us, and wardin' off blights, and keepin' off enemies,—slugs and snails, and such like, that do harbour in a man's soul; and His gentleness and lovin' care have a deal more to do with the fruit than the knife has."—*From Mark Guy Pearse, in "Daniel Quorm."*

God Carrying Us

A well-known English evangelist, when engaged in a work that seemed to call for more than usual exercise of faith, received what seemed like a most tender answer from God. His little daughter, who was a paralytic, was sitting in her chair as he entered the house with a package in his hand for his wife. Going up to her and kissing her, he asked: "Where is mother?" "Mother is upstairs." "Well, I have a package for her." "Let me carry the package to mother." "Why, Minnie dear, how can you carry the package? You cannot carry yourself." "Oh, no, papa; but you give me the package, and I will carry the package and you will carry me." Taking her up in his arms, he carried her upstairs, —little Minnie and the package, too. And then it came to him that this was just his position in the work in which he was engaged. He was carrying his burden, but was not God carrying him? —*The Epworth Herald.*

Reminded Her of God's Love

A city missionary visited a poor old woman in a city attic, whose scanty pittance of 2*s.* 6*d.* per week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence. He observed in a broken teapot that stood on the window a strawberry plant growing. He remarked from time to time how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended. "Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries on it." "Oh, sir, it is not for the sake of fruit I prize it, but I am too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to have that plant living, for I know it can only live by the power of God, and as I see it live and grow day by day it tells me God is near." In like manner the rainbow reminds us of God's faithfulness.—*The Thinker.*

God's Protecting Care

Some years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British subject prisoner. They carried him to the fortress of Magdala, and in the heights of the mountains put him in a dungeon, without cause assigned. Britain demanded his instantaneous release. King Theodore refused, and in less than ten days ten thousand British soldiers were on shipboard and sailing down the coast. They marched seven hundred miles beneath the burning sun up the mountains to the very dungeon where the prisoner was held, and there they gave battle. The gates were torn down, presently the prisoner was lifted upon their shoulders, carried down the mountain, and placed upon the white-winged ship which sped him in safety to his home. It cost the English government $25,000,000 to release that man. I belong to a better kingdom than that, and do you suppose that earthly powers will protect their subjects and God will leave me without help?—*From "The Power of a Sur-*

rendered Life," by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

A Wonder God Loves Us

A minister sat in the vestry of his church on a certain day to meet any one who might have spiritual difficulties. Only one came. "What is your difficulty?" asked the minister. The man answered, "My difficulty is the ninth chapter of Romans, where it says, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.'" "Yes," said the minister, "there is great difficulty in that verse; but which part of the verse forms your difficulty?" "The latter part, of course," said the man. "I cannot understand why God should hate Esau." The minister replied: "The verse has often been a difficulty to me, but my difficulty has always been the first part of the verse; I never could understand how God could love that wily, deceitful, supplanting scoundrel, Jacob." When we know our own hearts, the more we are inclined to say, "Oh, what a wonder that God loves me!"—*From "Pure Religion," by the Rev. W. G. Mackenzie.*

God's Love for Us

Helen Keller's mother used to lean over little Helen's cradle, where Helen was all entombed in her little body that weighed fifty pounds, and her ears were deaf, saying: "Oh, Helen, Helen, how I love you! Oh, Helen, what your father and I would do for you! We would work our fingers to the very bone if you could only understand." The mother sobbed her love over little Helen, the dumb and blind girl, and there were not many things in the world so heartbreaking as that mother, as she held this little girl to her bosom. And yet, all the time Helen Keller was saying to herself: "Oh, if mother would only speak to me! Oh, why are mothers giving only the whisperings of their love?" Ever little Helen would say: "I wonder if I have a father and mother, and, if I have, why clouds and darkness are round about them." When she was seven years of age she began to think that fathers and mothers were only seen through a glass, darkly; and yet her father and mother were breaking their hearts trying to reveal themselves to Helen. Oh, piteous symbol of the heartbroken God leaning over the battlements of His heaven, speaking to us through all the summer, unrolling His will through all the procession of the seasons, giving to us His music in all the solemnity of sweet sounds.—*Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., in The Northern Christian Advocate.*

Greatness of God's Love

Standing on the top of the Chevoit Hills, his little son's hands closed in his, a father taught the message of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over hill and dale, and then, sweeping his hand around the whole circling horizon, he said, "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!" "Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the middle of it!"—*From Thoughts for the King's Children.*

God's Mother-Love

My baby cannot talk; she can only cry and hold out her arms. She cannot tell me what she wants, and often she does not know. It is no small part of her mother's business to find out what she wants and get it for her, if it will not hurt her. Now I do not believe that any one, not even a mother, is kinder than God, who made mothers. I believe that God does not wait for us to ask Him for what we want, since we have not the words; nor even to know what we want, since often all we know is that we are not satisfied, or happy. I believe that God is always thinking, patiently thinking, brooding, over our possible desires, that He may discover them, and fulfil them.—*From Amos R. Wells' "Two-Minute Talks."*

God's Daily Surprises

One cold morning in February we stood looking out upon a world encased in an icy armour which sparkled with unrivaled beauty in the sunshine. "Beautiful!" said one. "Yes, it *is* very beautiful, but it will all be gone before noon." The little restless maiden, quiet for once as she gazed upon the glory, looked up and brightly said: "Never mind. There'll be something else beautiful tomorrow." The Lord who hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad, is doing, and will continue to do, great things for us, whereof we shall be glad. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and for ever."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

God's Love for the Helpless

When a London preacher recently said, "People tell us that God helps those who help themselves, but we believe God helps those who can't help themselves," a workingman responded, "Ah, that's it! that's it!"—*The British Weekly.*

The Heart-Callings of God

From the land of Ambrym we hear of a beautiful word, the native word for love. Literally translated, it means: "The heart keeps calling, calling for me"; and "love of God" in the native Ambrym language is "the heart-callings of God."—*From The Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.*

God's Love and Our Trials

Our comforts vie with the number of our sorrows, and win the game. The mercies of God passed over in a gross sum breed no admiration; but cast up the particulars, and then arithmetic is too dull an art to number them. As many dusts as a man's hands can hold, is but his handful of so many dusts; but tell them one by one, and they exceed all numeration. It was but a crown which King Solomon wore; but weigh the gold, tell the precious stones, value the richness of them, and what was it then?—*Adams, 1653.*

The King's Love

Gipsy Smith, in his autobiography, tells the following: One day I went to the king's palace and saw the splendid furniture and the beautiful rooms. As we stood in the corridor, the king himself passed down and graciously nodded to us. On another occasion we went to see the king reviewing his troops. Amid all the military show one incident touched me most. A little sweep came running past the spot where the king was on his horse. His face was black and his feet were bare, but as he passed the monarch of Sweden, he raised his dirty hand and saluted his sovereign. The king smiled upon the little fellow and returned the salute. Immediately after a dashing officer came galloping up on a fine horse. His uniform shone like gold, and his sword rattled as he careered bravely along. He also saluted his king. The king saluted back with the dignity of a sovereign, but I thought I missed the kindly gleam of the eye with which he had greeted the waving of the little sweep's dirty hand, and I said to myself: "The king loves the little sweep as much as the fine officer, and I love him for it." And so it is with the King of kings, whose smile of love and encouragement is for all, even the lowliest and ever for the needy.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Appealing to God's Strength

A certain man was very fond of the chase, and lived in a country where the woods abounded with wild deer. One morning, as he was walking across his field, he heard the sound of hounds in the distance, and as they approached, looking through the cracks of a high fence, he saw a little fawn, very wearied, its tongue hanging out, and its sides lathered with foam. The little thing had just strength enough to leap over the fence, and stood there for a moment, with its great liquid eyes gazing about in a frightened manner. When it saw a hound leap over the fence not far away, its first impulse seemed to cause it to run again, but instead of running away, it came and fell down in a heap at the feet of the young man. He said: "I stood there and fought the dogs for nearly half an hour. I just felt that all the dogs in that county could not capture the little fawn, after its weakness had appealed to my strength." So the Christian's weakness appeals to the strength of God. If you had gone to that Southern farm ten or twelve months afterward, you would have found a beautiful deer playing with the children on the lawn; for the young man, after he had beaten off the hounds, took the fawn on his shoulder and carried it home, to make it a pet in the family. Yes, and our Shepherd taketh the sheep on His shoulder, limp weakness resting without holding on, or even able to hold out, upon the shoulders of omnipotent love. And He brings us into His own household.—*Rev. A. C. Dixon in Christian Herald.*

No Lean Sheep in God's Pasture

I will feed them with good pasture; and upon the mountains of the height of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie down in a good fold; and on fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel (Ezek. 34:14).

There are a good many lean sheep in God's fold, but none in His pasture. —*From Notes From My Bible, by D. L. Moody.*

Obed-Edom's Blessings

Jehovah hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God (2 Sam. 6:12).

"The house of Obed-edom,
Where safe the ark abode,
What time were wars and fightings
On every mountain road,
What time was pitched the battle
In every valley fair,
The house of Obed-edom
Had peace beyond compare.

"With famine on the border
And fury in the camp,
With the starving children huddled
In the black tent's shivering damp,
With the mothers crying sadly
And every moan a prayer—
In the house of Obed-edom
Was neither want nor care.

"The fields of Obed-edom.
No foeman trod them down;
The towers of Obed-edom
Were like a fortressed town;
And only grace and gladness
Came speeding on the road
To the house of Obed-edom,
Wherein the ark abode.

"The line of Obed-edom
Is on the earth today;
In the house of Obed-edom
Still he may safely stay
Who, dearer than all treasure,
For which men toil and plod,
Shall prize the covenant-blessing,
The hallowed ark of God."

—*The British Weekly.*

God Had Not Forgotten Her

The late Dr. Cranage showed me a house at Wellington, Shropshire, where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman who lived there. She was sick, and poor to the last point of destitution. One day word came to her that the woman who had waited on and cared for her had died. The poor invalid lay helpless upon her couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dreams, she said, the angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air, and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and in another direction there were mountains of butter, and in another direction there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The angel said to her, "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think he will let you, His child, hunger and die?" Dr. Cranage told me that by some divine impulse he went to that destitute home, saw the suffering there, and cared for her all the way through.—*Dr. Talmage, in The Christian Herald.*

A Shepherd to His Sheep

I myself will be the shepherd of my sheep (Ezek. 34:11).

Among so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes,—a myriad ways,—
And God's eye over every place?

I asked. My soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

God Always Keeping Watch

The story is told of a poor woman who applied to the Sultan of Turkey and asked compensation for the loss of her property. "How did you lose it?" he inquired. "I fell asleep and robbers came and stole it." "But why did you fall asleep?" he queried. "I fell asleep because I believed that you were awake," was the astonishing reply. The Sultan was pleased with her trust, it is said, and restored her goods. Human governments are supposed never to slumber. They are supposed to be alert to protect their subjects. But they fail. God's government never fails. He never slumbers. He is always "keeping watch above His own."—*The Christian Herald.*

It Was a Fact

That would be his sufficiency for the service to which he was called. Did you ever hear that story about the young Scottish probationer who was visiting an old lady who knew her Bible pretty well? I suppose he thought it was his duty to leave a text with her; so he said, before he left the room, "What a lovely promise that is, 'Lo, I am with you alway'!" She replied, "Hoot, mon, it's not a promise; it's just a fact!" It is not merely a promise, it is just the declaration of a glorious fact. It is the "I Am," whose presence is such an inspiring certainty.—*Dr. Harry Guinness.*

Could Manage with Help

God never gives a command without giving with it the power to obey. A

Scotch lord gave his old servant, Donald, a little farm. He said, "Donald, I am going to give you that farm that you may work it for yourself, and spend the rest of your days on your own property." Donald replied, "It is nae gude to gie me the farm; I have nae capital to stock it." His lordship looked at him, and said, "I think I can manage to stock it also." "Oh, well," said Donald, "*If it's you and me for it, I think we will manage!*"—*From The True Estimate of Life, by G. Campbell Morgan.*

Not Alone

"The day is long, and the day is hard.
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

"And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company:
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows which else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm."

—*From "The Golden Gate of Prayer," by J. R. Miller.*

God Knows Every Pulse-Beat

All the delicacy of scientific experiment is mere barbarism compared with the criticism of God. It is reported that an American physician, Dr. Upham, of Salem, Mass., demonstrated to an audience the variations of the pulse in certain diseases by causing the lecture-room to be placed in telegraphic communication with the City Hospital at Boston, fifteen miles distant; and then, by means of a special apparatus and a vibrating ray of magnesium light, the pulse beats were exhibited upon the wall. There is not a throb of our heart but it makes its sign on the great white throne.—*From Dr. W. L. Watkinson in Mistaken Signs.*

The Silent Dogs

Against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue (Exo. 11:7).

At Jerusalem at night an unfailing chorus is supplied by the street dogs. Each group in its own bit of a street becomes vociferous as a passer-by approaches, and it is always possible to tell the direction of any wayfarer from the accompaniment of the barks. But when the Israelites marched out of Egypt, the dogs gave no signal.—*The Sunday at Home.*

God's Care Pledged to Us

When Queen Elizabeth was sending an ambassador far away on important and difficult business, he asked: "But what will become of my own business and my family?" To which the queen replied: "You take care of my business, and I will take care of yours." If we are doing God's work, He will take care of our interests. He is pledged to do it.—*The Classmate.*

Protected by a Spider's Web

God can protect his followers by small things as well as great ones. When Felix of Uola and his followers were fleeing from their pursuers they took refuge in a cave. Just after they entered a spider spun his web across the opening. The pursuers coming along glanced towards the cave, but noticing the spider's web across the opening decided that no one had entered there, so marched on. After they had passed out of sight, Felix and his men came out. When he saw the spider's web he said, "With God a spider's web is as an army. Without God an army is but as a spider's web."—*From the Christian Endeavour World.*

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE

God's Knowledge Transcends Ours

In our day the science of photographing moving objects has become very wonderful. By a kind of microscopic cinematography even blood corpuscles are being pictured. Twelve distinct photographs have been taken of a bullet in its passage through a bubble. The splashing of a drop is recorded. And they succeed in taking two thousand photographs in a second. If then, through the crude inventions of men these swift and subtle movements of matter are discovered and fixed, there is certainly little difficulty in believing that God has subtle processes of His own by which all the movements of our intellectual and moral life are infallibly recorded.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Cannot Hide from God

A teacher once held up a vase of water, in which a gold fish was swim-

ming about, and said to the children before him: "See this fish hide. Do you see him now?" "Yes, sir," the children shouted. And as the fish moved in all directions, the question, "Do you see him now?" was repeated, to call forth the same eager reply, "Yes, sir." "Can't he hide from you?" asked the teacher. "No, sir," was the reply. "Why?" "Because we see through the glass." "So," said the teacher, "God sees right through our hearts. We can't hide from Him." —*The North Carolina Christian Advocate.*

God Counts

A plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played upon the hearth-rug before the fire. "Oh, I want one of these cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe toward the table. "No, no," said his sister, pulling him back; "no, no; you must not touch." "Mother won't know it; she did not count them!" he cried, shaking her off and stretching out his hand. "If *she* didn't perhaps *God* counted," answered the other. The little boy's hand was stayed. Be sure that God counts.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Wonderful X-Rays

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart (1 Sam. 16:7).

Through the utilization of the X-ray the necessity of opening every oyster in the gathering of pearls has ceased to exist at a pearl fishery in the Ceylon Islands. The oysters are arranged in batches of a hundred on a moving platform or carrier, and are passed in succession under the rays and above a special paper devised for direct radiography. Unless the subsequent development of the prepared paper betrays the presence of a pearl, the oyster is not opened. If the pearls discovered are small, the oysters containing them are replaced in their natural homes, and from time to time are re-examined until the pearls are large enough for commercial purposes.—*From Popular Mechanics.*

GOD'S POWER

The Strange Story of a Masterpiece

Many centuries ago a number of workmen might have been seen dragging a great marble block into the city of Florence in Italy. It had come from the famous marble quarries of Carrara, and was intended to be made into a statue of a great prophet. But it contained some flaws, and when Donatello, the celebrated Italian sculptor, saw it, he refused to accept it. So there it lay in the cathedral yard, a useless block.

One day the great artist, Michael Angelo, caught sight of the block. There rose up before his vision a thing of beauty, and in his mind he resolved a great resolve:

He would make a great statue of it.

It was a noble resolve, and worthy of the man. So, nothing daunted, he began the work. On the 11th day of September, 1500, early in the morning, Michael Angelo began his work. There, day after day, week after week, he chiseled patiently away. He allowed no other hand to touch it. Months passed, and still the work was unfinished. Not that he was idle, for he worked so hard at times that he slept with his working clothes on. And one day he said to a friend who thought that he was only spending days and weeks of his time upon what seemed to be trifles, "It is these trifles that make perfection."

Two more years passed away, and at last the statue was finished. On the 25th day of January, 1504, some of the first artists of the day assembled together to see what Michael Angelo had made of the despised and rejected block. They were a famous company.

There was the architect Monciatto, and the great master Cosimo Roselli, and the renowned artist Botticelli, and San Gallo, the famous architect and engineer, and Leonardo da Vinci, the first painter then in Italy (you may, perhaps, have seen a photo or a print of his great fresco-painting, "The Last Supper," in the Santa Maria della Grazie in Milan), and there were also Filippino Lippi, and Pietro Perugino, the teacher of Raphael.

The marvelous work was unveiled, and it stood for the first time challenging the admiration of one of the most famous assemblages of artists and architects that the world has ever seen.

They all united in its praise, and their judgment was unanimous. It was a masterpiece. And as a masterpiece it deserved no common place. It must not be hidden. It must stand in the public square. It must be a tribute to the glory and fame of their renowned city. So it was decided.

The statue weighed eighteen thousand pounds, and great was the care

and skill with which it had to be removed. They slowly swung it in ropes suspended from fourteen oiled beams, and, drawn by pulleys worked by forty men, it was brought through the door in the wall which had been broken open to allow its exit from the workshop of the great master into the open air. For three days and three nights it was watched by chosen guards as if it were a sacred thing. On the 18th day of May, at dawn, it arrived in the great square of the city of Florence.

There, for centuries, it stood, though now it is placed within walls. And today, if you go to the Academia della Belle Arti, in the circular hall constructed at the end of the long entrance corridor, you will see the very statue that was once a valueless block. It is the far-famed "David" of Michael Angelo. It represents the Shepherd King, the sweet singer of Israel, in the strength of his ruddy youth. The eyes are full of sweet perceptiveness, the right arm poised so as to hold the sling, the body agile and strong; a sculptured poem of strength. In one word, it is a masterpiece of art.

But Michael Angelo's "David" is more than that. It is an everlasting lesson to this world's workers. It tells what a master can make of a useless block. It is a vision of hope. It is an inspiration of cheer for man and boy. It stands there to remind us that nothing is common or unclean which has in it the possibility of life. God can make out of a worthless Jacob, Israel, a prince of God. Simon, the swearing backslider, can become Peter, the Apostle of Pentecost. Mark, the coward, can become the courageous standby of St. Paul. The worst boy in the class may become the best man in the church. The career which the world pronounces hopeless and casts away in faithless scorn may, through the hand of the Master, become a thing of beauty and a joy forever.—*Canadian Churchman.*

God's Power Above All

"I was comforted to read, the other day, and I put it down, what was said by a great old preacher of the Presbyterian Church in the year 1645, when things were looking rather black for freedom. . . . 'It is great folly to fear that any man, that all the worms in the earth, can stop the progress of the stars in the firmament.' A great saying!"—*From an address delivered by Lloyd George in Edinburgh, and reported in the British Weekly.*

"My Father's World"

"This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget
That tho' the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

"This is my Father's world. The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied.
And earth and heaven be one.

"This is my Father's world. Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King, let the heavens ring,
God reigns—let the earth be glad."
—*From Maltbie D. Babcock.*

God's Saving Power

One Sunday, Dr. F. B. Meyer paused in the middle of his address, and stooping down to where the orchestra was, he picked up a piece of string that had been flung away by a player. Holding it up, he said: "There shall never any more music come out of this: but though your heart be broken, and your life be broken, God can bring harmony out of them again."—*The London Sunday School Times.*

God Can Give Victory

An old lady was once asked by a young man who had grown weary in the fight, whether he ought to give up the struggle. "I am beaten every time," he said dolefully. "I feel I *must* give up." "Did you ever notice," she replied, smiling into the troubled face before her, "that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again, it was right in the same old spot where they had been fishing all night and had caught nothing?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Believed in the Power of God

What God calls a man to do, He will carry through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds if God called me to do it; but if He did not call me to do it, I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep.—*Payson.*

More Than a Cipher

"I'm just a cipher," said a discouraged invalid. "I don't amount to anything now." A wise friend smiled into the troubled eyes and answered: "Only a cipher? I thought you were still

following One who has led you all the way, and a cipher with one before it cannot be less than ten, you know.—*Forward.*

GOD'S SEVERITY

When Love Uses Severity

There has recently died a man against whom the whole city of New Orleans rose up, because as its sanitary inspector he urged that extraordinary precautions be taken against yellow fever. The business men flouted him. The chamber of commerce said, "Shut him up, or he will ruin our trade!" The aldermen did shut him up, and the city fatuously said, "Thank goodness!"—until the yellow jack came and cost it millions. —*The Christian Edeavour World.*

When Roughness Was Kindness

Sometime ago, in New York City, a policeman saw an old woman stand in the middle of one of its busiest streets, with a heavy butcher's dray, drawn by two magnificent horses, rushing down on her. Instantly, the officer leaped into their path, and threw the old woman roughly out of the way, while the horses trampled him into unconsciousness. Should she blame or bless his roughness? Have you ever blamed God for His cruelty to old Israel? It has always taken heroic treatment to arouse and save men and nations.—*The Sunday School Times.*

GOD'S WILL

God's Will is Best

Thy will be done . . . (Matt. 6:10).
"His will be done," we say with sighs and trembling,
Expecting trial, bitter loss, and tears;
And then how doth He answer us with blessings
In sweet rebuking of our faithless fears!

God's will is peace and plenty and the power
To be and have the best that He can give,
A mind to serve Him and a heart to love Him,
The faith to die with and the strength to live.

—*Annie Johnson Flint, in The Sunday School Times.*

Hindering God

A little girl had been out quite a little while. When she came in at length, her mother asked her where she had been. "In the garden, mother." "What were you doing in the garden, my dear?" "I was helping God," the child replied. She explained that she had found a rose almost blossomed, and had blossomed it. She had only ruined the rose. There are many people who try in the same way to help God, and try by schemes of their own to hasten the results.—*Emma C. Fisk, Boonville, N. Y. From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

Bending Our Wills

Prayer challenges men to be Christlike. They cannot pray long unless they pray in the spirit of St. Augustine: "O Lord, grant that I may never seek to bend the straight to the crooked, that is, thy will to mine; but that I may ever bend the crooked to the straight, that is, my will to thine; that thy will may be done and thy kingdom come."—*Robert E. Speer in "The Church and Missionary Education."*

God's Will a Song

That saintly woman, the late Frances Ridley Havergal, used to say, "Once the will of God was a sigh; now it has become a song." When you get to that point, you are in the way of blessing, and it becomes a real delight to "enter into his gates with thanksgiving."—*Rev. Evan H. Hopkins, in Keswick Week.*

Afraid of Our Wills

In the noon prayer-meeting not long ago a good sister prayed, "Lord, we're afraid of our wills; we're afraid to do our wills for fear of the consequences; teach us thy will!" There was something striking about that prayer. The majority of people, including even some professed Christians, are afraid of God's will rather than their own.—*Spring Grove Ripplet.*

Thy Will Be Done

A teacher asked her class what was meant by the expression in the prayer Jesus taught His disciples, "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven." After several answers the teacher asked, "How do you think our Father's will is done in heaven?" A

little girl quickly responded, "It is done right away."—*The Rev. C. H. Kilmer, Mechlenburg, N. Y.*

God a Loving Father

There are people who offer the petition, "Thy will be done," almost under breath, as not daring to mean it. A lady who had an only child said to Mrs. Pearsall Smith, "I do not dare to pray, 'Thy will be done,' because I am afraid God will take away my little boy, or will send me some heavy trial." To which Mrs. Smith replied: "Suppose your child should come to you and say, 'I want to be and do just what you desire today,' would you say to yourself, 'Now is my opportunity to make this child do all the disagreeable duties I want done: I will just take advantage of his willingness to please me by cutting off his pleasures today and keeping him at hard discipline'?" "No, no," said the mother, "I will give him the best day I could possibly plan." "And can you think that God is less just and loving than you?"—*The Quiver.*

The Peril of Self-Will

A story is told of a sick child. The physician said he could not recover. The pastor was called in to pray. With sympathetic voice he reverently prayed, "Thy will be done." "No," the mother passionately interrupted, "not that; *my* will; the child must live." And the child did live, and lived to break his mother's heart, and disgrace her name. He simply breathed in his mother's spirit, and lived it out to its logical conclusion.—*From S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on Home Ideals."*

Getting Rid of Crosses

We all know that a cross is made of two straight bars laid across each other. A Christian father once told his little daughter that the longer piece stood for God's will, and the shorter piece, our will. When our will was contrary to God's will, then we had to bear a cross. A lady has a little gold cross; on the upright part of the cross the words "God's will" are graven. On the crossbar are the words "My will." By touching a spring the cross disappears, and leaves only a straight beam bearing the words "God's will." So when our will is lost in God's, and we are indeed dead unto sin, it is no longer a cross to follow Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

GOSSIPING

Emptiness and Loquacity

So the tongue also is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how much wood is kindled by how small a fire! (James 3:5).

"When this pen flows too freely," run the instructions given with a fountain-pen, "it is a sign that it is nearly empty, and should be filled." The caution would seem to apply also to human beings. Gossip, slander, idle chatter, all testify to the emptiness of the mind, and are a damaging sign.—*From Forward.*

GRACE

Salvation Freely Given

A mother lay dying—her parched lips thirsted for something to refresh them. By her bedside stood her fourteen-year-old daughter. Suddenly the thought struck her: "I have seen such beautiful grapes in the hothouses of the Court gardens; I'll go and ask how much one bunch would be. Oh! if I could just get one bunch for mother!" Away she slipped with all haste, and soon reached the Court gardens. The sentry on guard asked her errand. "I must see the king," said the little maid. "Impossible!" replied the stern soldier. "But mother is dying," she pleaded. "I can let no one pass these gates," was the reply. The poor child's heart sank, and she burst into tears. Just at that moment the king's son himself rode up, and touched with the child's grief, inquired the cause; turning to her he said, "Well, and what do *you* want with the king?" "Please, sir, mother's dying, and I want to know what I could buy one bunch of grapes for? Mother's so thirsty"; and the tears flowed faster. Bidding her follow him, he led her to one of the vines, and cutting, with his own hands, a fine bunch of the rich fruit, he gave it to the astonished child, saying, "My father does not sell—he gives." Eternal Life is the gift of God.—*From The Traveller's Guide to Life.*

Not for Sale

When Clara Barton was engaged in the Red Cross work in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War, ex-President Roosevelt (then Colonel Roosevelt) came to her desiring to buy some delicacies for the sick and wounded men under his command. His request was refused. Roosevelt was troubled;

he loved his men, and was ready to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he said; "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them, Colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "then I do ask for them." And he got them at once; but you notice that he got them through grace, and not through purchase. If men could buy the grace of a quiet conscience and a restful heart, how the millionaires would vie with each other at such an auction; but no one can have this chain of heaven's gold except by the free grace of God, which is offered to us every one.—*Onward.*

Duty and Grace

And it shall come to pass, when the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of Jehovah, shall rest in the waters of the Jordan, that the waters of the Jordan shall be cut off (Josh. 3:13).

Brought face to face with duties that seem impossible to human vision, I love to recall the closing words of a sermon on this text by the Rev. Dr. Dennis Wortman, listened to over forty years ago: "When you mean duty, God means grace."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Only a Small Sample

That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus (Eph. 2:7).

"One of my congregation went away into the Western States, and he wanted to send his minister some little idea of his enormous environment, and of the character of the country. And I remember there came by post one morning a letter with just these words enclosed, 'A sample of my environment,' and it was just the feather of a bird, a lovely, indescribably beautiful feather of a tropical bird. He said, 'just a sample of my environment.' And I have often felt, when I have been trying to speak to my people about the grace of the Lord Jesus, and when I have done my utmost and my best, I have only given them a feather, perhaps a beautiful thing, but still only the beginning of a continent of the beauty and glory that are hidden in that most marvelous word, Grace."—*From a sermon by Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Dying on the Pillow of Grace

The Rev. G. H. Morrison says that when he was a young minister he was called into the country one beautiful summer day to the bedside of a dying elder. "He was a godly man, grave and reverent, whose chief study was the Bible. Now he was dying. . . . I was a young man, then, unversed in the deep things of the soul, and I tried to comfort him by speaking of the past—what an excellent elder he had been; and I shall never forget the look he gave me, nor how he covered his face as if in shame, nor how he cried, 'Not that, sir, not that! There is no comfort for me there.' It was then I realized for the first time that the only pillow to die on is free grace."—*The Sunday School Times.*

God's Grace Abundant

A poor woman who had had a hard struggle to make ends meet, and knew what it meant to be stinted for food, was taken from the East End of London to the seaside. She was delighted with the scene. As she looked over the deep, and watched the inrolling waves, tears filled her eyes and she exclaimed, "Thank God for a sight of something of which there is enough." It is so when the soul gets its first vision of the infinite fulness of God's grace in Jesus Christ. His grace is quite enough for the soul's every need. Seeing Him, we say:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find."

—*The Sunday School Times.*

More to Follow

Rowland Hill used to tell a good story of a rich man and a poor man in his congregation. The rich man desired to do an act of benevolence, and so he sent a sum of money to a friend to be given to this poor man as he thought best. The friend just sent him five pounds, and said in the note: "This is thine. Use it wisely. There is more to follow." After a while he sent another five pounds, and said, "more to follow." Again and again he sent money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, "more to follow." So it is with the wonderful grace of God. There is always "more to follow."—*D. L. Moody.*

Stale Manna

I believe that the reason the standard of Christian life is so low is that we are living on stale manna. You

know what I mean by that. So many people are living on their past experience—thinking of the grand times they had twenty years ago, perhaps, when they were converted. It is a sure sign that we are out of communion with God if we are talking more of the joy and peace and power we had in the past than of what we have today. We must "grow in grace."—*D. L. Moody in Sabbath Reading.*

Henry Clay's Debt Paid

Henry Clay was at one time considerably distressed by a large debt due to the bank. Some of his friends heard of this and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt, without notifying Mr. Clay. One day he went to the bank and said, "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine." "You don't owe us anything," was the reply. Mr. Clay looked inquiringly, and said, "You don't understand me. I came to see about that debt which I am owing to the bank." "You don't owe us anything." "Why? How am I to understand you?" "A number of your friends have paid off that debt, and you do not owe this bank a dollar." The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank. But that is a very faint image of what Christ has done for you.—*From Dr. Louis Albert Banks, in "The Great Saints of the Bible."*

Grace for Each Day

J. Pullen runs a ferryboat across the English Channel. He says he does not get up enough steam before starting to carry the boat all the way across the Channel. If he did it would explode and blow the boat into small pieces; but when he gets up twenty to thirty pounds of steam he starts. But he carries coal along to make more steam. God does not give us sufficient grace at the start to carry us through life,—if he did we could not contain it,—but sufficient grace for each day; and he does give us fuel: the Bible, prayer, and His Spirit.—*From a sermon by the Rev. B. D. Gaw.*

GRACE BEFORE MEALS

Blessing at Meals

Two months ago the attention of Americans was called to the fact that in a small restaurant in Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London, where a "fish ordinary" is served as it was served in 1793, grace is always said by a courtly old man of eighty-six years, one Henry Shelton, before the one-o'clock meal begins. He raps on the table, "Ladies and gentlemen, grace, please," and then says with bowed head, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful." After the meal, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful." It is said that this is the only restaurant in London where the old custom is observed.

At Clifford's Inn, in London, which was up for sale some time ago, grace was in dumb show. The chairman raised a cross of four loaves baked together, and struck it on the table three times. "The four loaves were then silently passed to the end of the table, as a sign that the remnants of the feast were to be given to the poor."

We fear that the fine old custom of blessing the food and giving thanks is fast dying out even in the country. In our little village "the blessing" was asked before each meal, whether the meal were sumptuous or simple. If the father of the household was away, the mother asked the blessing. If a minister was present, he was asked out of compliment. Those were the days when there were family prayers morning and evening; when children read from the Bible with their parents; when David and the giant, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Solomon, Joshua, Samson, were as familiar to them as Deacon Kingsley, the superintendent of the Bible school, and Caleb Strong, the sexton of the old church. This familiarity with the Bible enriched the children's speech; it helped them in after life, if they devoted themselves to literary work.

Sometimes the formula was, "Will you ask the blessing?" Sometimes a host would say to a reverend guest, "Will you say something?" Hence the old New England story. A hired man sat down for the first time at a farmer's table, and began to help himself. "Hold on," said the farmer; "we usually say something before we eat." "Go ahead," said the hired man. "Say anything you like. You can't turn my stomach."—*Philip F. Hole.*

GRATITUDE

Grateful for Safety

An old Jersey farmer had been driving his wagon late one evening down the "Long Hill," near Princeton, when the holding-back strap parted, and the rather wild young mare made a dash

down the steep and dangerous incline. Swaying on one side or the other, momentarily fearing to be dashed against a wayside tree or gully, he nevertheless reached the bottom of the hill in safety. He drove at once to the doctor's home. "Doctor," he cried, "I want to ask you to kneel down here and pray with me, to offer thanks. I was driving down the 'long hill' a few minutes ago, when my holding-back strap broke and my horse ran away, and yet I reached the bottom, slowed up, and actually, doctor, I was alive." "We will offer thanks," said the Princeton President, "and while we are on our knees we will remember also to give thanks for an even more wonderful protection the good God showed me on that very hill this very day." The farmer marveled. "Yes," continued the doctor, "I drove down the Long Hill today, and the holding-strap didn't even break."—*An incident told of Dr. McCosh, in the Presbyterian.*

Thanking God for Victory

Hardly had the posters appeared announcing the signing of the armistice in the early morning, when the vast crowds of New York joined in a pæan of rejoicing. Before the celebrations had lasted more than a few minutes a tall, fresh-cheeked English girl, with the Devonshire bloom still on her cheeks, climbed to the platform of Liberty Hall, at the meeting point of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. The crowd became hushed as she raised her hand. Then in a clear, silvery voice the girl sang the Doxology. A churchly stillness spread over Times Square. Heads were bowed and hats came off as the song of praise to the Almighty winged its way upward.—*From an account of the Victory Day celebration in The Toronto Globe.*

Counting Their Blessings

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a story of a poor woman and her two children who were destitute. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of the cellar off the hinges and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her: "Mother, what do those poor children do who have no cellar door to put up in front of them?" Truly there are very few who cannot "count their blessings" if they only wish to.—*From the Free Churchman.*

A Boy's Gratitude

Only one of the healed lepers returned to thank the Master. A little fellow in a certain hospital had had a piece of bone removed from his arm. He got well, but before he left the place he sent for the doctor. "You wished to see me, Willie," said the doctor. The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "My mamma will never hear the last about you." I think that if we fully realized what Christ has done for us we should say to him, "My friends will never hear the last about you."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

An Indian's Gratitude

If you are grateful, say so. Thanksgiving is only half-thanksgiving until it blossoms into expression. Learn a lesson from the noble-hearted Indian in whose village a missionary passing through had left a few pages of the Gospel in the Indian tongue. Our Indian read and rejoiced. Measuring the missionary's footprint, he fitted it with magnificent moccasins, and traveled two hundred miles to give them to the missionary as an expression of his gratitude. Thus the missionary was enriched by the present, but the Indian was enriched far more by the thanksgiving.—*The Expositor.*

A Grateful Chinaman

It was only a Chinese laundryman, named Tong Jack, living in Cambridge, Maryland. He set up his laundry in a building next to James A. McAllister's house. Mr. McAllister did not like it, but he recognized his neighbour's rights, and when the boys teased and annoyed the Chinaman Mr. McAllister drove them away and stopped their interference with his peaceable business. Tong Jack had prospered in his humble business, when McAllister was taken sick. Tong Jack constantly sent flowers and delicacies to him, and when he died the poor man's grief was intense. He hired thirty carriages for the funeral that all might ride, and himself walked behind the hearse to the grave, all clad in mourning white. And some people think the Chinese have no gratitude.—*The Independent.*

GROWING IN GRACE

Growing in Grace

An editorial in *The Sunday School Chronicle* says: "We were shown, the other day, some letters, written over a period of five years, by a Midland collier, who had been redeemed from a life of drunkenness and vice to one filled with a passion for souls. What struck one in looking through the letters was the gradual improvement in their thought and expression. Not only were the later letters more lucid and better phrased, there was also more mentality in them. Yet more remarkable was it that the very handwriting had grown in boldness, legibility, and correctness of style. Professor Orr has given us the psychology of it. 'The reason of the remarkable expansion and quickening of mind which we notice in men and women brought to Christ is just the greatness of the Christian ideas taken into the mind. When we accept the gospel of Christ we become possessed with the greatest ideas which the mind of man can receive.' It is through those ideas that the Holy Spirit works upon us, and builds up the new creation."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Moving Forward

A bright little girl of about eight summers was wisely teaching a bit of a brother some two years younger than herself to master the difficult art of riding a bicycle. After many fruitless trials the little lad steadied himself as he wobbled from side to side and proudly shouted, "I'm moving. I really am moving!" His sedate bit of a sister eyed his movements calmly, and coldly replied: "Yes, you are moving, but you are not going!" How true this is in the Christian life. Bishop Fowler used to put it in this terse and homely way: "Lots of folks are like a yard engine, that toots its whistle, rings its bell, and makes a lot of noise, but never goes anywhere."—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

Sleeping Too Near the Edge

When a little boy was asked why he fell out of bed, he replied, "Guess, mamma, it's cause I stay too close to the gettin'-in place." We need to move forward in our Christian life if we want to keep from falling.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Getting Anywhere

It was Johnny, the seven-year-old, who tired of the merry-go-round. The previous summer it had fascinated him, and he could not ride on it too often. This season a single trip had satisfied him, and he declined another. "No, thank you, grandfather," he said, "You see we ride and ride, but we stay under that old tent all the time. I guess when anybody gets to be seven years old they're too big to care about going and going that doesn't get anywhere."—*The Evangelical Endeavour.*

GRUMBLING

Be a Booster

Do you know there's lots of people,
Settin' round in every town,
Growling like a broodin' chicken,
Knockin' every good thing down!
Don't you be that kind o' grouch,
Cause they ain't no use on earth;
You just be a booster rooster,
Crow and boost for all you're worth.

If your class needs boostin', boost her.
Don't hold back and wait to see
If some other fellow's willin';
Sail right in; this country's free.
No one's got a mortgage on it,
It's just yours as much as his:
If your class is shy on boosters,
Then get in the boostin' biz.

If things just don't seem to suit you,
And the world seems kinder wrong,
What's the matter with a-boostin'
These to help the thing along?
What if things should stop a-goin';
We'd be in a sorry plight.
You just keep that horn a-blowin';
Booster up with all your might.

If you know some fellow's failings,
Just forget 'em 'cause you know
That the same chap's got some good points;
Them's the one's you want to show.
Cast your loaves out on the waters,
They'll come back—a sayin' true;
Mebbe, too, they'll come back buttered,
When some feller boosts for you.

—*Robert Cole.*

Nothing Unanimous There

In a Middle Western city an important Presbyterian church was voting on a call to a new pastor. There were only a few negative votes, and the great majority in favour of the nominee was apparent. A gracious member of the minority moved to make the

choice unanimous. But one man in that minority was by no means disposed to make any such soft surrender of opinion. In the midst of the company there rose up a stern old Scotchman. He wasted no words. His ultimatum was quick and straight: "There's one thing ye might as well understand right here and now. I'll let ye know that there'll never be anything unanimous in this church as long as I am in it." The meeting believed him.—*The Christian Herald.*

GUIDANCE

Trusting the Pilot

"I read the other day of one who was in one of those low-lying lane fogs, through which I have myself passed, on Lake Ontario, and nevertheless, in spite of the fog that lay upon the surface of the lake, the boat was making an all too rapid pathway as it seemed to the passengers on the deck, and one turned to one of the ship's officers, and said, 'We are going far too quickly for safety,' and he looked up and said, 'The skipper's up on the bridge, and he is above the fog, and he can see where we are going if you can't. . . .' You need not put your feet down gingerly, as though the earth were going to fall through beneath your tread, as you are bidden to enter into the Promised Land. I have trusted Him, and I know Him, and in those old words from one of Robert Louis Stevenson's novels, 'I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled.' And while the smile is on the Pilot's face there is not one of us that need be afraid of any fog or any shipwreck."—*Rev. Harrington C. Lees.*

The Captain Knew

Some years ago, when Captain Dutton was commander of the "Sarmian," we had entered the River St. Lawrence on our homeward voyage, when suddenly a heavy fog arose which completely hid the shore and all objects from view. The ship, which was going at full speed, continued on her course without relaxing the least. The passengers became frightened, considering it extremely reckless on the part of the captain. Finally, one of them went and remonstrated with the mate, telling him of the fears of the passengers. He listened, then replied with a smile: "Oh, don't be frightened; the passengers need not be the least uneasy; the fog extends only a certain height above the water, and the captain is at the masthead, and is up above the fog, and it is he who is directing the vessel!"—*The Baptist Commonwealth.*

Divine Guidance

Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the storm that caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction, is thrilling. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went on deck, made the dangerous passage to the pilot-house, saw the steersman lashed fast to his post, holding the wheel unwaveringly, and inch by inch turning the ship once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher, and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer. "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. It is all well." Blessed is he who, in the midst of earthly stress and storm, can say with equal assurance, "I have seen the face of my Pilot, and He smiled."—*Christian Herald.*

Lives Regulated by God

At the new building of King's College Hospital in London there have been installed one hundred and twenty clocks, all of them silent and self-winding, and all of them keeping time exactly together, neither losing nor gaining a minute. This appeared to be a miracle of chronometry, but when we learned the reason it was scarcely less of a miracle. The electrician opened one of the clocks and asked us to listen as the hand approached another minute. Exactly at the minute we heard the faintest sound within the clockwork. All the clocks are actuated from a control clock in the center of the building, and at every minute the control clock sends a magnetic impulse to the one hundred and twenty others. The sound we heard was the receiving of the impulse. The clocks are only a wonderful instance of mechanical and electrical ingenuity, but what would it be if all our lives were open, moment by moment, to be regulated by the impulses from above!—*Sunday at Home.*

Guided by God-Given Instinct

I read a most suggestive thing the other day. A great menagerie had been sold. There was a good deal of straw that had been at one time or other used as a temporary bedding for the wild beasts. That straw was bought by a man who owned a livery stable. When he put into the stalls the straw on which a lion had

couched the horses, though they had never seen a lion in their lives, were uneasy and restless, and would not go into their stalls. It was an instinctive dread of the enemy. So if we are wholly given over to do right and only right, we shall have a divine instinct which will warn us of the presence of evil—*The Expositor.*

Fitting the Signs Together

And now send men to Joppa, and fetch one Simon, . . . the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee. . . . Go with them, nothing doubting (Acts 5:19, 20).

When our Lord designed to open the door of the church to the Gentiles, so tremendous was the change necessary to be secured in the apostolic mind that He wrought a double miracle. Double miracles are very rare. Some time ago there came to me a letter from a stranger in Germany, saying: "I know you are a city missionary. I send to your care a trunk. Inclosed in this letter you will find a piece of paper, cut; a man will come and present the match of this paper, and you will deliver to him the trunk." I found in my letter a piece of paper cut in queer zigzags. I laid it on my study table and waited some weeks. Presently a stranger came in, and I said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" He took out of his pocketbook another piece of paper matching the one sent me, and said: "You have got the match of that, I think." I put the two pieces together, and at once said: "There's your trunk." God gave Peter a revelation in Joppa and Cornelius one in Cæsarea. Peter put the two together and they matched, and he said: "It is of the Lord."—*From "Pastoral Leadership of Sunday-School Forces," by A. F. Schauffler, D.D.*

Why We Need a Guide

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah forever (Psa. 23:6).

A yacht was cruising among the isles of Scotland when a gale caught the frail craft off a perilous leeshore. The skipper made for a harbour leagues away. Through the darkness the yacht went plunging on her course amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water, and they dropped anchor, and turning into their berths went peacefully to sleep. In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene,—a little haven girt about by dark, purple mountains. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, all awash with boiling surf. To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller and those jagged teeth would catch the frail bark and grind it to splinters, and every life would perish. Turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed: "Did we—did we pass *there* in the darkness?" This is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but we shall never realize fully the debt we owe our unseen Guide until we are safely within the harbour.—*From editorial in British Weekly.*

Rejecting God's Guidance

An old Scotchwoman who tramped about selling goods was in the habit of tossing a stick into the air when she came to crossroads, and taking whichever direction the stick pointed. One day she was seen tossing it several times. On being questioned, she said that the road to the right looked so drear-like that she tossed the stick till it pointed to the left, that looking a nicer way. We go to God for guidance, but if His way seems dull we choose a brighter one (apparently), forgetting He sees the end as well as the beginning.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Not Looking for Guidance

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths (Prov. 3:6).

An architect complains that many of his clients come and ask him to design a house for them, only to let him very speedily discover that they have already designed it for themselves. What they really want is his sanction of their own plan, and the satisfaction of seeing him draw on paper what they have fully in mind. It is in very much the same fashion that we often go to the Great Architect with our lives. We ask Him for wisdom and guidance, but we have already planned how we will build our fortunes and shape our course; and it is not His way we are seeking, but His approval of our way.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Light Not All Given at Once

A boy was walking with his father along a lonely road at night, carrying a lantern. He told his father he was

afraid, because the lantern showed such a little way ahead. The father answered, "That is so, but if you walk straight on you will find that the light will reach to the end of the journey." God often gives us light for only a little way ahead, but He always gives at least that, and so He always gives us light enough for the whole journey.—*From The Christian Endeavour World.*

Steps and Stops Guided

Dr. Pierson told me that once when he was in George Muller's study he thought he would look into his Bible. He came to that verse in Proverbs, "The steps of a good man are ordered by Jehovah," and George Muller had written by the side of it in the margin of his Bible, "*And the stops too!*" That is great. It made a new verse for me.—*Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, in The Christian Herald.*

Feeling God's Call

When H. Clay Trumbull was asked how he recognized God's calls, he answered that, in his case, God's call was usually felt in the shape of a firm hand in the rear, pushing him surely if unwillingly forward.—*Christian Endeavour World.*

Corroborating Circumstances

When we are on God's path we may certainly count on the corroboration of outward circumstances. It was not enough that Peter should hear a voice speaking to his heart, or see the sheet let down from heaven—he must hear the knock of the three men, sent from Cornelius, as they stand at the door of the tanner's house, inquiring for him. In all great decisions, seek the corroboration of circumstances.—*From "Samuel the Prophet," by F. B. Meyer.*

Groping About

Mr. Hughes tells a characteristic anecdote of starting one winter's night with his friend, Charles Kingsley, to walk down to Chelsea, and of their being caught in a dense fog before they had reached Hyde Park Corner. "Both of us," Mr. Hughes adds, "knew the way well, but we lost it half a dozen times, and Kingsley's spirit seemed to rise as the fog thickened. 'Isn't this like life?' he said, after one of our blunders; 'a deep yellow fog all round, with a dim light here and there shining through. You grope your way on from one lamp to another, and you go up wrong streets and back again. But you get home at last—there's always light enough for that.'"—*Clerical Library.*

Needed Skilled Help

In a factory where delicate fabrics were woven, when the threads at any time became tangled the operatives were required to press a button and the superintendent would appear to rectify things. On one occasion, however, though a young girl had just a little while before touched the button for assistance, a woman who was an old hand at the work thought she "knew," and could get along without this formality. The threads became inextricably mixed, and much damage ensued. To the superintendent she said, "I did my best." To which he replied, "Doing your best is sending for me."—*The Homiletic Review.*

Nothing Without God

What God calls a man to do, He will carry through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds if God called me to do it; but if He did not call me to do it, I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep.—*Quoted from Payson in Sabbath Reading.*

A Dangerous Run

A railroad engineer in Colorado had an exceedingly difficult run, but he always made it successfully. A Young Men's Christian Association secretary once made the trip on the engine. At a certain point the engineer asked the secretary to sit down quietly and not say anything until he was spoken to. The engineer stepped forward in the cab, placed one hand on the throttle and the other on the airbrake, and began to whistle, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." Over and over he whistled the tune in the darkness of the night, amid the noise of the rushing train. When the danger was over he turned to the secretary, and said, "This will explain why I can make this run." Ezra's seeking help of God explains why he was able to "make the run" to Jerusalem through hostile, dangerous country, without the king's "band of soldiers and horsemen to help."—*Incident told by Secretary Turner of the Y. M. C. A. of Mexico City.*

A Good Skipper Aboard

Old "Bust-Me-Up" was a queer-shaped, ugly old tug running between London and Portsmouth. She never

came into port but that she collided with some vessel and did some damage. Hence the name! But one day, to everybody's amazement, she came in straight as a die and glided gracefully to her berth, and a sailor standing on the quay couldn't help shouting: "Whatever's come to you, 'Old Bust-Me-Up'?" and an old sailor shouted back, "Got a new skipper aboard!" This was the secret of the change. And when Christ becomes our Captain, He controls us and changes our lives, and He will guide us straight to port. "The Captain of our salvation."—*Sunday at Home.*

The Everlasting Arms

The baby was taking his first steps, faltering and uncertain, but he was a very proud baby, laughing and crowing over his own achievement as he tottered across the carpet with his mother following, her outstretched arms surrounding but not touching him. "He thinks he is doing it all alone," said grandfather. "And so he is," the mother answered. "I am not carrying him, I am not hinde ing him; my arms are only so close that I can catch him in a moment if he falls." So it is that we older children walk, and fancy often that we are going on our way alone. God does not hold us back as we turn in one direction or another. He does not carry us; step by step we must make our own way, but always His loving arms are close to uphold us if we fall. Unseen, unfelt, the everlasting arms surround us, and we cannot fall beyond their upholding strength and tenderness.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Cares for His Sheep

A shepherd was once leading his flock down to a ravine in order that they might have water to drink. A little girl who saw them from a distance began to be afraid, and cried out: "Oh, he will drown them all!" But her brother replied: "Don't be foolish! The sheep are his own; do you think he would lead them into danger?" We are in the keeping of the Good Shepherd.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Life's Junctions

Now and then an accident occurs on a railway which has only one explanation—the man in charge of the levers has failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the train onto a safe siding, or having set the switch in favour of a previous slow train, he fails to change it when the express approaches. There are certain "switch moments" in the lives of all of us, when the far future depends upon the instant decision. Life is full of cross-overs and derailing devices, all of which require constant attention if moral safety is to be preserved or true achievement won. Life is not a straight track; it is as complicated as the system of rails at a junction. We need ever to watch and pray.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Sure of Guidance

When W. T. Stead, who went down in the "Titanic," was asked to become editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, he consulted his friend, Dean Church, on the matter. On leaving the Deanery, Mr. Stead expressed his assurance that he would be divinely guided. The Dean expressed some astonishment at his tone of certainty. "I should feel swindled," replied Mr. Stead, "if I were not divinely guided." "Why so?" asked the Dean. "Why? I read in the book of Proverbs, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him and he will direct thy paths.' I have acknowledged him, and I know I shall be directed." He had asked of the Lord, "Shall I go up?" And the Lord said, "Go up."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Perpendicular Vision

Moses went to two schools—Pharaoh's court and the back side of the desert. Just out of the first school, "Moses looked this way and that," and killed a man. After graduation from the second school, Moses "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." One who has noted this adds that Moses had at last learned the difference between horizontal and perpendicular vision. Have we entered into our privilege of heaven-high thinking and God's-way doing?—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Pilot Boat

An interesting sight was once seen in Liverpool harbour during a very fierce gale. A pilot boat sailed up the river with the signal, "Follow me," at her masthead, and following her were eight or nine vessels of all sorts and sizes. As it was too rough to board the ships in the Channel, this plan was adopted. Every vessel got safely in. All the helmsman had to do was to keep his eye on the pilot boat, and steer straight in the course she indicated.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

HABIT

Getting Rid of a Habit

When grandma discovered that drinking five cups of tea a day left her fingers trembling, her head dizzy, her night sleepless, she said, "I must get rid of this habit—right away!"—a good name for five cups of tea a day, there being exactly five letters in the word HABIT. "Suppose," said grandmother, "I get rid of this habit by drinking one less cup of tea a day!" So she drank four cups, but still had ABIT of the HABIT left. "Suppose," said she, "I drop one more cup; I *must* get rid of this habit." Still, a BIT of the HABIT was left. "Well," she mused, "I won't be beaten by a few cups of tea. I will leave off another cup of tea, and only drink two hereafter!" But she still had IT left. "Then," she exclaimed, "I'll only treat myself to one a day." Even then, she had the T left. "I have it!" cried grandmother. "How childish I have been in my way of getting rid of this habit? I must stop drinking even one cup of tea," which, when she did, completely did away with the troublesome HABIT!—*Record of Christian Work.*

Sinning to the Last

The Rev. Henry White was rung up in the dead of night to go and see a dying man. Arriving at the house in a squalid court, he found a man of about forty years of age, already within the touch of the hand of death. He bent over the bed, talking to him, and offered to pray for him. As he spoke he noted a sudden gleam in the man's eye; still he went on talking of things past and things to come, and then, as the woman who had led him to the house stood sobbing her heart out, he knelt and prayed. When he rose from his knees the man was dead, his fast stiffening fingers clasping the chain of the curate's watch. The man was a noted burglar, and even as he was dying the sight of a gold watch and chain in the possession of a preoccupied man was too much for him, and as Mr. White prayed to God to forgive him his sin the dying thief tried to pick his pocket.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Cucumbers and Bottles

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old man, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. And now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber."—*Wilbur F. Crafts, D.D., in The Christian Herald.*

Getting Rid of Thorns

You have all heard of Luther Burbank, who works such wonderful changes in fruits and flowers, getting rid of their objectionable features and developing whatever is useful and beautiful; and if fruits and flowers can be so modified that they hardly seem the same thing, how foolish it is for any girl to say that she has to be blunt and tactless because she was "made that way." If a cactus can get rid of its thorns, surely you can dispense with the traits that are likely to wound your friends!—*The Sunday School Times.*

An Essay on Habit

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit." At the expiration of five minutes the composition was read. The prize went to a lad of 9 years. Following is his essay: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that, if you want to get rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether."—*Christian Register.*

The Convict's Wall

At one time many convicts were employed in building high walls round the prison grounds of Portland. Soldiers posted above them with loaded guns watched them at their work. Every brick laid rendered their escape more impossible, and yet they themselves were laying them. So each sin committed makes it harder to refrain from further sin, more difficult to turn back. —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

HAPPINESS

Made Her Happy

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?" "Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more." "You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you." "Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity. "Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you knew about Jesus bein' born."—*From Faith and Works.*

Earth-Born Clouds

Our heavenly Father loves to see
His children happy, brave and strong,
With hearts as full of melody
As spring is full of song.

He grieves when they give place to grief,
Or weigh with dread to-morrow's fear;
His promise chides their unbelief
And challenges their tear.

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down,
Though sun and stars forbear to shine?
Mistake not for thy Father's frown
Those somber thoughts of thine.

—*J. H. Samis, in The Sunday School Times.*

Did Not Believe

"He thinks he believes it, but he doesn't," commented a shrewd woman, rather hard of face and voice, of a man who had been professing his faith in the Gospel. "If he really thought he had a Friend like that, rich enough and strong enough to help him in every trouble, and willing to do it too, somebody that is sending him blessings all the while he's here, and getting a beautiful home ready for him to use afterwards—do you suppose he'd go about so gloomy and discouraged-like all the time?"—*Forward.*

A Happy Scotchman

The Scotch are generally counted not very emotional; but it is said of a Scotchman who had found Jesus that he was so happy he could scarcely find words to express himself. He stood up in a testimony meeting and declared, "I'm happier noo, when I am no happy, than I wis afore when I wis happy."—*From Editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

Always Had a Pleasant Time

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time, son," said I, as the latter was starting out to spend the evening. "Thank you; I always do, for I take it with me," was the reply. And that is a great big secret.—*Onward.*

A Shining Face

If you can do nothing else for God, you can carry a shining face. Charles Kingsley finely said, "If you wish your neighbours to see what God is like, let them see what He can make you like."—*The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Carrying Sunshine

"You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said a gentle old lady as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store. "Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man with instinctive courtesy. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."—*Young People.*

Happy Faces

A Japanese mother asked the head of one of our mission schools if only beautiful girls were admitted. "Oh, no," the missionary answered, "we take any who desire to come." "But," protested the mother, "all your girls are very beautiful." The teacher answered, "We tell them of Christ, and seek to have them take Him into their hearts, and this makes their faces lovely." Said the mother, "Well, I do not want my daughter to become a Christian, but I am glad to send her to your school to get that look on her face."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

HEALING

When Poison Failed

A missionary tells this story: An Arab woman had been won to Christ

from Mohammedanism. Her family coaxed, argued, and threatened, to draw her from her new faith, but in vain. Then they concocted a simple, deadly poison, and put it into her food secretly. When she had eaten the meat containing the poison, she knew very quickly what had happened, and knew how deadly it was. She knew she was doomed to death. The poison would first make one very irritable, then very dull; then affect the mind still more, and then the body, till death should come. She was greatly startled and distressed, and did not know what to do. As she sat, without planning to, she began to repeat the Name, the great Name. Not aloud but to herself she repeated with great intensity, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." For two or three days she continued and the poison gradually receded from her blood, and the family watched with strange eyes. The poison had never failed before. She told the missionary, "I felt as though each time I said that Name there was like a wave of life, and in between like a wave of death." But the death was becoming less and the life more, till to their utter astonishment and her great joy she was free.—*Condensed from "Prayer Changes Things," by S. D. Gordon.*

HEATHENISM

Heathenism and Christianity

A man in the interior of China, after attending a Christian mission for a while and getting no light, came to the missionary one morning in a happy mood saying, "I dreamed last night; and now I understand. I seemed to have fallen into a deep pit where I lay helpless and despairing. A priest of Confucius leaned over the edge and said, 'Let me give you some advice, my friend; if you get out of your trouble, never get in again.' A priest of Buddha came and stretched his arm over the edge, saying, 'If you can manage to climb up so I can reach you, I will help you out.' Then Christ came. And He climbed down into the pit and carried me out of it."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Heathenism and Women

A Hindoo woman said to a missionary: "Surely your Bible was written by a woman." "Why?" "Because it says so many kind things for women. Our pundits never refer to us but in reproach."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Heathen Consciences

Dr. Alexander Smellie said in a recent article in *The Sunday School Times,* "'I ought' is a noble rule when conscience has once been enlightened from above. But into what errors and excesses, foolishness and sins, the rule may plunge us when our 'ought' is opposed to Christ!" Thus a Hindu said to a British administrator in India, "Our consciences tell us to burn our widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands"; and the Englishman replied: "Our consciences tell us to hang you if you do."—*The Sunday School Times.*

HEAVEN

Origin of "Sweet By-and-By"

The origin of the familiar hymn, "In the Sweet By-and-By," is given by a writer in *The Christian Advocate,* and it is a story of unusual interest. Sanford F. Bennett was a New Englander with a gift of writing verses, who in 1836 removed to Elkhorn, Wisconsin, where he conducted a drug store. Joseph P. Webster, also a New Englander who had come to Elkhorn, had some musical skill, and Bennett and he became intimate friends. Webster, who was subject to moods of depression, one day in 1867 went into Bennett's store and stood at the stove without speaking to any one. Bennett saw he was depressed, and here the story runs as follows: "Seeing that something was wrong, the latter asked, 'What is the matter now?' 'It is no matter,' Webster replied. 'It will be all right by and by.' Like a flash the idea of the hymn came to Bennett, who exclaimed, 'The Sweet By-and-By. Would not that make a good hymn?' 'Maybe it would,' returned Webster indifferently. Bennett turned to his desk and in a few minutes handed Webster the paper containing his verses. Meanwhile two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had entered. They watched Webster as he read the words. Bennett said: 'As he read it his eyes kindled, his whole demeanour changed. Stepping to the desk he began writing notes rapidly. Presently, taking a violin, he played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down.' It was not half an hour from the time Bennett began writing before the four men were singing the hymn in the form in which it was afterward published in the 'Signet Ring.' It was while they

were singing it that R. R. Crosby came in, and after hearing the song, cried out, with tears in his eyes, 'That hymn is immortal.'" Immortal it may be, at least it has comforted countless thousands and will long live to comfort thousands and millions more. We herewith give the hymn just as Bennett wrote it without punctuation marks:

Theres a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar
For the father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Nor sigh for the blessing of rest

To our bountiful father above
We shall offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gifts of his love
And the blessings that hallow our days

CHORUS

In the sweet by & by in the sweet by & by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by & by in the sweet by & by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

Origin of "Beulah Land"

"O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore."

Edgar Page Stites, the writer of the famous hymn, "Beulah Land," is now an aged man living in modest retirement at Cape May, N. J. His pen name of "Edgar Page" has hidden for three decades the real authorship of a song that has voiced the religious enthusiasm of countless millions.

"It was in 1876 that I wrote 'Beulah Land,'" said Mr. Stites. "I could write only two verses and the chorus of 'Beulah Land' when I was overcome and fell on my face. I could only weep and write no more. That was on Sunday. On the following Sunday I wrote the third and fourth verses and again I was so influenced by emotion that I could only pray and weep. The first time it was sung was at the regular Monday morning meeting of Methodist ministers at 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Bishop McCabe sang it to the assembled ministers. Since then its story is known wherever religious people congregate. I have never received a cent for my songs. Perhaps that is why they have had such a wide popularity. I could not do work for the Master and receive pay for it."

Mr. Stites is now seventy-six years of age, over six feet tall, and straight as an arrow. A remarkable thing about him is that the eyes with which he still "looks away across the sea" have never needed glasses. At seventy-six years of age he can still see to read and write without them.—*The Christian Herald.*

Heaven is Vision

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the evangelist, in illustrating the Christian conception of heaven, tells the story of a boy who, being born blind, was brought to see by skilled physicians: "The doctor had cut away the obstruction from his eyes, and the bandages placed there were removed one by one until, after a little, they had all been taken off. When he opened his eyes, in silent wonder, as if a new world had been opened to him, he beheld his mother, and yet he did not know that it was she. Finally he heard her familiar voice asking him, 'My son, can you see?' He sprang into her arms, exclaiming, 'O mother, is this heaven?' Heaven is vision; it is having the obstructions and bandages removed; it is looking into the face of our loved ones; it is seeing our Saviour face to face." This calls vividly to mind a declaration made in righteousness in the earth's early years: "I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame" (Job 29:14, 15).—*The Christian Sun.*

The Glories of Heaven

God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes (Rev. 7:17 and 21:4).

I was once staying at Marazion, in Cornwall, and from my bedroom window I had a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount. I looked out the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. I felt that I should never tire of it, for it was beautiful and picturesque in any light. I happened to speak of the pleasure I derived from the view to a native, who immediately

replied, "Wait till you see the other side. I'm afraid you won't think this so beautiful then. It is one mass of flowers over there. You must go across and see the other side." We are satisfied here only because we cannot see the other side.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Ladder to Heaven

Several years ago a noticeable cartoon appeared in one of our newspapers on Lincoln's birthday. It represented a log cabin close to the base of a high mountain. On the mountain-top was shown the White House. Against the side of the mountain rested a ladder—its foot touching the cabin, its uppermost round reaching the mansion on the cliff. The cartoon was well-named, "The ladder is still there.." It is a sermon in a sentence. The ladder that connects earth and heaven is "still there," and we, too, may inquire of God, as did David, when we come to life's crises. — *The Sunday School Times.*

Heaven Means Realization

The story is told of a little boy whose family was very poor. He received no gifts at Christmas-time, but he spent what time he could looking in the store windows at the pretty things other little boys could have, but he couldn't. One day he was run over by a car and taken to a hospital. One of the nurses brought him a toy, a troop of soldiers. As he touched them, what do you think he said? "There isn't any glass between!" So some day the glass will be removed between us and the pleasures and beauties of heaven.—*The Christian Herald.*

Christians All United in Heaven

When Queen Victoria, on the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation, walked the aisles of Westminster Abbey, she crossed the grave of Livingstone, on which is inscribed the words of Christ, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." These words on that heroic grave are surely a great sweet prophecy of the gathering of all nations beneath one spiritual banner. Of that majestic kingdom whose outlines already appear, the Universal Book is the harbinger, symbol, and molding power, more luminous, attractive, and divine than our present imperfect and divided Christendom.—*From Christianity the World Religion, by J. H. Barrows, D.D.*

Recognition in Heaven

And there appeared unto them Elijah with Moses (Mark 4:4).

When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we shall be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"—*From Selected Sermons, by Talmage.*

The Glories of Heaven

A little girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, and absorbed in contemplation of the skies, on being asked of what she was thinking replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Laying Up Treasure in Heaven

"We build our heaven as we go along," said a dear old lady one day. "I once had friends who were traveling abroad for several years. They intended to build a home on their return, and the dream of the home that was to be went with them in all their journeying. When they could secure a beautiful picture, statue, or vase, they purchased it, and sent it home to await their coming. Rare and curious treasures, which would afterward be linked with happy memories, they forwarded for their future enjoyment. I love to think that we are doing the same for our heavenly home in these pilgrimage days on earth. The kindly deed that made a rare picture in somebody's life, the little sacrifice that blossomed into joy, the helpful friendship,—all these we shall find again; and the patience we have gained, the 'song in the night' which we have learned—whatever of beauty, tenderness, faith, or love we can put into other lives or our own—will be among our treasures in heaven." —*Forward.*

HELPING OTHERS

"Press Dem Questions"

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the Methodist divine, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting," at a coloured church in the south.

A woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light bringer and comfort giver.

"That's good, sister!" commented

Dr. Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, doctor; press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"—*Selected.*

Somebody Needed Him

"Papa," called a little girl at the foot of the stairs in a Western parsonage, "somebody wants you." That was the sixth time the pastor's study hour had been interrupted by callers that morning. With some impatience he left his room, soliloquizing upon the petty annoyances of the pastorate, when the echo of the call, "Somebody wants you," arrested his impatience and gave him a new view of his calling. "Well," he thought, "am I not in the ministry because I thought somebody wanted me? Ought I not to be *pleased* rather than annoyed when somebody wants me? Did I not enter the ministry because I thought somebody *would* want me? Would I care to continue in this work if *nobody* wanted me?" Out of this brief staircase meditation there came to him a new inspiration for the service, in the thought that "somebody wanted him."—*From a pamphlet on mission study.*

By the Side of the Road

One day when Sam Walter Foss was a student in college he was much impressed with a sentence in Greek which he translated: "He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road." Years after, he wrote a poem which he called "A Friend to Man." One stanza runs thus:

"Let me live in a house by the side
of the road,
Where the race of men go by,—
The men that are good, the men
that are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
Then why should I sit in the
scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side
of the road
And be a friend to man."

—*The Sunday School Times.*

Those Who Help Others

"Yer heart is never so full of its own worries that ye can't crowd in a little care for them of other folks, if ye only think so," said Mrs. Roney, pausing over her washtub to answer the one who suggested that she had troubles enough of her own without attempting to carry those of a sick neighbour. "If ye crowd it so full that some of yer own gits crowded out, sure 'taint no great loss. Anyway, it ain't the empty-handed folks that's helping others lift their burdens all along the road, if ye take notice; it's them with loads of their own to carry."—*The Sunday School Times.*

HEREDITY

The Wages of Sin

In 1740, according to records, a woman was born named Ada Take. True to her name, she took everything there was to be had in the way of liberties and licenses. She died a confirmed drunkard, and altogether she had 700 descendants. Among them were 100 children born out of wedlock, 181 women of the street, 142 beggars, 46 workhouse inmates, and 76 criminals. It has been estimated that this woman cost the country $1,200,000.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

HOLY LIVING

Steering Straight

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are a half point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is with life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

Inconsistency

A fountain-pen salesman entered the office of a prosperous business man, and after giving a number of forcible arguments succeeded in receiving an order for five hundred pens, the business man promising that if all was satisfactory larger orders would follow. The young salesman was greatly pleased, and, quickly pulling out his order-book, began writing it down. The merchant was about to leave the room with another who was awaiting him when, turning, he noticed the salesman. Then he broke forth: "Hold on, sir, I decide to cancel that order right now," and with no other explanation walked into his private office. The salesman, crestfallen, waited a few minutes and then left the store. A short time later the bookkeeper said to the proprietor, "Why did you cancel that order?" "Why," said the successful business man, "he talked fountain-pen to me for nearly half an hour, and then booked my order with a lead pencil." His practise did not agree with his profession. Ezra did not make that mistake.—*The Michigan Presbyterian.*

The True and the False

The president of a bank, when asked by a young clerk how to distinguish counterfeit bills at sight, replied:

"Get familiar with the good bills, and you will recognize the bad ones without any trouble."

Here is a vast volume of wisdom summed up in a single sentence.

This homely, pointed advice applies not only to the detection of counterfeit money, but with equal force to the detection of the counterfeit and false in all departments of human life.

The man who is accustomed to handling only good corn, good cloth, good groceries, good anything, or to keeping only good company, has no trouble in detecting the faulty. He recognizes it intuitively. Even without conscious thought he fixes unerringly upon the fault.

The skillful egg-candler passes good eggs before the light with a rhythmic rapidity that is amazing, but an imperfect egg breaks his routine and interrupts his process.

To the trained musician, accustomed to knowing and doing high-grade work, a false note comes like a stab of pain.

Right and wrong are as unlike, as far apart, as day and night; and he who is most accustomed to walk in the light will be quickest to note the shadows.

There is only one way to know the bad, the imperfect, the untrue; and that is by knowing the good, the true, the beautiful.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Character Moulding

It is said that a famous artist had many sons. He was growing old, and one day as his sons were gathered round him, he said: "Boys, do you love me?" The boys answered: "Father, you know that we love you." The father said: "If you love me, give me proof of your love." Then he went into his studio and brought out some modeling clay. He flattened it out, and cut it into even cubes, and to each he gave a cube of clay, saying: "Mould this into an image of your love." The boys went off rejoicing, each to his room, to undertake his task of love.

One son went to his room with the great yearning in his soul to mould the image of his father's face. Hour after hour he worked, till by and by the image of the father's face shone from out the clay. He put the light of love in the eyes, and smile of peace on the lips, and soon the statue lacked but the breath of life to become the living counterpart of the father he loved.

The others went to their rooms, and looking at the piece of clay said: "We can do this in our spare hours. Father is becoming so queer." One went off to business, another to pleasure, another to work. The days fled, and weeks passed. Once more they stood in the father's studio. With quivering voice he asked: "Do you love me? Give me a testimony of your love." The boys were frightened, and ran to their rooms; all save the one son, who brought forth in triumph the image of his father. The others found their clay had turned to stone. They stood before the father, but only one son could show a testimony of his love. The father put this son's statue by his bedside. The rest he threw into the ash heap. So we are moulding a statue of our love. God is the great artist with many sons. It is the voice of God crying: "Do you love me?" To each He gives the bunch of clay—the body—and says: "Take it into your homes; mould it after the model—Christ.—*The Expositor.*

Straight Paths

The snow had fallen through the night. Pure and spotless it lay on roof and road and field. A number of lads met beside a vacant lot in the

morning and looked at the untrodden white before them. No one had crossed the lot and it seemed to invite footprints.

"Try who'll make the straightest path to the other end of the field!" challenged one of the lads, and he was quickly taken up.

All but one started off immediately, taking great care to watch their feet as they went along. The boy that started last sighted a tree-trunk at the opposite end of the lot, and with head erect and eyes front he stepped out. The last to start was the first to finish, and his path was as straight as it could well be, while the other tracks were crooked and twisted and, of course, really longer than the straight track.

"Say, Billy," the ones that lost in the trial called out, "how did you make out to do it so straight?"

"Well," said Billy, "I found out that when a chap looks at his feet he can't help wobbling, and so I looked away from my feet to that tree and kept on looking till I got there. Really, fellows, it was looking at the tree did it, and any of you can do as well if you take my way."

At once they found another untrodden lot and tried Billy's way and found he was right, and that morning those boys learned that when you want to make a straight path you must look up and ahead and not down.—*The Presbyterian.*

Living Epistles

One night, just before the late Captain Bickel was retiring to rest, he met at the deckhouse door a ruffian who had been wonderfully converted on one of these voyages. Mr. Bickel was very tired, but he had a little talk with the man. He asked him if he would take a Bible to a certain man on the morrow. He shook his head. "No, no, Captain; he does not need that." "But why not?" "It won't do him any good." "But why?" "Because it is too soon. That is your Bible, and, thank God! it is now mine; but it is not his Bible." "What do you mean by that?" "Why, simply that he has another Bible; *you* are his Bible; he is watching you. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live Christ, so Christ is revealed to him." Writing of this incident, Captain Bickel said: "Friends, I did not sleep that night. I had been called a thief, liar, foreign spy, traitor, devil, in public and private, and had not flinched; but to face this! 'As you live, so Christ lives—in that man's soul, in that house, in that village, in four hundred villages. As you fail to live Christ, Christ is crucified again.' What wonder that I slept not!"—*From Men and Missions.*

The Safe Path

Ah, father, remember what the lad said when his father and he were climbing the mountain-side: "Take the safe path, father, remember that I am coming." In your habits and self-indulgences the children will copy you. —*From "Lovers Always," by F. B. Meyer.*

The King's Highway

One of the greatest things the London County Council has done in the last few years is to open up the old slum district in East London. They bought this district for an enormous price. Between Southampton Row and Fleet Street there is a new highway. Years ago it was a congested slum district. The streets were little better than alleys. They were covered with filth, and the tenements on either side reeked with disease and crime. After the purchase by the London County Council these old rookeries were torn down. A broad, straight highway was cut through and after it was all done it was called "The King's Way." That is what Christ has done for the world. He has cut a King's way for us to march through. He has opened up the way so that one can walk in safety, and He has paid a tremendous price for it. Will you choose to slink through the old alleys of sin, and the crooked ways of disobedience, rather than walk joyfully down this King's Way, which the Light of the World has opened for mankind?—*From the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, in Family Altar Calendar.*

Dishonouring Christ

A friend of John Ericsson, famous as the builder of the Monitor, was giving an illustrated lecture on the great inventor in the city of Philadelphia. A number of military men were present. One of the pictures shown represented Ericsson as a Swedish chasseur. At the conclusion of the address a Danish officer came up to the lecturer and asked: "Why did you show Ericsson in disgrace? That picture shows Ericsson in arrest; was that a fact?" "But, my dear sir," said the surprised lecturer, "I did not show Ericsson in

arrest." "Yes," persisted the Danish gentleman; "your slide showed him with his sword on the wrong side, and that means that he was in arrest." A conference with the operator showed that that worthy had reversed the slide in placing it in front of the lens. Ericsson was dishonoured by the presentation given of him. So is Christ by that of many of His followers. Let us see to it that our lives show Him to be our Saviour.—*The Homiletic Review.*

Proving Ourselves Christians

It is related of the famous artist, Gustave Doré, that when he was traveling from one country to another in Europe he lost his passport, which was then required to be shown by every traveler. He was very anxious to cross the border that day. So he said to the police, "I am very sorry, but I have lost my passport; I hope you will let me pass without it; all that I can say is that I am the artist, Doré." "Oh," was the reply, "you cannot deceive us. Many persons try to pass, claiming to be some distinguished character." But Doré entreated, and so an officer finally said, "Well, we shall very soon see whether you are Doré or not. Take this paper and pencil, and sketch that group of peasants standing there." It took but a few minutes for the great artist to make the picture, and in such a masterly manner was it done that the officer was at once convinced. So today, when men profess to be Christians, the world says, "Let us see whether you are or not; what do ye more than others?"—*The Baptist Commonwealth.*

Honouring Christ's Name

It is said that Alexander the Great allowed some of his bravest soldiers to bear his name; but if one of these conducted himself dishonourably or timidly he would say, "Change your name or mend your manners." No one who is dominated by greed or fear has a right to bear the name of the unselfish, fearless Christ.—*The Christian Herald.*

The After-Death Test

Dr. Hillis said in a sermon: "The things that are valuable are the things that are praised after death has come. Would you know what things are really worth while? Well, the next time some leading citizen dies, listen to what people say of him. In the eulogy that is pronounced you will never hear anybody say: 'He lived in the finest house, he drank the best wines, he rode in a gorgeous carriage, he made a million dollars.' Why, once a man is dead, they no more speak of the pleasures of his body than they speak of the colour of his finger-nails or the length of his hair. When a man is dead, people unconsciously and automatically cast about to see if there was any spiritual quality or moral virtue of self-sacrifice or purity, or love for the widow and the fatherless, any gifts to Christ's poor."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Living Up to Our Light

"If we live up to our light, we are doing all that can be expected of us, I reckon," said Silas. "I don't know about that," answered Aunt Hannah. "The first thing that might be expected of a good many of us might be that we should have a much better light. If I get a cheap lamp and poor oil to save money, and use an untrimmed wick and a smoked chimney, because I am too careless or too lazy to put them in order, it isn't much excuse for poor work to say that I am doing it according to my light. My grandmother did her work by a tallow-dip—the best work she could do by the best light she could get,—but I have no right to be doing tallow-dip work in this age of illumination."—*From J. R. Miller, D.D., in Record of Christian Work.*

Preaching by Example

An American teacher was employed in Japan on the understanding that during school hours he should not utter a word on the subject of Christianity. The engagement was faithfully kept, and he lived before his students the Christ-life, but never spoke of it to them. Not a word was said to influence the young men committed to his care. But so beautiful was his character, and so blameless his example, that forty of the students, unknown to him, met in a grove and signed a secret covenant to abandon idolatry. Twenty-five of them entered the Kioto Christian Training School, and some of them are now preaching the gospel which their teacher has unconsciously commended. Christ's gospel received its corroboration in its fruitage.—*Hugh T. Kerr, D.D.*

Where the Fire Was Burning

Dr. John Robertson tells of a Scotch village where, years ago, all the hearth-fires had gone out. It was before the days of matches. The only way to rekindle the fires was to find some hearth

where the fire was yet aglow. Their search was fruitless until at last they found a flaming hearth away up on the hill. One by one they came to this hearth and lighted their peat, put it carefully in the pan, shielding it from the wind, and the fires were soon burning again throughout the community.

Are the fires getting low in your heart? Has the chill of worldliness settled down upon you? God has plenty of fire on the hill. Climb up into His presence through the path of surrender, and He will take the live coal from the altar and lay it upon your heart and upon your lips. This is the fulness of the Holy Ghost. This is the passion for souls.—*Selected.*

What Wearied Him

A friend once asked an aged man what caused him to complain so often at eventide of pain and weariness. "Alas," replied he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Well, well," commented his friend, "you are busy indeed. But I didn't know that you had anything to do with a menagerie. How, then, do you make that out?"

"Why," continued the old man, "listen. The two falcons are my eyes, which I must guard diligently; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my hands, which I must train to work, that I may provide for myself and those dependent on me as well as for a needy friend occasionally; the serpent is my tongue which I must keep ever bridled lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continual fight lest evil things come out of it, and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."—*Du Quoin Tribune.*

Striving for Perfection

Like all life's lessons, the personal significance of the resurrection is one which we increasingly apprehend. At no point can we say, "I have fully understood or attained." Our reach is always greater than our grasp, and there is continual fresh light glowing from the risen Christ to guide us in our upward search. "Excelsior" is the descriptive life-motto of the man who realizes himself as one "risen with Christ"; and while he is never aught but fully satisfied with the perfections of his great Ideal, he never for one moment pauses to be satisfied in himself. Such pause, indeed, would be fatal to his true progress, and would defeat the God-formed purpose of his life. There is in a little churchyard in Switzerland a simple inscription on the tomb of one who perished in an Alpine accident, which has always appealed to me with singular force: "He died climbing." He had heard the call of the mountains, and lost his life in endeavouring to respond. We have heard the call of the risen Christ, but, unlike the climber, we gain our lives in our sustained attempt to respond worthily. "Seek those things that are above" is a call to enjoy the largest possible life, for the very struggle develops latent possibilities and capacities, and each step upward is into fuller liberty and more perfect manhood."—*From "Redeeming Vision," by J. Stuart Holden.*

Qualified to Speak

Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railway, was once making a quiet tour over one of the branches of the system, and wandered into an out-of-the-way switchyard, where something one of the yardmen was doing did not meet with his approbation. He made some suggestion to the man, who asked: "Who are you that's trying to teach me my business." "I am an officer of the road," replied Mr. Cassatt. "Let's see your switchkey then," said the man, suspiciously. Mr. Cassott pulled from his hip pocket his key ring, to which was attached the switchkey, which no railroad man in service is ever without. It was sufficient proof for the switchman, who then did as he was told. The story suggests a great spiritual lesson. If you are going to have any real leadership in dealing with the souls of men they must see in your conversation, in the tone of your character, in the spirit of your life, that you possess the "switchkey," the evident presence of Jesus Christ.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Holiness in the Home

A story was told me by a clergyman on the Tyne of a conversation in his parish which he heard of through the big lad's mother. The mother said, "You know, I'm a widow and not very strong, and my oldest boy goes out to work every day, close to home, and comes in to dinner. He used, when he

came in to dinner, if I had not got it quite ready, to turn round and abuse me. But you know, there was that Mission in the parish, and somebody persuaded him to go, and somehow or other God got hold of him; and now he still goes out to work, and he still comes in to dinner, and still I am not always able to have it ready; but now he looks at me ever so brightly, and he says, 'Mother, shall I help to get it ready?'" Now God was in those words. They were not about angels and archangels and the company of heaven: they were about *dinner* and *mother*. But God was in them.—*From Bishop Moule, at Keswick Convention.*

Like the Sweet-Briar

A group of girls were together one rainy afternoon. One of them opened the door for a moment, and a wave of the smell of wet, green, growing things poured into the room. The girl at the door turned and said to the others, "Do you smell the sweet-briar down by the gate? It is always fragrant, but never so fragrant as in the rain." One of the girls said impulsively that this reminded her of her aunt. When asked to explain, she said: "Why, you see, there are ever so many roses that are fragrant—the roses themselves I mean—but the sweet-briar is the only one whose leaves also are fragrant. That is why it makes me think of my aunt, because everything about her, everything she does, not the large things only, but all the common every-day things, the leaves as well as the blossoms, have something beautiful in them."—*From Dr. J. R. Miller.*

Painted Religion

Some years ago I was preaching at Horesham. At the close of the evening service the minister of the place came home with me to the house where I was staying. It had been a very hot day, and the minister, feeling tired, was about to throw himself down on the sofa, when the good lady exclaimed, "Mind my antimacassar!" Then she whispered to me, "It's painted. It comes off." Yes, thought I, it is made for show, not for wear. And some people's religion is just like that. It is made for Sundays and show-days, but not for the working-days of life. It's painted. It comes off. It comes off in the home. It comes off in the work-shop and the market-place and the street. It is no use in the great storms and trials of life, where its power should be most displayed. Paul's religion was storm-proof, and showed its divinity when neither sun nor stars appeared.—*Rev. W. Hetherington.*

The New Life

A lady who desired to lead a Christian life felt that there was one thing in her life that she could not give up. Consulting her pastor, he said: "Have you noticed how there are always a few dead leaves clinging to the old oak-trees after all the other leaves have fallen? The high autumn winds and the strong blasts of winter fail to tear them off. Spring comes, and they still cling persistently. The days are calm, bright, and balmy. Presently, one by one, the leaves drop off—those leaves that all the blasts of winter failed to tear from the old tree. What unseen power so quietly, but so surely, severs them? The *new life,* rising in the tree, gradually causes them to drop off. And so with us,—as the new life in Christ permeates our being, we find we can give up for Him what before was so hard to renounce. We bring forth new fruit, for our Fountain-Head is a life-giving stream."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Carrying His Lantern

The words are somewhat sharply spoken by the conductor of an evening train, "Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you would be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other." The brakeman was a new hand who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear of the last car, when the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakeman passed toward the front end, and there, to our own surprise indeed, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. There are people who seem to be shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in daily life. Do *you* leave your lantern hung up where it can do little good in a special hour, or do you let your light so shine at all times that men, seeing your good works, glorify your Father which is in heaven?—*The Christian Observer.*

Marked in Ear and Foot

The celebrated Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, used to say that Christ's sheep were marked in the *ear* and the *foot:* "They *hear* my voice, and *follow* Me."—*The Sunday School Times.*

True Holiness

Put on the new man, that, after God, hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth (Eph. 4:24).

A legend of the Jews relates that the Prophet Ezekiel once raised a number of his countrymen from the dead, but the miracle was so far imperfect that the resuscitated men ever after retained the complexion of corpses, and their garments the smell of the sepulcher. Some believe it is after this fashion that the Lord Jesus raises us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; that so far at least as our earthly lifetime is concerned, we must expect to retain the blemishes and scent of moral corruption. We have not so learned Christ. We believe in His ability and purpose to cleanse us from every defilement, and to keep us in perfect purity of flesh and spirit.—*From "Mistaken Signs," by Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

A Holy Atmosphere

We touch the world at so many points, how can we remain unspotted? Scientists tell us of an insect which, though you immerse it in water, yet never touches the water. Enveloped with the element, yet the element never penetrates to the insect itself. The reason of this wonder in nature is that it carries with it its own atmosphere. Enveloped first in this atmosphere it can bid the other element defiance and, though submerged in it, is untouched by it. If we cleave to God we shall carry about with us the secret atmosphere of communion, and then, though in the midst of sin we shall remain without blemish, unspotted by the world.—*From "Pure Religion," by the Rev. W. L. Mackenzie.*

Sin Distasteful

A man who was seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much," he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thoroughgoing Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." In accepting Christ we do not surrender our liberty but our slavery, and we become free to do what we please, because we shall please to do God's will.—*The Christian Age.*

Christianity Changed

A young Jewess, who is now a Christian, asked the lady who had instructed her to read history with her: "Because," she said, "I have been reading the Gospels, and I am puzzled; I want to know when the Christians began to be so different from Christ."—*From "Christ's Service of Love," by the Rev. Hugh Black.*

Mirrors of Christ

What happens when a person is looking in a shop window where there is a mirror, and some one comes up behind —someone he knows? He does not look any longer at the image; he turns to look at the person whose image is reflected. Or, if he sees reflected on the mirror something very striking, he turns and looks at the thing itself. So it is always with the persons that you have to do with. If you become a mirror of Christ, your friends will detect it in a very few days; they will see appearing in you, the mirror, an image which they know has not originated in you, and they will turn to look straight at the person whom you are reflecting. —*Marcus Dods, in "Sabbath Reading."*

Life Like Tapestry

"Behind the [Greek] word which is translated 'lowliness' is our word 'tapestry,' and I think I shall not be far away from the apostle's mind when I say that he counsels us to lay our life down like a soft tapestry carpet—in kindly thoughts and gracious sympathies and helpful services, in order that the weary, bruised feet of other people may find ease and comfort on the road. For some of the ways of life are very rough and flinty, and the sharp, jagged edges of circumstances cut the feet most sorely, and 'going' is for many people a matter of ceaseless pain. It is the blessed privilege of Christians to lay a soft surface on the roads, by spreading over them the graciousness of tender compassion, so stooping that other pilgrims can 'walk over us,' and so forget the hardships of the way."—*From Dr. J. H. Jowett's "The High Calling."*

Practising the Scriptures

He lived a hundred miles away, and had walked all that distance, traveling four nights—a long stroll—to recite

some verses of Scripture to his pastor, but he was listened to as he recited in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount. He was then told that if he simply memorized it, it would be a feat of memory, and nothing more; he must practise its teachings. His face lighted up with a smile as he promptly replied: "That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it, but it wouldn't stick, so I hit on this plan. I would memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbour of mine and practice the verse on him. Then I found it would stick."—*The Missionary Outlook.*

Christ in the Heart

Benjamin West, the great painter, speaking of Gilbert Stuart, a brother artist famed for his beautiful colouring, used to say to his pupils, "It's no use to steal Stuart's colours; if you want to paint as he does, you must steal his eyes." When we are baffled in our efforts to live as Christ lived, we feel that the record of His life, however wonderful it is, will not enable us to be like Him. What we need is His heart!—*Sunday at Home.*

God Real to Him

Professor James, in his book, "Varieties of Religious Experience," tells of a man of forty-nine who said: "God is more real to me than any thought or thing or person. I feel His presence positively, and the more as I live in closer harmony with His laws as written in my body and mind. I feel Him in the sunshine or rain; and all mingled with a delicious restfulness most nearly describes my feelings. I talk to Him as to a companion in prayer and praise, and our communion is delightful. He answers me again and again, often in words so clearly spoken that it seems my outer ear must have carried the tone, but generally in strong mental impressions. Usually a text of Scripture, unfolding some new view of Him and His love for me, and care for my safety. . . . That He is mine and I am His never leaves me; it is an abiding joy. Without it life would be a blank, a desert, a shoreless, trackless waste."—*Forward.*

A Whole Christian

A missionary in China writes of a girl in the mission school under her care, that one night she came to her and said, "Teacher, I want you to pray that I may be a whole Christian." Struck by the expression, the teacher inquired what she meant. So the girl told her of certain things she had done that day that she felt to be wrong, and of things she had failed to do, which her teacher had commanded her. All this she instinctively felt was not in keeping with the spirit of the Gospel. So she came with tears in her eyes at the close of day, saying, "Oh, teacher, I want you to pray for me that I may be a whole Christian."—*The Christian Age.*

Power to Do Right

A Buddhist monk in Ceylon, who was acquainted with both Christianity and Buddhism, was once asked what he thought was the great difference between the two. He replied, "There is much that is good in each of them, and probably in all religions. But what seems to me to be the greatest difference is that you Christians know what is right and have power to do it, while we Buddhists know what is right but have not any such power."—*The Expositor.*

Walking in the Light

Some of the great jewelers have discovered a more effective method of securing their establishments than by the old-fashioned methods of bolts and bars and iron shutters; all through the night the lights are left brilliantly burning, and the gold and gems are found to be most secure in the simple shelter of the light. It is true also that the ultimate and absolute security for all the splendid treasures of our human nature and life will be found, not in the bolts and bars of an external prudential preservation of character, but in that divine light and glory which invests the character whenever the heart is full of love and purity.—*From "The Program of Life," by W. L. Watkinson.*

Living a Lie

A layman who was visiting at the home of a minister was called upon to lead in family worship. He began to read Colossians 3. When he reached verse 9 he paused, and laid down his glasses. "Do you know," he said, "I find it the hardest thing for a Christian not to lie." Those present looked somewhat startled; but he went on to explain: "I find that Christians are in danger of living in such a way that their whole life before the world is a living lie. By our words, we all

acknowledge Christ, but so many deny Him and bring reproach upon His Word by living an inconsistent life before men."—*From a sermon by the Rev. J. W. H. Brown, Toronto.*

Keeping Time with God

Traversing one night a city street, I was startled by a sharp clanging above my head. On looking up, I found myself directly beneath the tower wherein a huge clock was striking the midnight hour. I took my watch from my pocket, and lo! the slender, overlying hands were pointing exactly to the hour of twelve. It scarcely seemed possible that that tiny piece of mechanism in my hand could keep time with the huge machinery that filled a whole room of the tower; but the proof was before me, and as I gazed at the two pairs of hands of such diverse proportions, I understood as never before that the most insignificant human being needed only to be clean, in running order and divinely regulated, to keep time with divinity itself.—*The Christian Observer.*

Hindering God's Work

Two Christians were visiting mission stations in China; and from time to time one of these men asked the Chinese converts what, in their opinion, was the greatest barrier to the spread of Christianity in China. Almost invariably the answer that came back was, "Ourselves." These Chinese Christians saw true. Are we as severe with ourselves as they were with themselves? Are we ready to let Christ do away with the last vestige of barrier that we are offering to that proclamation of His love which He wants to make through us to others?—*The Christian Age.*

Thought She Knew Jesus

A Scottish missionary, home on furlough from her work in India, told this story. She had been teaching a group of children one day, telling them the story of Jesus, bringing out bit by bit incidents showing His character. As she was talking one child, listening intently, grew excited, and then more excited. At last she was unable to restrain herself, and blurted out: "I know Him; He lives near us." Was there ever such praise of a human?—*From "Quiet Talks on Home Ideals," by S. D. Gordon.*

Catching Raphael's Spirit

How deeply must those who believed in Jesus for His works' sake have endeared themselves to Him in the midst of so much unbelief and opposition? History tells of a young paint-grinder in the studio of Italy's greatest master, who developed striking evidences of artistic skill. When an enemy of the great teacher came to the boy and urged him to found a school of his own, saying that wealth and honours and invitations to kings' palaces might be his, the youth answered in effect: "I am not ambitious to found a school or dwell in a palace, but I am ambitious to catch Raphael's spirit, and reproduce in myself his ideals."—*Rev. Orin Edson Crooker.*

His Life Didn't Pray

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven (Matt. 7:21).

A vessel bound for Lisbon had a crew of eight men, two of whom were professors of religion. One of these was active and earnest in his efforts to promote the spiritual good of his shipmates. The other lived, apparently, as carelessly as any on board. Prayer-meetings were held, morning and evening, in the forecastle, to which all were invited. The indifferent one, declaring that he was a member of the church, offered to assist his more faithful companion in the devotional services. To this, objection was at once made by a young sailor, who said, "I cannot hear him pray for me. His life does not pray."—*The Friendly Visitor.*

His Life Rang True

A ship was going into action in the Jutland battle. Aboard that ship worked one, Stevens by name, a real, true Christian, whom all loved and revered for himself alone. Now it so happened, that, to get to his appointed place each man had to pass the spot where Stevens stood, and, as they realized this, the men passed the word softly down from one to another, "Touch Stevens, touch Stevens." And so with ready response every man and every lad as he passed along touched the man whom they felt and knew to be in touch with God and Christ and things eternal. How much Stevens counted in that time of need because his life rang true!—*The United Methodist.*

Religion in Conduct

The test of character for us lies not in the things that we hear, but in the things that we do. A servant in Scotland went to a gospel meeting, where she professed to have received great help. When she got home she said to her mistress, "Oh, I have got such a blessing at the meeting." "Ah, well," was the cautious reply of her mistress, "we shall see in the morning, Lizzie, whether it is or no." The morning's work would give token of the reality of the blessing. We need a religion that will do more than arouse emotions. We want one that will produce holy conduct.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Salt of the Earth

Ye are the salt of the earth (Matt. 5:13).

As the salt of the earth, Christians are not always to bring joy and comfort into the lives of others. Salt has other uses. A Bible-study group of college girls were recently discussing the familiar passage in the Sermon on the Mount, and were asking why Christians are like salt. All thought at once of salt's preservative qualities. Then a Chinese girl in the group quietly suggested, "Salt creates thirst." The truth went home. As one of the leaders afterward said, "Our lives should be such that people would continually come to us and ask us to explain ourselves." Do our lives create in others the thirst that only the Water of Life can satisfy?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Watching Our Lives

A friend of mine returned some time ago from a foreign country where he had been representative of the United States Government. I said to him, "Why have you come back?" "Because I got tired of the responsibility." "How is that?" I asked. "Why, everywhere I went the people of that country watched me and talked about 'Uncle Sam.' If I even took a drink of water, they would gather around to see 'Uncle Sam' drink. And I just got tired of the responsibility." That is just what the world is doing with every one of us children of God. They do not care so much about our songs and prayers and creeds, but they are caring tremendously about our life.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Emotional Love Only

Some years ago, in one of the great cities, there was held a banquet attended by a number of prominent business men. After the repast was over the band played "America," and the audience stood and sung the familiar words. As the last strains of the song died away, one of the men with tears trickling down his cheeks said, "Oh, that I could die for my country." Just three weeks after, this same man was cringing at the feet of justice, confessing that he had bribed an entire municipal assembly in order to purchase a railroad franchise ordinance. He thought to love his country with the emotions was enough, not realizing that the demand was to love with purity of soul.—*The Youth's Companion.*

An Innovation

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies (Psalm 119:2).

A good lady, belonging to another communion, once remonstrated with Dr. W. B. Robertson of Irvine. She said: "I hear you are introducing some dreadful innovations into your church service." "Indeed," he replied, "what innovations have we introduced?" "Oh," she said, "I hear that you read the commandments at the communion." "Is that all you heard of?" was the reply,, "we have introduced a far greater innovation than that." "What is it?" said the good lady in some alarm. "We try to keep them," he replied.—*From the Life of W. B. Robertson, D.D., of Irvine, by Dr. J. Brown.*

Cutting the Thistles

Temp 2/29/36

"Why don't you cut those thistles?" a farmer in one of whose fields the thistles were showing six or eight inches above the grain was asked. "I haven't the time. Something more to do than cut thistles at this time of the year," was the reply. It was a busy season, but if those thistles were left they would scatter enough seed to produce thistles all over the farm the next summer. A couple of days' cutting would save the farm. When we see our sins and our faults beginning to show themselves, then we should pay them some attention. True, it will take some time, some hard work, and much prayer, but it will pay. Our lives will be saved.—*East and West.*

Practical Holiness

"I suppose that John Atkins is one of your best weavers," said a clergyman who was being shown by the fore-

man through a great mill. "Not much he isn't," replied the foreman. "The trouble with John is that he stands around talking about his religion when he ought to be attending to his loom. He is a good enough fellow, and has the making of a fine weaver in him, but he has not yet learned that while he is in his weaving-shed his religion ought to come out of his fingers, and not out of his mouth." A great deal of religion must accompany a very little talking.—*Record of Christian Work.*

A Searching Question

Some years ago, after a convention in Scotland, a man came to me taking objection to things said in the meeting. "It is all very well for you men to preach holiness," he said, "but I have got all this in Christ." He spoke in rather a pompous strain, and I said to him: "Yes, but have you got it in Glasgow?" The answer was not quite so ready. The house of Obed-edom enjoyed God's blessing and manifested it wherever they went, so must we.—*Dr. J. Stuart Holden.*

God-Likeness

Have not all of us, some time or other, been photographed? And when the proof has arrived, our friends have exclaimed, "Oh, how like you! It is good!" Or else they have said, "That's not a bit like you; you must have your photograph taken again." We are to be God's likenesses or photographs. Men cannot see Him, and many will not take the trouble to read about Him, but they will look at us. Might they say, as we do of some photographs, "If the name were not on, I shouldn't know who it was meant to represent."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Preaching Church Members

Dr. Lyman Beecher was once asked how he did so much in his church. He replied: "Oh, I preach Sundays, and four hundred of my church members preach every day." That was how he could do so much and why his church was such a factor for good in Boston in his day.—*The Expositor.*

What We Are

Part of an inscription on a tombstone in a soldiers' graveyard in Virginia reads: "Who they were no man knows; what they were all men know." We know nothing as to who Simeon was except his name. But what he was is very plain to us, although the words concerning him are few. It matters very little who we are; but what we are concerns both God and our fellowmen.—*W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y. Suggested by Commentary of A. B. Bruce.*

Tattooed Truth

A South Sea Islander's closing prayer at a meeting was as follows: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death." Alas, alas! the truth, to many professing Christians, never becomes like the "tattoo."—*The Christian Herald.*

A True Test

There was a chief of a tribe in South Africa who, while he himself was still heathen, proved to be a good friend of Christianity. He used to say to those of the tribe who professed to be converted to the new faith: "If you become better men and women by being Christians, you may remain so; but if not, I won't let you be Christians at all." And that is the test that Christianity itself seeks.—*The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Keeping the Commandments

An aged Scot told his minister that he was about to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. "And when I'm there," said the pilgrim complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai." The minister looked at him with an eye of pity and said, "Sandy, tak' my advice: bide at hame and keep them." —*From "Laws of Life and Health," by Dr. Bryce.*

Church Going and Holiness

Billy Sunday, at one of his farewell services in Paterson, N. J., attacked the people who attend divine worship on the Sabbath, cheat during the week, and think they are accomplishing their whole duty. "I tell you," shouted the revivalist, "going to church doesn't make a man a Christian any more than going to a garage makes him an automobile."—*The Christian Herald.*

The Bread of Life

Beecher once declared that many people make religion the cake of life,—something to be put away in a cupboard and used only when company comes. But religion must be the bread of life.—*Amos R. Wells in "Two Minute Talks."*

Not Contagious Religion

"Dey says she's got r'ligion," remarked Aunt Dinah doubtfully of a certain camp-meeting convert. "Ef she has, she's took it mighty light; it don't hender her goin' on jes' de same as ebber, an' nobody needn't be 'fraid ob ketchin' it from her." Alas! this seems the kind of religion possessed by many people. They never communicate it to others.—*Forward.*

The Christian Climate

"She makes a beautiful climate for me," said a mother of her attractive daughter. That is what should be said with truth of every Christian. They should temper the moral climate of the world, warming its coldness, cooling its excessive heat, soothing its sorrows, and cheering its discouragements.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Keeping God's Light Burning

The Greeks had a foot-race in which speed and endurance were not the only tests. Each man at the start was given a lighted torch, and the laurel wreath was for the one who came in first, "with his torch alight." Success in life is not merely "getting there," but, more important still, in keeping the light of God burning in our hurrying souls.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Behaving the Bible

The Chinese whose quaint confession of faith was, "I am reading the Bible now and behaving it," had a better conception of what is involved in being a Christian than many professed believers of long standing.—*Missionary Outlook.*

Portraits and Character

There is a serious thought in the wit of Lowell when he says: "Men are generally more desirous of being improved in their portraits than in their characters." Portraits can be touched up, but characters have to be plowed under by the Spirit of God.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Keeping His Religion

"I've stole chickens," testified the darkey, "and I've shot dice and told lies; but, bless the Lord, I's kept my religion in de heart!" Many people "follow" Jesus just this way. What are *we* holding on to while we think we have safely kept our religion in our heart?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Bibles or Libels

"We [Christians] are either Bibles or libels."—*F. B. Meyer.*

Crucifying Christ

Dr. Alexander Whyte tells the story of a man who dreamed that he saw Jesus tied to a whipping-post and a soldier was scourging Him. He saw the whip in the soldier's hand, with its thick lashes studded here and there with bits of lead, which were intended to cut into the flesh. As the soldier brought the whip down on the bare shoulders of Jesus, the dreamer shuddered as he saw the marks and blood-stains it left behind. When the soldier raised his hand to strike again, the dreamer rushed forward, intending to stop him. As he did so, the soldier turned around and the dreamer recognized—himself. We often think how cruel those men must have been who scourged and crucified Jesus. But whenever we do wrong, we, too, cause the heart of Jesus to bleed with sorrow and pain.—*The Christian Herald.*

Reflecting Christ

"How do you know that Christ is risen?" some one asked an old fisherman, whose faith in Jesus seemed very simple and sure. "Do you see those cottages near the cliff?" he replied. "Well, sometimes, when I am far out at sea, I know that the sun is risen by the reflection in those windows. How do I know that Christ is risen? Because I see His light reflected from the faces of some of my fellows every day, and because I feel the light of His glory in my own life." A reflector of Jesus! You and I may be that. His glory may shine through us.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Real Conversion

"That is one of your converts," said a man to Mr. Spurgeon, referring to one who had professed Christ under Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, and been admitted to the church, who afterward fell into grievous sin, and led an openly

immoral life. "Yes," said Mr. Spurgeon, "it looks like my work—always clumsy and ineffective. I am a poor, weak instrument. I wonder my Master keeps me in His service. But He does bless my work sometimes, and when *He* makes a Christian it is a permanent work. It lasts. I want none of my converts in the church; it is the Lord's converts I want."—*The Christian Herald.*

Evidence of Conversion

A young sewing-girl was converted, and being asked what conversion meant, and what difference it made in her life and work, she replied: "Many a time I have sent home seams scarcely fastened, so that they were sure to rip; but, please God, since I have been converted my seams will never rip again."—*The Watchword.*

Wanted a Clean Mouth

Dr. Lyall, a Presbyterian missionary in China, was asked by a woman, "Give me some of your medicine for cleansing mouths." She told the missionary that a neighbour of hers had been for a month in the mission hospital. "Before she went there," said the woman, "she would fling at you the foulest words if she were crossed in any way. Now there is never a coarse word on her lips. I want my mouth to be clean like hers."—*The Christian Herald.*

Saw the Gospel Lived

The jailer had been brought face to face with God through the conduct of two holy men, and that is why he asked this great question. A native in India once came to a missionary in a lone station, and asked to be baptized. The missionary inquired where he had heard the gospel preached, and how he had come to that knowledge and desire. The man replied, "I have not *heard* the gospel preached, but I have lived near a man who *lived* it." What must I do to be saved? would be more frequently asked if the gospel was more generally lived.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Gospel According to You

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman says: It is the life that counts for or against Christ. Some one has said: "There is a Gospel according to Matthew and a Gospel according to Mark, Luke and John, but let it not be forgotten that there is a Gospel according to you," and if your life does not ring true with the other Gospels you shall be called to account. Such a life can make real havoc of the church.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Respecting a Straight Line

I heard the carpenter telling my boys how to miter a corner. "You can't do carpenter work," said he, "until you learn to respect a straight line." Respect a straight line! In carpentry alone? I thought.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Grace Needed

"Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" was the question once put to Mr. Moody, who answered in the negative. "Do you not wish that you had?" "No, sir; for I do not need it. What I need just now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a convention."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Time to Act

Dr. Abbott tells of a small boy who asked his ten-year-old sister just as the sermon concluded, "Now is it all done?" "No," she whispered back, "It's just all *said*, and we must go and *do* it."

HOLY SPIRIT

Depending on God's Spirit

Sometimes quarrymen find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then with great sledge-hammers drive these wedges into the hard rock. But sometimes this fails to split the rock. Then they go at it in another way. The iron wedges are removed from the grooves. Then little wooden ones of a very hard fiber are selected. These sharp-edged, well-made wooden wedges are first soaked in water. Then they are put in the groove tightly while wet, and water is kept in the grooves. The water and the wedges are left to do their work. The damp wood swells. The granite heart of rock can't stand against this new pressure. It takes longer than the iron wedges and sledge, but after a while the rock yields and lies split wide open. The water works on the wood, and that in turn on the stone. The iron wedges sometimes fail, but the wood and water never fail. It seems to be a part of our make-up to make plans, and to count on the plans. And

planning does much. We don't want to plan less, but to learn to depend more *in* our planning on the soft, noiseless, but resistless power of the Holy Spirit.—*From Quiet Talks With World Winners, by S. D. Gordon.*

The Pentecostal Witness

When Nansen started on his Arctic Expedition he took with him a carrier pigeon, strong and fleet of wing; and after two years—two years in the desolation of the Arctic regions—he one day wrote a tiny little message and tied it under the pigeon's wing, and let it loose to travel two thousand miles to Norway; and oh! what miles! what desolation! not a living creature! ice, ice, ice, snow, and death. But he took the trembling little bird and flung her up from the ship, up into the icy cold. Three circles she made, and then, straight as an arrow she shot south; one thousand miles over ice, one thousand miles over the frozen wastes of ocean, and at last dropped into the lap of the explorer's wife. She knew, by the arrival of the bird, that it was all right in the dark night of the North. So with the coming of the Holy Spirit, the Heavenly Dove, the disciples knew that Christ was alive, for His coming and His manifest working were proofs of it.—*Joyful News Magazine.*

Neglecting the Light

A gentleman was working by the light of a lantern which went out. Things went wrong, and he could not find what he wanted. Then a boy came in. "Why don't you turn on the light?" he said; and sure enough the gentleman had forgotten all about the newly-installed electric light plant, and that all that was necessary was to turn a button, and the room would be flooded with light. Many grope in darkness all their lives because they do not seek God and turn on the light.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Like Sponges in Water

They were all filled with the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:4).

"Theodore Monod, speaking of a man being in Christ and having Christ in him, said, 'I take a sponge and put it in the water, but see! the water is also in the sponge!' The illustration is equally apt in reference to the present subject. If you are in the Spirit, you should be filled with the Spirit. Keep in the Spirit all the time and let the Spirit fill you all the time. But somebody raised the objection that man was sinful and imperfect, and asked what was to be done with his sin. Mr. Monod, replying in his inimitable way, said, 'You take a sponge and you plunge it into water, and when it is under water what happens? Bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! The fact of its being in the water drives all the air out!' Oh! I love to see Christian people when they begin to bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! when the inferior thing is expelled by the superior, the less by the greater!"—*Rev. W. Y. Fullerton.*

The Fire of Pentecost

Dr. J. R. Miller says: I have heard of the lighting of the torches in the holy sepulchre at Easter time. The building is very dark in the early morning. The patriarch comes. Through the darkness he passes within a curtain, and is in the place where they say the body of Jesus lay. Not a word, not a sound, breaks the silence in the great building. At last there is a movement —the patriarch comes out bearing one burning torch. Instantly a dark torch touches this lighted one and blazes out, and then another and another, and soon a thousand torches are blazing, all lighted from the one torch that came out from the empty tomb of Christ. Out into the streets of the city they are borne and along the highways everywhere other torches are lighted from these, until the whole land glows with fire that came from Christ's grave. What an illustration this is of the spreading forth of the fire of Pentecost! From the cross of Christ and from His emptied grave comes the fire of the Holy Ghost. Your life and mine are like candles unlighted, or, at the best, burning very dimly. But if we will hold them up to this one flame that blazes before us, they will be lighted, too; we shall become burning lights. Then as we go out into the world, other lives will touch ours, and they will burn, too, and light others also, until thousands of burning hearts shall glow in earth's darkness.—*The Sunday School Times.*

When Blind Eyes Saw

A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. Then one day his mother led him out of doors and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and the earth. "Mother," he cried, "why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" She

burst into tears as she said, "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." So it is when we try to tell what is in Christ. Unless the spiritual sight is opened by the Holy Spirit, one cannot understand.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Lightning Conductors

Here is lightning in the sky; the lightning is going to strike, and it comes down the tree that is nearest and the best conductor. It is a law of nature that, as the lightning flashes along over the tops of the trees, it chooses the tree that is nearest to it and is the best conductor for it, and down that tree it comes. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth" (2 Chron. 16:9), to find a good conductor, and He will come down, and flow through the man and the woman that is the best conductor. Here is a man greatly used of God, and you are not greatly used of God, and yet you know far more than he does. Why is this? Something is the matter with the conductor. It is yourself that is the matter. May God show us how we may become good conductors of divine power. "He that is faithful in that which is least" will be chosen for that "which is much."—*From a sermon by the Rev. C. H. Pridgeon.*

Charged with Power

Theodore Cuyler delighted to tell how, in his student days at Princeton, Professor Henry had so constructed a large bar of iron, bent into the form of a horseshoe, that it used to hang suspended from another iron bar above it. Not only did it hang there, but it upheld a 4,000 pound weight attached to it. The great horseshoe was not welded or screwed to the metal above it, but through the iron wire coiled round it there ran a subtle current of electricity from a galvanic battery, which converted it into a magnet. Stop the flow of the current for an instant and the huge horseshoe dropped. So does the lifting power of the Christian's life come from the currents of spiritual influence which flow into his heart from the living Christ. The strength of the Almighty One enters into the believer. This was Paul's secret.—*Rev. G. Howard James, in the London Sunday School Times.*

The Warning Bell

An electric bell tingled sharply beside the florist's desk. "Frost!" he said, and ran hatless to the greenhouses. "The fires had sunk," the florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I'd have lost hundreds of dollars. Frost bells are now pretty generally used by florists and fruit growers," he went on. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer and when the mercury falls to a certain point—you regulate this danger point to suit yourself—a bell rings a warning in your house or office. Many a winter crop of fruit and flowers has been saved in the past year or two by the clever little frost bell." Have we realized that the Holy Spirit is ready to be our frost bell?—*The Standard.*

The Spirit-Filled Life

I would rather be the means under God of stirring up the Christian Church than of winning a hundred souls to Christ. If I could stir up a hundred Christians and induce them to seek this gift of service, to get full of the Holy Ghost, it would result in thousands of conversions. When we were in Philadelphia a lady said to me, "Mr. Moody, can women have this power?" I told her I saw no reason why any one should not have it who wanted to work for God. Women need it as much as men. "Well," said she, "if I can have it, I want it. I have also a Sunday-school class, and they are unconverted." A week from that time she came to me and said, "I have got it. The Lord has blessed me. My husband has been converted, and five of my Sunday-school class." That was the result of that woman's receiving the power of the Holy Ghost. It spread all through the church of which she was a member, and the people, seeing that she had something which they had not, began to inquire, and as a result of the quickening of that woman five hundred members were added to the Church.—*From a sermon by D. L. Moody on "The Gift of the Holy Ghost."*

Soul-Winning Power

I had in a former parish a young Irishman; all would declare him to be ignorant, and he was; but God marvelously used him. This was the secret. With a heart burdened for the men of the city, I called together a few men of the church, and laying before them the plan I had in mind, told them first of all that we could do nothing without the infilling of the Holy Ghost. When this had been explained, I no-

ticed this man leave the room. When I sought him I found him in one of the lower rooms of the church, literally on his face before God. He was in prayer. I shall never forget the petition: "O God, I plead with Thee for this blessing." Then without any emotion he rose from his knees, turned his face heavenward, and said, "And now I claim the blessing." For the first time he became sensible of my presence, and with a shining countenance he reached out his hands to clasp mine. You could feel the very presence of the Spirit as he said, "I have received Him." And I believe he had, for in the next few months he led more than sixty men into the kingdom of God. His whole life had been transformed.—*From "Power and Its Secret," by Dr. Chapman.*

The Oil of God's Grace

"Then I saw in my dream that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him to a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always casting much water upon it; yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This fire is the work of grace in the heart. He that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the Devil. But in that thou seest the fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that.' So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the fire. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This is Christ, who continually with the oil of His grace maintains the work begun in the heart.'"—*From Pi grim's Progress.*

Fire and Matches

Referring to belief in the efficiency of modern church organizations and the tendency to trust in them rather than in God, the remark was made, "If fire does not fall from heaven, some one is ready with a match."—*The Homiletic Review..*

Evangelizing Power

The Rev. J. Goforth says: "I have the strongest of convictions that it would pay many, many fold for the church at home and abroad to cease for a season its busy round of activities and seek for the Holy Spirit's power as for hidden treasure. Then, as a missionary in Korea said after the power of the Spirit came upon the workers at Pyeng Yang, 'He did more in half a day than all we could have done in half a year'; or, as our preachers and others in Chan-te-fu exclaimed after the Holy Spirit had swept through the assembly there for ten days with the fires of judgment: 'God has done exceeding abundantly above all that we asked or thought. In ten days He has done more than we could have done in ten years.' If we would evangelize the world in our day we must get back to the Pentecostal Factor."—*From "The Decisive Hour in Christian Missions," by Dr. J. R. Mott.*

The Illuminated Face

Sometimes the Holy Spirit seems to shine through the face now. On a Western train a woman whose spirit was earnestly Christian was asked by a strange woman with a discontented face: "Please may I sit down and talk with you? You look as though you were interested in something good, and I think I need to talk with you." There was no doubt about the reality of the inner fellowship with God, because it was so clearly seen by a stranger. Does the inner joy in our life shine through?—*Bertha Condé.*

When People Seek the Church

In my boyhood a large frame church building was burned down in my native village. Although it had not been a very active church, it had a large membership, and there was much interest in the catastrophe. The fire occurred at night, and, as the building was large, it made an immense bonfire, and of course people flocked from far and near to see it. A member of the church said somewhat peevishly to a known skeptic who was in the crowd, "I never saw you come near this church before." "No," replied the other, "but then I never saw this church on fire before." —*The Sunday School Times.*

Promoted by God's Spirit

A missionary in the Punjab took her Bible woman to visit some of the villages. This is what she heard her saying to the crowds: "In your houses you people have many vessels, some made of brass, some of wood, some just of earth. But when you put *ghee* (butter) into an earthen vessel, you set it on a shelf in a place of honour close to the brass vessels or even above them.

I was a poor earthen vessel; but God put His Spirit in me, and raised me, and set me in a higher place."—*From The Bible in the World.*

Overflowing Power

But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth (Acts 1:8).

A man praying at a conference in England for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, said: "O Lord, we can't hold much, but we can overflow lots." Let the fact be carefully marked that it is only the overflow from the fulness within our own lives that brings refreshing to any one else.—*From "Quiet Talks on Power," by S. D. Gordon.*

The Quickener of Life

Professor Huxley tells us that in the soil of England there lie buried tropical seeds in bewildering variety. They have been brought by birds, by winds, by many agencies. There they lie deeply buried, these tropical potencies, waiting for what? For a tropical atmosphere. Huxley tells us that if for twelve months we could have in this country tropical heat we should be amazed by the coming out of strange seeds, and our little gardens would bloom with tropical luxuriance. Oh, I think that powers we have never conceived lie buried in your life and mine —powers put there by God, and waiting for their proper atmosphere! Our lives are too chill, and so the seeds are non-germinant. But if the heat of heaven could come, I think those powers would troop out of their graves, and we should be amazed to see how rich we were in Christ Jesus our Lord. —*Dr. J. H. Jowett, in the United Methodist.*

More Light a Duty

"If we live up to our light, we are doing all that can be expected of us, I reckon," said Silas. "I don't know about that," answered Aunt Hannah. "The first thing that might be expected of a good many of us might be that we should have a much better light. If I get a cheap lamp and poor oil to save money, and use an untrimmed wick and a smoked chimney, because I am too lazy or too careless to put them in order, it isn't much excuse for poor work to say that I'm doing it according to my light. My grandmother did her work by a tallow-dip,—the best work she could do by the best light she could get,—but I have no right to be doing tallow-dip work in this age of illumination."—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

A Great Gift from God

But we received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is from God; that we might know the things that were freely given to us of God (1 Cor. 2:12).

A king who wished to express his affection for a private soldier of his army gave him a richly jeweled cup, his own cup. The soldier, stepping forth to receive the gift, exclaimed shamefacedly, "This is too great a gift for me to receive." "It is not too great for me to give," the king replied. So Christ offers us this infinite gift of the Holy Spirit to cleanse and fill our hearts and to abide with us. Think then how much He must have cared that we receive it.—*The Christian Herald.*

Human Apparatus

I know a minister who had to revise his sermon on the Monday, and was rather surprised when he found that having spoken on the Sabbath about the "Afflatus," the reporter had written—what, think you? "Apparatus"! But, brethren, the reporter was not the only man who has made that mistake. There are thousands in our churches who are substituting human apparatus for the afflatus of the Divine Spirit. Lord, help us never to confuse these two, but to look to Thee alone!—*Rev. James Russell in The Christian Herald.*

More Fire Needed

"Give me only fire enough," said Bernard Palissy, the great inventor, "and these colours will become part and parcel of this china." "He's mad!" cried his derisive neighbours. "He's mad!" "More fire!" shouted the determined man. "More fire!" And what Palissy said was at length proved true. "More fire" is the need of believers in Christ. We need the fire of God's Word to burn up all the dross in our hearts; the fire of Christ's refining grace to make us like Himself; and the fire of the Spirit's utterance, which shall cause us to witness with boldness.—*The Christian Age.*

Receiving the Holy Spirit

An earnest Christian girl addressed a letter to a minister friend of mine,

stating her case fully and asking for help. She had discovered in reading the Bible that God promised the gift of the Holy Spirit; she believed it was for her; she longed for it; she prayed for it for weeks, and, discouraged because she had not obtained the blessing, she wrote in tears to my friend. He replied in about these words: "The blessing is for you; you want it; God wants you to have it; your will and God's are one; God stands ready to give what you are asking for; *take* it; go to your closet, speak aloud to God, and say, 'I take it'; then do not forget to thank Him for what He has given and you have received." The letter that reached the minister a few days later was the sweet song of a happy soul.—*The Christian Union Herald.*

A Test of Sanctification

If you at this minute are [fully] in the Holy Spirit as your environment and atmosphere, you can, for instance, go and have a romp with the children on the floor, with four or five children on your back, and still be a sanctified man. I always feel that a good test of a man's sanctification is to place him in a room with five children, and if it is a sham sanctification, when you go in again you will find the five children in one corner of the room and the man in the other; but if he is really a sanctified man the children will be grouped around him.—*Dr. F. B. Meyer.*

The Lamp and Firebrand

An old fable reads thus: A cold firebrand and a burning lamp started out one day to see what they could find. The firebrand came back and wrote in its journal that the whole world was dark. It did not find a place, wherever it went, in which there was light. The lamp came back and wrote in its journal: "Wherever I went it was light." What was the difference? The lamp carried sunshine with it, and illumined everything. The dead firebrand had no light, hence everywhere it went everything was dark. Let us as Christians be filled with His joy; then we shall carry joy and sunshine out into this sin-cursed world darkened by evil. —*The Sunday School Times.*

A Barrage of Flame

When they go forth now in Flanders, the infantry is preceded by a "curtain of fire" that literally wipes out every wire entanglement, every impediment in the way, and clears a track of desolation. They march behind a barrage of flame. . . . The Lord sent forth the early ministers, but ahead of them He sent this divine barrage of fire to break down the barriers, to impress men with the supernatural presence and power of God, and to prepare the way. . . . Shall we have the same dependence upon the power of God and go forth behind the "curtain of fire" which the Holy Ghost is still waiting to use for us?—*Dr. A. B. Simpson, in the Alliance Weekly.*

Increased Vision

He shall glorify me: for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you (John 16:14).

"A day or two ago," said Dr. J. H. Jowett, "I was at the end of the Palisades on the Hudson, where I could see some of the beauty of that most noble river. But a friend at my side gave me a pair of glasses, and I looked upon the scene again, and oh, how much more profoundly I could search the hidden things. The trees, and living things moving here and there, and smaller beauties, came into view. I know we cannot get away from the love of God, but when the Holy Spirit comes it is like another lens, and we look with increased power upon the old scene, and are feasted with the glories of the Lord."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Getting Live Coals

It is said that upon the tableland of Asia Minor, the women may be seen at dawn of day going out doors and looking up at their neighbours' chimneys. They would see the one out of which the smoke is coming. Thither they go to borrow live coals with which to kindle a fire in their own homes. Do men watch thus our lives? If in our hearts the Holy Ghost has kindled a sacred fire, shall they not come to us for warmth and inspiration?—*W. R. Lambuth, in Alliance Weekly.*

The Need Inside

I heard of a poor half-witted fellow whose companion, working beside him, dropped dead. He was found trying to hold up the dead man, trying to make him stand and sit upright. Finding his effort without avail, he was saying to himself: "He needs something inside him." I suspect that is the reason we live at a poor dying rate. We need a living Spirit within to control and uphold us.—*The Classmate.*

The Sponge in the Ocean

In the translucent depths of the Southern Seas the voyager is aware of the infinite variety of sponge growth, waving to and fro with the gentle movement of the tide. The ocean is in the sponge, while the sponge is in the ocean, illustrating the reciprocal indwelling of the believer in Christ and Christ in the believer.—*Quotation from F. B. Meyer.*

Dr. Gordon Was Longing

The saintly Rev. A. J. Gordon, when asked the question, "Do you claim to be filled with the Spirit?" quietly replied, "I am longing." Said a friend who heard his answer, "We all knew that he was so filled, but how loath he was to say anything about it." Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone.—*The Expositor.*

No Monopoly on God's Spirit

I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh (Acts 2:17).

James H. McConkey says: "I used to believe that a few men had a monopoly on the Holy Spirit. Now I know that the Holy Spirit has a monopoly on a few men."—*The Sunday School Times.*

HOME

"Home, Sweet Home"

There has recently been found and published a letter written from Europe by John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Payne evidently wrote his song out of his heart, for he says in his letter: "My yearnings for home become stronger as the term of my exile lengthens. I long to see all your faces and hear all your voices. . . . I feel the want of some of you—parts of myself—in this strange world, for though I am naturalized to vagabondism, still it is but vagabondism. I long for a home about me. When they told me in days of yore I had a double crown to my head and should cross seas, I thought it a fine thing to get away from home to old countries." How many a young person has "thought it a fine thing to get away from home," and afterward grew sick at heart at the thought of the old scenes "so dear to the heart of childhood." Wanderers in far lands often grow faint as memory carries them back to the old home, and many a boy wishes he had never forsaken his father's roof to waste his substance in strange places. Of course the time comes when most young people must leave home, but they should be in no hurry to "break the home ties," and should never depart from its teaching and example.—*The Presbyterian Banner, Jan. 13, 1916.*

A Christian Home

At the Chicago Y. M. C. A. I used to have to get ministers for the noon meeting, and got to know Dr. Armstrong. One day he told me of a call he had made. When he rang at the door it was opened by a little girl. He asked for her mother, and she asked, "Are you sick?" He said that he wasn't, and she asked, "Are you hurt?" Again he said no; then she asked if he knew of any one sick or injured. When he said no, she said, "Then you can't see mamma, for she prays from nine to ten o'clock." It was then twenty minutes after nine, but he sat down and waited forty minutes to see her. At ten o'clock she came in with the light of glory on her face, and he knew why that home was so bright; knew why her two sons were in the theological seminary and her girl was a missionary. All hell can't tear a boy or girl away from a mother like that.—*Billy Sunday in the North American.*

HONESTY

Getting the Worst of It

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish some berries, for he had been all day gathering them. "Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." She took the basket and stepped inside, the boy remaining outside whistling to some canary birds hanging in a cage. "Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know that I may not cheat you?" "I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it." "Get the worst of it," said the lady, "what do you mean by that?" "Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I would only lose the berries; you would make yourself a thief." The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence, or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin which is worse than all the gain.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Truth More Than Life

Said one of the older citizens of Lawrence, Kan., to the writer a few years ago, "I never in all my life was

in so tight a place as when one of Quantrell's band, in the great raid of 1863, with the muzzle of a cocked pistol close to my head, demanded to know if I were an abolitionist. The raiders were shooting down my neighbours all about me, but the thought flashed through my mind, if I say, No! I shall ever afterwards be ashamed to look any one in the face; so I answered, Yes. An officer in command, standing near, for some reason, I never knew what, shouted, 'Don't shoot him!' The pistol was removed. I assure you I took a long breath of relief, and have ever since been thankful that I was enabled to tell the truth."—*From "Principles and Practice of Morality," by Dr. E. G. Robinson.*

A Dishonest Cowboy

A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle-ranching on the great western plains. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand, the calves branded with the brand of the cows they followed. An animal passed by on the round-up would the following year be an unbranded yearling, or "maverick." By custom these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. . One day when riding with a newly-hired cowboy we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it, and proceeded to put on the brand. I said to him, "It is So-and-So's brand." He answered, "That's all right, boss; I know my business." In another moment I said, "Hold on, you are putting on my brand!" "That's all right," answered the cowboy; "I always put on the boss' brand." "Oh, very well," I answered. "Now you go to the ranch and get your pay. I don't want you. If you will steal *for* me, you will steal *from* me."—*Theodore Roosevelt, in The Outlook.*

A Dishonest Kind of Honesty

A New York lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account. "Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind. Honesty ever and always is the policy that is best." "Yes, father," said the young man. "And, by the way," added the graybeard, "I would urge you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest." What a difference between man's law and God's!—*Harper's Magazine.*

Why He Was Honest

In *The Golden Rule* is a story about an umbrella mender who sat down on the door steps and went to tinkering away on the old umbrella. "You seem extra careful," I remarked. "Yes," said he, working without looking up, "I try to do good work." "Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," I suggested. "No; I suppose not." "Do you ever expect to come back?" "No." "Then why are you so particular?" "So that it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," he answered simply. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work, they will find it out in a few weeks, and the next mender that comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bulldog—see?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cheating Is Not Business

This is the story told of one of New York's governors. Frank W. Higgins hated anything that looked like cheating. To his office one day, while he was yet a private business man, came one who thought it necessary to excuse some act of his in connection with a certain matter. It took a great many words to explain what he had done and why he had done it, finally concluding: "But, you know, business is business!" The governor-to-be quickly interrupted: "That's just it. Because business is business, I cannot understand how you came to confound it with cheating!"—*Forward.*

Safe from "Civilization"

Dr. Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious service at an Indian village in one of the Western states, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief who was his host whether it was safe for him to leave his effects in the lodge. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."—*The Expositor.*

Rewarded for His Honesty

Two boys were strolling along a beach at a summer resort in Sweden. One of them picked up a diamond pin. His companion exclaimed upon how rich he would now be. The finder protested that he was not rich, for he must

discover the owner. The other denounced this purpose as nonsense, as he would get no more than a thank you and would feel like a fool for taking pains to find the owner. He made known his find to the proprietor of the hotel, and was soon ushered into the presence of a stately lady, who did thank him warmly for the return of the pin, which she explained she prized very highly. Embarrassed at finding himself in the presence of the queen of Sweden, he bowed out with many blushes and great heart-throbbing. His companion, waiting outside, when learning the facts, met him with, "I told you so!" A week later the boy received a summons to come to Stockholm. He and his widowed mother were received by the queen. They were given a cottage and the boy was placed under a competent music teacher. Ten years afterward he was known as Sir Otto, the music teacher of the royal family.—*The Sunday School Times.*

His Master Never Absent

"Robert," said a man, winking slyly at a shop assistant, "you must give me good measure; your master is not in." Robert looked solemnly into the man's face and replied, "My Master is always in."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

HONOUR

Deal Between Gentlemen

One day an old Southerner walked into this banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well," replied the Southerner, "about thirty-five years ago I loaned a man down south some money—not a very big sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know, and he could pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know, and I should like to have you transact the business for me."

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I loaned that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman."

So the banker sent for the money. And within a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a gentleman at the other end of the transaction also.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Appreciating Rival Goods

Appreciation of the worth of the goods the other man is selling has sold many a bill of rival goods. "These insurance companies that you mention are all good," said the agent sincerely; "the question is, What kind of insurance do you want?" "I'll give you ten minutes to tell me about yours. I did intend to slam the door on you, but you are the first man who has allowed that there could be anything good but his own."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Clean Money

An old man, about to die, called his sons to his bedside, and spoke to them of the money he had to leave them. "There is not much of it," he said, "but there is not a dirty shilling in the whole of it." A small amount of money, every penny of it clean, is better than millions stained in the getting. —*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

HUMILITY

Humility and Greatness

The following pretty story is told of the great composer, Beethoven: When Ludwig von Beethoven first visited the Austrian court, he was sixteen years of age. Well provided with letters of introduction to the Emperor (Joseph), he proceeded to the palace, determined to play his way into the affections of the monarch. Admitted to the palace, he was met in the ante-chamber by a very civil gentleman, who told him that the Emperor could not well receive him then, but would be glad to have him present himself in the evening for an audience in the Augarten. Attracted by the quiet and friendly demeanour of his person, young Beethoven engaged in conversation with him, and presently discovered that he was the Emperor's barber, a discovery arising from the stranger's casual admission that he "shaved the Emperor every morning." "Tell me," demanded the youth, "is he indulgent or severe?" "That depends," assured the barber.. "When it comes to music matters, he is strict enough." "Yes, I know what that means," said Beethoven, sneeringly, "he plays the piano a little, and strums away on the violoncello, and composes

sonatas; but between you and me, those big people don't carry their music studies very far, after all." This honest expression of opinion seemed to amuse the barber mightily; he simply roared with laughter. That evening, at the appointed hour, Beethoven came to the Augarten, and was shown into the music-room, where the Emperor and a friend were seated in conversation. Intense was the young musician's horror to learn that the supposed barber and the Emperor were one. But the Emperor took the joke with such amazing good humour that Beethoven, for his part, was willing to forgive and forget. He seated himself at the piano, and, at the Emperor's request, improvised on a theme of Mozart's "Zarastro." This he did so remarkably well that his auditors were delighted. The Emperor's companion could not restrain his joy; running across the room, he threw his arms around the boy, crying, "Such taste, such skill! The youth who can so interpret the thought of another composer will one day be a great master in the art himself!" "Ah, but the air itself is so beautiful," said Beethoven, and then added: "Mozart's music is divine!" "My lad," said the Emperor, beaming with delight, "do you know to whom you are talking? It's Mozart himself to whom you have been playing and whose lips have just predicted the great future that lies before you."—*Selected.*

Humility and Progress

In Southern India, when the government irrigators were at work, the owner of one small tract of land protested against any attempt being made to water his ground. It was hard, dry, hopelessly incapable of verdure. The official sought to reason him out of his despondency. "I can make your field richly fruitful," he said, "*if only it lies low enough.*" Humility is the first condition of progress.—*From the Rev. N. Micklem, in The British Weekly.*

Humility and Salvation

"Alas," cries one, "I wish I had the rest you speak of, but I cannot find it, though I study hard and work much." Hearken to a parable: A little bird of the air found itself in a church. It was anxious to find its way into the open air, and so it flew aloft among the great timbers of the roof, where it was half buried and almost blinded by the dust which lay thick on the beams. There were no seeds, nor fruits, nor water in that dry and thirsty height. It then made a dash at the window, glorious with many colours; but it found no way of escape. It tried again and again, and at last dropped stunned upon the pavement of the aisle. When it recovered itself a little, it did not again fly aloft, but, seeing the door open upon the level of the floor, it joyfully flew through it to the open country. You are that bird. Your pride makes you deal with high things up there in the roof. Among the lofty mysteries you are blinding yourself. There is no escape for you there, nor rest, nor even life. You seek a way through the glory of your own painted righteousness; this will be death to you if you persevere. Drop down upon the floor of honest confession and lowly penitence. Come to the ground by self-humiliation. When you get lower ideas of yourself you will see just before you the open door, Christ Jesus. As soon as you see Him, use the wings of simple faith, and you are at liberty, and no more a captive doomed to die.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Too Lowly to Stay Down

And then, as John relates, Jesus performed the humble, menial service of washing the disciples' feet. That lesson, that example, the disciples certainly could never forget. Mr. Speer relates how he was impressed by a similar act. "I remember very well," he says, "a visit to a college in the South, when I was entertained by the president of the college. It was a poor little college, but it sought to do the work of God, and it was trying to help many to do His will. There were not very many rooms in it, so the president of the college gave me his room. I was waked up very early in the morning by hearing some one come into my room. I did not want to appear inquisitive at all, so I lay quietly without speaking out; and I saw the president of the college come in, and he took my boots, and I saw him take them to an adjoining room, and kneel down there on the floor and black my boots. That act went right to my heart. It showed the character of that man. God has exalted him greatly in his church. He was too humble and true a spirit for God to keep in a low place, and He has lifted him to a position of great honour."—*From "Remember Jesus Christ."*

Great Enough to Be Humble

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth (Matt. 5:5).

H. W. Webb-Peploe has said:

"What God wants is men great enough to be small enough to be used." Moses was such a man.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Willing to Wash Windows

A neat, rather prepossessing young man applied to John Wanamaker for a job a number of years ago, in Philadelphia, and, when told that there was no job for him, said, "I am willing to do anything."

Thinking to get rid of him, Mr. Wanamaker said, "The only job I have is a job of washing windows." "I will take it," said the young man. He washed those windows as they never had been washed. In time he became the manager of the great store.

When this manager died, after twenty-five years of splendid service, Mr. Wanamaker said, "I am willing to pay as high as one hundred thousand dollars a year for a manager who can fill the place of the one I have lost."

What the Sunday school needs is men and women who are willing to wash religious educational windows.—*Selected.*

He Stooped to Conquer

Whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted (Matt. 18:4).

Dr. Stalker, the well-known Scottish preacher, tells a good story of Sir John Steel, the famous sculptor. When he had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed: "As I am going to make the statue of Your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?" "Bah!" said the duke, in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand."—*The Detroit News-Tribune.*

Humility of St. Francis

He that is least among you all, the same is great (Luke 9:48).

When some one asked Saint Francis of Assisi why and how he could accomplish so much, he replied: "This may be why: The Lord looked down from heaven upon the earth and said 'Where can I find the weakest, the littlest, the meanest man on the face of the earth?' Then He saw me and said, 'Now I've found him, and I will work through him. He won't be proud of it. He'll see that I am only using him because of his littleness and insignificance.'"—*The Christian Herald.*

Value of Common Place Men

A fable given us by Plato tells how spirits of the other world came back to find bodies and places to work. One took the body of a king and did his work; another took the body of a poet and did his work. Finally, Ulysses came and said: "All the fine bodies have been taken and all the grand work done. There is nothing for me."

"Yes," said a voice, "the best has been left for you—the body of a common man, doing a common work for a common reward."—*Selected.*

Humility Wins Reward

Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister (Matt. 20:26).

A little Western college needed money. The buildings were shabby, the salaries underpaid. A stranger appeared on the campus and asked a man in overalls engaged in whitewashing a wall where he could find the president. "I think you can see him at his house at twelve," was the reply. The visitor went as directed, and met the president, whom he recognized, in different dress, as the very same man he had found whitewashing. Next day came a letter with a gift of $50,000. The brave spirit of service on the part of the president had appealed effectively to this man of business.—*Adapted from Dr. J. F. Cowan, in the Christian Endeavour World.*

Humility of Wellington

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once, when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the Duke. Some one came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move farther away, or to rise and wait until the Duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper.

He clasped the old man's hand and held him to prevent his rising; and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move: we are all equal here."—*From "The Biblical Museum," by J. Gomper Gray.*

Why God Uses the Humble

"I am by birth," said a converted Hindu, when addressing a number of his countrymen, "of an insignificant and contemptible caste, so low that if a Brahman should chance to touch me he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to a knowledge of the gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God's conduct? It is this: If God had selected one of you learned Brahmans, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, bystanders would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahman and his great weight of character that were the cause; but now, when any one is convinced by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any praise to me; and God, as is His due, has all the glory." And when the most highly educated are equally ready to give God all the glory, He can use them, too, as He did the lowly Hindu.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Man's Comparative Smallness

And there arose a reasoning among them, which of them was the greatest (Luke 9:46).

Shortly after Mr. Will Crooks, the labour leader, was elected to Parliament, says an English weekly, he took his little daughter to Westminster. She was evidently awed at the splendours round her, and maintained a profound and wondering silence all the time. Mr. Crooks was delighted to see her so much impressed. "Well," said he at last, "what are you thinking about so deeply, my dear?" "I was thinking, daddy," answered the little girl, "that you're a big man in our kitchen, but you aren't very much here." When worldly greatness is measured by the heavenly standard it is very small.—*Youth's Companion.*

Won by Humility

Friends had tried again and again to get one of the worst fellows at a soldiers' camp in France to attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings, but he would not come. One night, however, he appeared when the secretary was speaking. When asked why he came that night he said, "I saw that fellow washing dishes one day when there was a rush at the counter, and I am ready to listen to a man who is big enough to do that." The secretary did not think when he washed the dishes that day that he was doing any special good to any one; but here was a soldier watching him, ready to be influenced for good by him.—*The Christian Herald.*

Humility Avoids Hard Knocks

Blessed are the poor in spirit (Mark 5:3).

Dr. Franklin, writing to a friend, says: "The last time I saw your father he received me in his study, and, at my departure, showed me a shorter way out of his house, through a narrow passage, crossed by a beam overhead. We were talking as we withdrew, and I, turning partly toward him, he suddenly cried, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not know what he meant till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never failed to impart instruction, and on this occasion said, 'You are young, and have to go through the world; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has been of singular service to me, and I have often thought of it when I have seen pride mortified and men brought low by carrying their heads too high."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Humility and Soul-Winning

Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men (Matt. 4:19).

I watched an old man trout-fishing the other day, pulling them out one after another briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," I said. "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything." The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for trout-fishing, and 'tis no good trying if you don't mind them. The first is, Keep *yourself* out of sight; and the second is, Keep yourself farther out of sight; and the third is, Keep yourself farther still out of sight. Then you'll do it." "Good for catching men, too," thought I.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

He Lacked Humility

At the dinner table of one of the well-known millionaires who had done

much for the public good, discussion turned upon the value of prayer. The millionaire said he did not believe in it. He had got everything he wished for, so there was no need for him to pray for any favours. The principal of a Scottish university, who was present, said, "There is one thing that you might pray for." "What is that?" "You might pray for humility." Whatever our possessions, we shall be all the happier if we pray for the humble spirit which can thank God for His mercies.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Grace Given to the Humble

God giveth grace to the humble (James 4 : 6).

I used to think that God's gifts were on shelves one above the other, and that the taller we grow in Christian character the more easily we should reach them. I find now that God's gifts are on shelves one beneath the other, and that it is not a question of growing taller, but of stooping lower, and that we have to go down, always down, to get His best gifts.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

Not Seeking His Own Glory

There is a legend of a saint whose wonderful deeds astonished the angels, and they came to learn the secret of his piety. Everywhere the man went he diffused virtue as the flower gives out perfume, without being aware of it. The angels asked that the saint might be given the gift of miracles, and God consented. They asked the man if he would like by the touch of his hand to heal the sick. "No," he replied, "I would rather God should do that." "Then would you like to convert guilty souls and bring them back to right paths?" "No, it is the Spirit's mission to convert; I only pray." "Would you like to be a model of patience and draw men by your piety?" "No," said the saint, "if men were attracted to me, they might be estranged from God." "What do you desire?" said the angels. "That God would give me His grace; that I might do a great deal of good without knowing it." The angels were perplexed. Finally they resolved that whenever the shadow of the man should fall where he could not see it, the shadow should cure disease and comfort sorrow. So it came to pass, as the saint passed along, the hearts of men were cheered wherever he walked. —*The Hibbert Journal.*

Humility and Exaltation

A well-known minister wished to ascend a tower that commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. "Come this way, sir," said the guide, leading him to some steps which looked as though they led down into a vault. "But I want to ascend, not descend!" "This is the way up, sir." A few steps down led to many steps up. He reached the top, and a fine panoramic landscape lay before him. So his Guide led Joseph down that He might lead him up to those heights of vision and power prepared for those who honour Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Eliminating the Worms

"My friend Mr. Rattenbury of the West London Mission," said a preacher in a sermon, "once told me that the hardest work they had, when revising the Methodist hymn-book, was to get the worms out of it. Those old Methodists had always insisted on representing themselves as worms. But Mr. Rattenbury went on to say, and I agreed with him, that we may have lost something by giving up the worms. For, as students of Methodist hymnology know, these men were only worms in the presence of God; they prostrated themselves before no one else. In the presence of tyrants they were not worms at all; they were men."—*Sunday at Home.*

Nothing Too Small

The words of Napoleon, uttered when he stood in the old house where first lived Peter the Great of Russia when he came to Holland to learn the art of shipbuilding, and now inscribed over the mantelpiece there, might well have been spoken of David, and would make a good motto today: "Nothing is too small for a great man."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Hidden Worker

In one of the famous lace shops of Brussels there are certain retired rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate lace patterns. These rooms are altogether darkened, save for the light from one small window falling directly upon the pattern. There is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads that he is weaving. "Thus," you are told by your guide, "do we secure our choicest products. Lace is always more deli-

cately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark, and only his pattern is in the light."—*Good Words.*

The Commonplace Duties

A young girl cried out, "O God, make me anything, so I be not commonplace." But ofttimes it may be the commonplace duties that are the most Christlike.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Humbling His Pride

A story is told of an Oriental vizier who carried with him a mysterious chest, of which no one knew the contents. This excited curiosity. Finally, one made bold to ask what his highness kept there. The questioner was permitted to look, but he saw only the common garb of a workingman. To his astonished look the vizier explained: "Such was I when our sovereign deigned to lift me from the dust. If ever my heart is tempted with pride, I correct it by looking at these things and saying to myself, 'Remember what thou wast.'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Only a Cobblestone

In an address to the students of Wellesley College, Frances E. Willard, after referring to the familiar comparison of the liquor traffic to an incoming sea, and the work of temperance societies to the dikes of Holland, said: "I was speaking of this once on a time, and I noticed that a sailor lad in the audience was listening intently. When I finished, he rose, and, with his clear blue eyes looking steadily into mine, he said, 'Miss, I'm nothing in the world but a cobblestone, but put me in the wall anywhere and I'll stick!'"—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Kneeling to Behold Properly

It is said that there is a bust of our Lord in a Roman Catholic chapel on the Continent, before which a stool is placed that the beholder may kneel and look. To the one who is standing up the bust has no beauty. It is essential to kneel in order to see the glory and beauty of the countenance. So, as long as we stand in self-satisfaction, we see no beauty in Christ, but the moment there is humbling of soul before God on account of sin, then we behold a worth of excellence we did not see before in Christ.—*Sabbath Reading.*

Humble Service

"For a number of years," *The Chautauqua Daily* declares, "Japanese had been working in menial positions on American war vessels, until the last naval review, when they were all sent ashore. It had been discovered that many of them were graduates of Japanese naval or military schools. They wanted to learn how Americans did things, and they were willing to serve their Emperor even in so humble a capacity." Surely the Christian should be willing to serve Christ in any position where the Master may place him.

Humility of True Greatness

The *Youth's Companion* tells of some American tourists who visited the home of Beethoven. One of them seated herself at the great composer's piano, and played his "Moonlight Sonata." When she had finished she turned to the stern-faced old guard, and said, "I suppose a great many musicians visit this place every year?" "Yes," said he, "a great many. Paderewski was here last year." "Did he play on Beethoven's piano?" "No; he said he wasn't worthy."

Full Heads Bow Down

His heart was lifted up
(2 Chr. 26:16).

It is the empty heads of wheat that stand erect; the full heads bow modestly to the ground.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Apostolic Humility

It has been remarked, that in A. D. 59, soon after Paul was converted, he declared himself "unworthy to be called an *apostle.*" As time rolled on, and he grew in grace, in A. D. 64, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all *saints*"; and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A. D. 65, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of *sinners.*"—*Rev. Elon Foster, D.D.*

The Humble Exalted

When Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to China, wanted an assistant to help him in his arduous work, he requested the secretary to look out for the right kind of man. A young man came for examination. The secretary said to him, "You are not fit to be assistant to Dr. Morrison, but they want

a servant in the family. Do you care to go as a servant?" He smiled and said, "Any place in the work of the Lord will suit me." That young man became the great Dr. Mill, equal in scholarship and fame to Dr. Morrison himself.—*From A. C. Dixon, D.D.*

Quarrelling Over Humility

I once heard of a school where humility was raised from seed. That garden of girls was a garden of humble girls. "No, we are not proud of our looks, or our gifts, or our position in life; we *are* a little proud of our humility." That is what the teachers might have said. The great prize, the prize for conduct, was really a humility prize. The competition was very keen: forty young ladies spent their time in admiring one another's hair, complexion, and humility, and in decrying their own. But the day before the distribution of prizes two of the favourites in the humility race were found tugging at one another's hair. Nature, driven out with a pitchfork, comes fluttering back; they were threshing out the question of humility, girding up the apron of humility for a fight.—*Canon F. Langbridge, in the "Sunday at Home."*

Steps Downward to Thrones

Earthly thrones are generally built with steps up to them; the remarkable thing about the thrones of the eternal kingdom is that the steps are all down to them. We must descend if we would reign, stoop if we would rise. I used to think that God put His best gifts on a high shelf for us to reach up to them. Now I know that the best gifts are on the lowest shelves, that the babes may get them.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

A Poor Creature and Knew It

I was reading a Quaker book the other day, and there I found an epitaph set down by an honest man as meet for his own tombstone: "Antony Benezet was a poor creature, and, through divine favour, was enabled to know it." Such knowledge would have saved Rehoboam.—*From the United Methodist.*

The Earthen Vessels

Some years since, a party of Americans were leaving Cairo for a journey across the desert, and bought vessels in which to carry water. Each one chose the kind of vessel that pleased him. One found jars of brass whose fine designs attracted him. Another purchased porcelain vessels of rare beauty. A third, however, took some plain earthenware bottles. The way across the desert was long and wearisome. The heat was intense. Every drop of water was of value. The brass vessels heated; the water became impure, unfit to drink. The costly porcelain jars cracked in the heat, and the water was lost. But the plain earthenware bottles kept the water pure and sweet to the journey's end.—*From "Glory of the Commonplace," by J. R. Miller.*

HUNGER

Antarctic Hunger

Sir Ernest Shackleton spoke at a meeting on behalf of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society soon after he came back from his Antarctic expedition. The report in *The Sunday School Chronicle* says: At this time last year, he and his comrades were on the homeward march from their "farthest south" journey, and he read the entry made in his diary for the same day last year. It contained the passage, "Very hungry. Dreaming of food all night; thinking of food all day." This entry might have been made on many other days, said Sir Ernest. They had then been hungry for three months, and during that time they had a full meal only on Christmas Day, the effect of which lasted for merely half an hour. Not one morsel of food was allowed to escape, and if one man dropped a crumb when eating, and did not notice it—the latter being a rare occurrence—it was pointed out to him, and he would wet the tip of his finger and pick up the crumb and eat it. "I think I am entitled to say," said Sir Ernest, "that I know what it is to be hungry. When we came back we said that we would never see a person flattening his nose against a cookshop window without giving him something. We have great sympathy with every one who is hungry, and always do our best to help them. That is why I want to plead the cause of these waifs and strays. There is no more heart-breaking sight than that of a hungry, miserable, homeless little child."—*The Sunday School Times.*

HYPOCRISY

Not Samples

Spurgeon used to tell this story: "An American gentleman said to a

friend, 'I wish you would come down o my garden, and taste my apples.' He asked him about a dozen times, but he friend did not come; and at last he fruit-grower said, 'I suppose you hink my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them.' Well, to tell the truth,' said his friend, I have tasted them. As I went along he road I picked one up that fell over he wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit.' 'Oh,' said the owner of the garden, 'I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for he special benefit of the boys. I went ifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey.' Those who judge the church by its worst members [the hangers-on around the edge]—those most like the world, make the same mistake."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why There Are Hypocrites

"I suppose as long as the United States stamps a dollar and makes it worth a hundred cents, there will be counterfeits. Just so long as Christianity is worth anything there will be hypocrites. You never knew a lead dollar or a note of Confederate currency to be counterfeited, did you? Just so long as Christianity is worth one hundred cents on the dollar, there will be counterfeits and church-members who are not what they profess to be."—*From "If Any Will," sermons by the Rev. M. B. Williams.*

Bad Things Never Counterfeited

The fact that there are hypocrites in the church is proof that the church is worth something. You never heard of a counterfeit being made on brown paper. But men sometimes spend years in jail for making out of fine paper a good imitation of the real thing. No one imitates anything that is worthless.—*The Utica Press.*

A Bad Cloak

"Religion is the best armour a man can wear, but it is the worst cloak."—*Bunyan.*

IDOLATRY

Modern Idols

I remember once going to a meeting of the Salvation Army where they advertised an exhibition of idols. I expected to see idols from India, and Africa, and the South Seas, but instead of that eight young men stepped to the rear of the platform and returned, each bearing a large piece of cardboard. One card was covered with pipes, cigars, and tobacco; another with sham jewelry, feathers, ribbons, and things of that sort. There were eight cards, each covered with things that had been idols to some. A man sitting behind me pointed and said: "That was my pipe." A woman said: "See my bow of ribbon?" These simple people felt that these things had become idols to them, and they had given them up.—*F. B. Meyer in "Back to Bethel."*

His Store His Idol

An idol is anything that takes the supreme place in our thoughts and lives, the place which should be sacred to God alone. "Mother," asked a little boy, "do you think father will ever go to heaven?" "I hope so," his mother replied; "but why do you ask the question?" "Because," said he, "I am afraid he couldn't leave the store." The store was everything to that man —God a negligible quantity.—*From Scriptural Anecdotes.*

Making an Idol

The lamented Professor Olney, of Ann Arbor, used to tell the story of a Chinaman who stood by the wayside hacking at a long log. He never struck twice in the same spot. A traveler came along, and, seeing the uncertain hacking, said, "Well, John, and what are you making?" "Oh, don't know," said John, "maybe idol; maybe bedstead!" Just so aimlessly is life often lived that people do not know the real object of their toil.—*Onward.*

IMITATION

Imitating Good and Bad

We recently read of one of Australia's sweetest birds of song being located near a saw-mill where it picked up the sound of the filing of saws, and intermingled its splendid music with the most distressing discords. On the contrary, an English naturalist declares that he has known sparrows to imitate the nightingale's song. The Orientals say, "Grapes become purple by looking at one another," and in close fellowship pious people ripen one another. —*Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

INDOLENCE

Looked Like Hard Work

Neither did we eat bread for nought at any man's hand, but in labour and travail, working night and day (2 Thess. 3 : 8).

A neighbour knocked at the lazy man's door and told him of a position he could get by going after it. "Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved." "Oh, yes," said the neighbour, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days, but it is good pay, and a chance for advancement." "Um!" said the man, "And who are you?" "I am called Opportunity." "Um! You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me." And he slammed the door.—*The New Success.*

Waiting for Quitting Time

A lady visiting in the South came upon a darkey stretched full length under a tree. "Taking a little rest, Uncle?" she asked pleasantly. "Not perzactly, Miss," he answered, with a solemn face. "I don' call it rest jus' yet. I's waiting fo' de sun to go down so's I can quit wuk wiv a easy conscience." We have known some Christians who have been as careful to explain the reason for their laziness in relation to the Lord's work.—*F. E. Marsh in the Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

Very Little Work Sufficient

A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another 'boy' busy." "Madame," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed." One does not have to go to Japan to find such people; they can be found in some American churches.—*World Outlook.*

Saved from An Easy Chair

Some years ago I saw a sweet, refined girl converted. After a little while, in testimony meeting, there were those who were expressing thanks for what God had done for them, saving them from drink, or gambling, or worldly pleasures. Presently this sweet, refined lady got up and said, "Christ gave me a bigger salvation than any of you. He has saved me from an easy armchair." It takes a big Christ to save us from ease and make us willing to toil and suffer.—*Gypsy Smith, in the Free Churchman.*

Only One Easy Place

Henry Ward Beecher once received a letter from a lad, asking him to find "an easy place." This was his reply: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don't work, don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."—*The Methodist Protestant.*

The Life-Line and Clothes-Line

I know a man who went to a brotherhood meeting on Sunday afternoon, and sang with all his power until the perspiration ran down his cheeks the well-known hymn, "Throw out the life-line," and when Monday morning came he was too tired to rise five minutes earlier than usual to put out the linen-line for his wife.—*The Christian Herald.*

No Ship to Come In

A modern wit has suggested that the trouble with the people who sit and wait and watch for their ships to come in is that they have never launched any ship to begin with.. There is sound sense in that, as well as wit. We must build and launch, before sitting down to expect return cargoes.—*The Christian Age.*

A Regular Out-of-Worker

A lady philanthropist was applied to for charity by a well-dressed woman.

"Are you married?" was the question.

"Yes."

"What is your husband?"

"Out o' work."

"But what is he when he is in work?" asked the philanthropist..

"You don't understand, miss," was the reply. "He's a regular out-o'-worker."—*The London Chronicle.*

GRATITUDE

Died Without Recognition

A two-line dispatch from Pittsburgh nounces the death of George F. Lari-er. He was seventy-three years of e.

Not one man in a hundred thousand ading the item knows anything about is wonderful personage, now forever ent. He was, let us tell you, a quiet, obtrusive character. Wine rooms, llet dance scenes, theatrical suppers, emocratic and Republican post-elec-n orgies never saw his face.

But experimental as well as practical ops knew him. Not of a great robust ame, hampered by many spells of ness, nevertheless he ever worked, nned and, as all such who think d toil, conquered difficulties..

Mr. Larimer was the inventor of the estinghouse airbrake. He was poor purse when he made this wonderful scovery. Financed by Mr. Westing-use, the brake took his name. It is e that will ever live. Because of is mechanical device railroad trains e permitted to run at marvelous rates speed. The brake affords a passage eighteen hours to Chicago. With-t it the time would be double.

Its application to cars has saved ousands of lives and has given an petus to both freight and passenger rvice unparalleled in the history of mmerce.

The inventor died almost unknown. did the man who first made the aper and the harvester; likewise the or old Indianian who showed George Pullman how to make sleeping cars, d that other ingenious Westerner o demonstrated to Philip D. Armour at refrigerated meats could be kept lefinitely.—*Selected.*

The Ingratitude of Ignorance

Some prayers God cannot answer; ey would not be for our good. Dur-the Indian mutiny, outside the city Lucknow, an English child was play-with her nurse. The rebels were ning, and a brave soldier dashed out the city gate, picked up the child, d got back into safety. At great risk his life he had saved the little one, t no amount of persuasion availed to the little girl to kiss her deliverer. You took me away from the flowers," e said.—*The British Weekly.*.

Von Hutten's Misery

Very sad was the fate of Ulrich von tten, one of the greatest writers Germany has ever produced. Unable to earn a living, he was reduced to tramping through the country, begging food and shelter from the peasants. One bitter winter's night both were refused; and next morning he was found frozen stiff and cold in the drifting snow outside the village. "The only thing he died possessed of besides the rags he wore," says his biographer, Zwingli, "was a pen."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Tragic Ingratitude

In the little town where I was born, on the banks of the Severn, there was a man who worked in the iron works; he worked as few men worked. He had a boy, his only child. His ambition for the boy was that he should become a doctor. That boy received the hard-earned money of his father for his medical training. How that father economized! How he impoverished himself, that his lad might become a doctor! Then it came out that the boy was wasting his father's money, and year after year there was the same story,—he was "plucked." I remember how I resented it. I knew how that man had toiled; I knew the longing of his heart, and there in that home was the tragedy of disappointed hope; the man spending all his strength that the lad might become what he wanted him to be, and the lad failing ignominiously to fulfil his father's desire. What a tragedy! But there is a greater tragedy than that,—when the love of our Father, lavished upon us, is wasted; when we are unresponsive to His touch, unsubmissive to His will!—*Adapted from Rev. J. Gregory Mantle.*

When the Clock Stopped

Surprising falls the instantaneous calm,
The sudden silence in my chamber small—
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm,
The clock has stopped—that's all!

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so found
An instant feeling, almost like dismay?
Why note its silence sooner than its sound?
The clock has ticked all day!

And so the blessings Heaven daily grants
Are, in their very commonness, forgot—

We little heed what answereth our wants
Until it answers not.
—*George H. Coomer, in Record of Christian Work.*

Ingratitude to Joan of Arc

July 17 is a day memorable in the history of France, witnessing the crowning in 1429 of Charles VII at Rheims as king, after years of humiliation under the English, a power overthrown by the work of a peasant girl, Joan of Arc, or Jeanne la Pucelle —Jeanne the Maid. She was the daughter of a labourer by the name of d'Arc, and early in life claimed to have visions, finally announcing that she had been directed by St. Michael the Archangel, to save France from outside control. She aroused great enthusiasm and accomplished her purpose, but her own people showed ingratitude by allowing her to be burned as a witch.—*Selected.*

A Chronic Grumbler

Mrs. Higgins was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and everybody. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint—the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles around. "Ah, for once you must be pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year." The old lady glared at him as she answered: "They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"—*East and West.*

INNOCENCE

Proclaiming Their Innocence

It is still a custom of the Oriental to shake his raiment when he wishes to show that the blame lies with some one else. While teaching in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, I have often seen students take hold of the lapels of their coats and shake them when they were trying to prove that they were not to blame for something that had been charged against them.—*The Sunday School Times.*

IRRITABILITY

Beyond Insult

Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again (1 Pet. 2:23).

Professor Palmer's biography of Alice Freeman Palmer contains this anecdote of the wonderful young woman who at twenty-seven became president of Wellesley. "There came to Wellesley for a period of special study a woman, . . . nervous, vain, and touchy, easily finding in whatever was said or looked some covert disparagement of herself. As she was complaining one day of some recent rudeness, Miss Freeman said, 'Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you have nothing to regard.' 'Miss Freeman,' retorted Miss S., 'I wonder how *you* would like to be insulted.' Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity: 'Miss S., there is no one living who *could* insult me.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Showing Salvation

A father was unwilling to let his ten-year-old daughter unite with the church, although to her pastor she gave every evidence of having entered on her inheritance; he told the father he was sure she had made the risen life her own. The father doubted until the day when he saw a playmate slap her in the face. For just a moment the little girl's face flamed; her hand was raised as if to return the blow. Then, suddenly the hand dropped to her side, while a look of peace came to her face. "I doubt no longer," the happy father said a little later to his pastor. Suppose every candidate for admission into the church were put under a similar time of test and probation!—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Only a Difference of Opinion

Paul Louis Couriera is a true philosopher. When he was assailed with great bitterness by a French professor, he quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He called me Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, libeller, a grimacing rag-picker. I gather what he wants to say. He means to say that he and I are not of the same opinion, and that is his only way of putting it."—*The Expositor.*

Misrepresenting God

"If that man is a prominent Christian, then give me an everyday heathen with a good temper," said a young man emphatically the other day. His criticism was fair and deserved. The ill-tempered Christian is responsible for making religion despised, just as far as he can manage it,—which is sometimes pretty far, alas!—*Forward.*

Lincoln's Retort

Abraham Lincoln was a man who ɔuld keep his temper. A messenger ıce came to Mr. Stanton, his Secre-ry of War, with an order from Lin-ɔln for a change in the army. Mr. tanton sent the messenger back with ıe reply: "I won't, and tell Lincoln e is a fool." When the message was elivered, Lincoln said coolly, "Mr. tanton is generally right. I will go nd see him about it."—*The Sunday chool Times.*

SRAEL

The Black Jews of Dahomey

One of the surprising facts in the istory of the Jews is the number of eparate tribes and colonies of them welling in many parts of the world, nd whose life has for many centuries ɔrmed no part of the general history f the Jewish people. The following, rom the *Zionist Review,* is of special ıterest at this time, when the tribes f Israel are gathering back to 'alestine:

"Mr. Kindai Lo Bagola, a member f a black Jewish tribe of West Africa, vho is shortly returning to Palestine, vhere he served in the British army, ave an interesting address on the ews of Dahomey at a meeting of the outhwest Zionist Society, Brixton, ondon, on June 13. He said they vere not so much Jews as Israelites. 'hey were a happy and contented ribe, and knew nothing of the hurry nd scurry of the life of the modern ew in other countries. The Judaism f the tribe to which he belonged was 3iblical and not rabbinical. They had temple in which sacrifices were still arried out. There was a high priest nd seven families of priests, who were esponsible for the moral and religious raining of the community.

"The laws were written on the na-ive clay of the temple walls, and the 3ible was burnt on parched skin in ɔriginal Hebrew type. The tribe does ıot know of any other books except the 'ive Books of Moses. Sabbath is trictly kept, and a distinct Judaism ıas been maintained for centuries, vhich is wonderful when it is realized hat the tribe is surrounded by numer-ɔus black communities of idol-worship-ers. The speaker declared that the ews of Dahomey have a great love or Zion, and they would be overjoyed f they knew of the San Remo deci-ion."—*The Sunday School Times, Sept. 8, 1920.*

God's Promises to Israel

A little while after the city of Jerusalem was destroyed, two Jewish rabbis were walking over the ruins. Both seemed affected at the mournful sight, but one wept, the other smiled. The one who wept was naturally surprised to see his companion smile, and asked him, "How can you smile now, when you see our holy city laid low in ruins?" "Nay," said the rabbi, "let me rather ask you, Why do you weep?" "I weep," answered the first, "because I behold around me the fearful judgments of the Almighty. Our beautiful city is no more, our holy temple is laid waste, our brethren, where are they now?" "All that," said the other, "is the reason why I smile. I see, like you, how sure God's judgments are; but I can learn how true must be His promises. God hath said, 'I will destroy Jerusalem.' I see He has. But He has also said, 'I will rebuild Jerusalem.' Shall I not believe His word?"—*The Biblical Treasury.*

Converted Jews

Dr. Schor, the originator of the Palestine Exhibition in London, tells a good story. "On one occasion," he says, "I happened to be in a railway train with a man who had been to St. Paul's Cathedral to hear Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul.' I got into conversation with him, and he remarked emphatically, 'I've never heard of a converted Jew, I've never seen one, and I shall never meet one!' I remarked quietly, 'That is strange. I see you have been hearing a work written by a converted Jew about a converted Jew, and (I added as I left the train) now you can say you have met one, for I am one myself!'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Respecting the Jews

Dr. Parker was once walking down Princes Street, Edinburgh, with a friend, when, meeting a Jewish pedlar, he took off his hat to him. A friend at his side asked him why he did it, and in his somewhat grandiloquent style he answered: "To whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever."—*Editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

The Restoration of Israel

There is promised an end to the calamities of the Jews. We read of a treasury door for banks which, it is claimed, seems able to defy almost any destructive agency that might be brought to bear upon it. We are informed that the lock and bolt work is mounted on the inside of the door. The bolts are controlled by two keyless combination locks, and in addition there is a *time-lock* which prevents the door from being opened except at a predetermined time. This *time-lock* of the Jews will open only at the predetermined hour, which is more or less definitely stated in the Scriptures. Then shall Israel be delivered out of the hand of those that spoiled them.—*Rev. D. R. Raiser, in "The Budding Fig Tree."*

JEALOUSY

Conquering His Jealousy

Dr. F. B. Meyer told the following experience to a few personal friends: "It was easy," he said, "to pray for the success of Campbell Morgan when he was in America. But when he came back to England and took a church near to mine it was somewhat different. The old Adam in me was inclined to jealousy, but I got my heel upon his head, and, whether I felt right toward my friend, I determined to act right. My church gave a reception for him and I acknowledged that if it was not necessary for me to preach Sunday evenings I would dearly love to go and hear him myself. Well, that made me feel right toward him. But just see how the dear Lord helped me out of my difficulty. There was Thomas Spurgeon preaching wonderfully on the other side of me. He and Mr. Morgan were so popular and drew such crowds that our church caught the overflow, and we had all we could accommodate." The sweet modesty of the man is evident here.—*The Expositor.*

JOY

Couldn't Smother Her Joy

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; Give thanks unto him, and bless his name (Psa. 100:4).

A good Presbyterian minister in old Scotland, of the staid and orthodox type, had in his congregation a poor old woman who was in the habit of saying "Praise the Lord," "Amen," when anything particularly helpful was said. This practise greatly disturbed the minister, and one New Year's day he went to see her. "Betty," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. You call out 'Praise the Lord' just when I get to the best part of my sermon, and it upsets my thoughts. Now if you will stop doing it all this year, I'll give you a pair of wool blankets." Betty was poor, and the offer of the blankets looked very good. So she did her best to earn them. Sunday after Sunday she kept quiet. But one day a minister of another type came to preach—a man bubbling over with joy. As he preached on the forgiveness of sin and all the blessings that follow, the vision of the blankets began to fade and fade, and the joys of salvation grew brighter and brighter. At last Betty could stand it no longer, and jumping up she cried, "Blankets or no blankets, Hallelujah!" —*From a sermon by Rev. J. Linton.*

The Symbol of Joy

For the joy of Jehovah is your strength (Neh. 8:10).

A certain king instructed his gardener to plant six trees and place statues beneath them, representing Prosperity, Beauty, Victory, Strength, Duty, and Joy. These trees and statues were to show to the world what the king had tried to make his reign. They were also to typify the statues beneath them. The gardener planted six palm trees. When the king came out to inspect the work, and came to the statue of Joy, he said: "I surely thought you would typify Joy with some flowering tree, like the tulip or magnolia. How can the serious, stately palm symbolize Joy?" "Those trees," said the gardener, "get their happiness from manifest and open sources. They live in merry forests or orchards, with hosts of happy comrades. But I found this palm tree fresh and green and happy all alone in a sandy waste. Its roots had found some hidden spring creeping along far beneath the burning surface. Then, thought I, the highest joy has a foundation unseen of men, and a source they cannot comprehend."—*Record of Christian Work.*

A Radiant Life

For many years one of the most noticeable figures on the platform of the Keswick Convention was the Rev. Francis Paynter. He rarely spoke, though it was a benediction to be present on those occasions when he led the vast congregation in prevailing prayer; but for the most part he just sat there

n the platform, and looked. The glory f the Lord was written across his face s across that of very few saints. It vas quite common to hear a new at- ender ask, "Who is that on the plat- orm with the glorious face?" Then, ne day, Mr. Paynter was called into he immediate presence of the glory he o long had reflected, and shortly af- erwards his biography came to be writ- en. That biography had an arresting itle: those in the inner circle, who new the departed saint well, could ppreciate its supreme appropriateness, nd even we who had merely glimpsed he glory from afar could not but pro- ounce it strikingly fitting. Mr. Payn- er's Life was entitled "Life Radiant." —*A personal recollection by Geo. Goodall.*

The Flowering Sort of Joy

Robert Louis Stevenson saw deep nto the meaning of religion in the par- ble he gives us of his soul's garden. He presents the picture of his going ut and conversing with his gardener, nd finding one plant everywhere hroughout the garden. It flourished here with the greatest profusion, and e said to the man, "What is this erb?" "The herb of resignation," vas the response. "Out with it, man; ut with it!" was the reply of that ourageous soul. "I will have none of t any longer. Replace it with the herb f joy, but see it is the flowering sort." The flowering sort: that is the secret. Not only a joy that is real and inward, ut a joy that so scatters its fragrance nd its beauty that all men may catch he sweetness; and that to wander in he soul's garden is a joy and delight, ot only to the Master, but to all his uests.—*From "God's Garden," by G. urrie Martin.*

The Shining Face

From his own experience Dr. Camp- ell Morgan told of a Yorkshire factory irl who had given herself to Christ. As she was walking up and down the latform of a railway station, waiting or a train, her face became transfig- ured with the new joy. In a first-class arriage sat a lady of title, wealth and ulture. She saw the girl pass several imes in front of the train, called to er and asked, 'What makes you look o happy?' The girl told her simple tory, and the result of the brief con- ersation was that this lady was led to he same Christ. I knew both women, nd can testify to the truth of the in- ident."—*The British Weekly.*

Why They Rejoiced

A detachment of the American Army had just entered a small French vil- lage from which the enemy had fled. In an ecstasy of joy the few remaining inhabitants flocked out to greet them, singing, dancing, shedding tears of gladness as they approached. "Well, I'm glad to help save these people," ex- claimed a young officer thoughtlessly, "but I don't see why they have to get so crazy over it." "Ah, m'sieur," an old lady who had overheard him re- plied, "that's because you don't know what you've saved us from!" Per- haps the reason many people do not get more joy and happiness out of Christ is because they do not realize what He has saved them from. . . . Christians, you must not forget "the rock whence ye were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." —*Forward.*

What Made Him Rejoice

One hot July morning a boy was hoe- ing corn in a field. Apparently obliv- ious to the heat and indifferent as to the exactions of his toil, he whistled while he worked. A dust-laden trav- eler stopped his horse, drew up to the fence, and called out, "Hello, my lad, I am curious to know how you can hoe corn on a day like this and whistle while you work." "Well, sir," replied the lad, "I don't know unless it is that I feel somehow that I am a doin' some- thin' that even the Almighty couldn't do if I wasn't here to help Him." What a fine faith is that! There is no drudgery to the man who feels that he is working with God.—*George L. Per- rin, in the Christian Advocate.*

Enjoying Religion

But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God (Acts 16:25).

A preacher, approaching his new ap- pointment, asked a boy: "Do people at Millbrook enjoy religion?" "Them that has it does," was the reply.— *Taken from Bishop C. H. Fowler's "Address on Notable Occasions."*

JUDGING OTHERS

Judging by Appearances

Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him (1 Sam. 16:7).

Some time ago a young man, in look- ing around among the people of a pub- lic gathering, set his eyes on a tall,

heavy-set, well-built man, and made up his mind that he was the new minister. He went up to a friend, and said, "Very strong, good-looking man; isn't he? I am well satisfied that he will be a very good minister." "That man!" replied his friend; "why, he is the new theater manager."—*The Sunday School Times.*

JUDGMENT

What Will the Judgment Be?

God will bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil (Eccl. 12:14).

In the mill where I work, after the cloth is woven it is sent to the inspecting room, where it is run over rollers in front of a big window. The sunlight penetrates the cloth, and reveals any missing threads, or covered-up places, or blotches of oil. If any imperfections are found in the cloth, the piece is sent back to the weaver and he is fined. So we are weaving on the loom of life; some day the Lord will "bring to light the hidden things of darkness," and reveal the things omitted, the covered-up places, and the blotches of sin. What will the judgment be? It is for us to answer.—*The Sunday School Times.*

From Advocate to Judge

A lady who once needed legal counsel was advised to consult a prominent lawyer. She kept putting it off, and when she finally went to him and began to state her case, he said, "Madam, you are too late. I cannot be your advocate, for I have been appointed your judge." God forbid that the Judge of all the earth should apply such words to any of us.—*Ida Q. Moulton, in Record of Christian Work.*

The Weighing Machine

There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns for the purpose of determining whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machine with unerring certainty throws out all that are of light weight on one side, and all of full weight on the other. Surely this is a true picture of the certainty of God's judgments.—*From The Sunday School Chronicle.*

JUSTIFICATION

In the Scales

An instrument used for weighing gold in the assay office is balanced so delicately that, when two pieces of paper, of exactly the same size and weight, are placed on the balances, it still retains the same poise. But if a name be written on one of the papers, it will turn the scale. The name of Jesus on the heart turns the scale into peace and presence of God. It is the possession of His name thus written that spells "saved." It is the lack of it that spells "lost."—*The Sunday School Times.*

KEEPING POWER

"He Can Wind You Up"

Some time ago, at a meeting held in a large seaport town, two sailors, when spoken to about salvation, said:

"It ain't no use. If we gave up drinking and swearing tonight, we should be as bad as ever tomorrow."

The leader of the meeting took his watch from his pocket, and said:

"Do you think the maker of this watch could wind it up again?"

"Of course, he could, sir!" was the answer.

"Well, God is your Maker, and don't you think He could wind you up and keep you going?"

"We never thought of that, sir."

"Come to Him, then, and prove His power. He can put you in working order, and keep you going on board ship just as well as on land."

They both sought salvation.

Some eight or nine months later when they returned from a voyage, and were asked how they had got on, they replied:

"All right, thank God! We made up our minds that every morning we would kneel down and ask Him to wind us up for the day, and every night we would thank Him for having done it; and He did."

Never think that your temptations will be too strong, or that it is no good for you to try.

Remember that "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."—*Christian Budget.*

Why He Wasn't Afraid

And the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it (Matt. 16:28).

In the old slave days, says *The Home Herald,* there was a coloured man who was a faithful Christian, and his master often tried to bother him. One day when they were out together his master said to him, "Sam, aren't you afraid the devil will get you?" "No, massa, not a bit afraid he will get me."

"But," said the master, "isn't the devil much stronger than you?" "Oh, yes, massa, devil much stronger than me." "Well, then, doesn't the devil ever get after you?" "Yes, he often gets after me." "But aren't you afraid he will get you?" "No, massa." "Why not, if he's so much stronger than you?" "Because, massa, just as soon as I see the devil getting after me, I simply look up there and say, 'Lord, look after your property.' An' I believe the Lord am able to look after His property."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Kept Clean

"The owner must take great care of this little plant to keep it so clean from dust and dirt!" said Dr. Cuyler, to the foreman, as he noticed a beautiful white flower near a mine where everything—trees, houses and grass—was covered with coal dust.

"See here," said the foreman, and taking a handful of coal dust he threw it over the plant, but the dust immediately fell off, leaving the flower as spotless as before. "It has an enamel," he explained, "which prevents the dust from clinging to it. It seems to be made for just such a place."

God has given each one of us a place to fill and a work to accomplish in this great world we live in, and He will protect and watch over us just as He did the little flower, if we will only let Him. Are we standing staunch and firm for purity and temperance and everything that is noble and true and right, that we may be a blessing and a help to others?—*Selected.*

On the Mountain

When Gipsy Smith was once holding meetings in the beautiful Rhondda Valley, in South Wales, he received a letter from a man who for three months had been under conviction of sin. He told of his double life, of his great sins. He had abandoned his sinful life, but it seemed that the hell of it was still in his soul, and day or night he could not get rid of it. He asked, "Do you think there is any hope for me? Do you think God will have mercy upon me?" I laid the letter down and looked out of the window. The snow was falling, and I watched it until I thought I heard a little snowflake say to the mountain, "Oh, mountain, I am only a little snowflake, I want a place to rest. If I fall, can you bear me?" Then I thought that old mountain groaned out of its eternal depths and said, "Little snowflake, I have my roots in God. Fall on me and see." Then I penned my little parable to my friend a hundred miles away, and later a letter came in which he said, "Thank God, I'm on the Mountain and the Mountain bears."—*From a sermon by Gipsy Smith.*

The Dream That Is True

Josephine Butler, the great social reformer, had a dream just when her life was passing into deep shadow. "I thought," she wrote, "I was lying flat, with a restful feeling, on a smooth, still sea, a boundless ocean, with no limit or shore on any side. It was strong, and held me up, and there was light and sunshine all around me. And I heard a voice say, 'Such is the grace of God!'"—*The Sunday at Home.*

God Held His Hand

"Oh! lady, it's no use; I'd break it right off, and I shouldn't like to break your pledge." "Listen," I replied; "here are some words just for you. 'I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee.'" "Where did you get that, lady? Would you mind reading it again?" I opened my Bible to Isaiah 41:13. He read and reread the verse, then said, "You see how my hand trembles? Do you 'spose I could write my name if God held my hand?" "Oh, yes, I am sure you could." "Do you 'spose I'd ever take another glass of liquor if God held my hand?" "Never unless you took your hand out of the Lord's. He never lets go of any one." "I've tried a good many times alone; now, here goes for God and me." He kept his pledge, frequently saying, "It's a good grip He gives me; never saw nothing like it in my life."—*Mrs. J. K. Barney's Booklets.*

Supernatural Strength

To him that hath no might he increaseth strength (Isa. 40:29).

A well-known officer who had just left the Guards expressed to Lord Radstock his conviction that, being worldly by nature, it would be quite impossible for him to confess Christ, as he would disgrace Him by falling away. Lord Radstock replied by taking out his pencil-case, and holding it upright on the table he asked Captain A. why it did not fall. "Because you hold it," was the answer. "Then no inherent power in the pencil, but a power out-

side, is that which keeps it. God, seeing the utter ruin of man, did not tell him to stand upright, but brought in an external power, Himself. And the question of falling depends not on the power of man, but on the Almighty, who 'is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory.'" The message went home. The following year, as the train drew up to the platform at Stockholm, Lord Radstock was greeted by the officer with the words, "God has never let the pencil go for one minute." —*From Lord Radstock's Life.*

Her Hopes in Christ

Christ Himself is the heart of the Gospel, its sum and substance. Dr. S. D. Gordon, in his "Quiet Talks on Service," tells of an old Christian woman whose years began to tell on her memory. She had once known much of the Bible by heart. Eventually only one precious bit stayed with her, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." By and by part of that slipped its hold, and she would quietly repeat, "That which I have committed unto him." At last as she hovered on the borderland between this and the spirit world, her loved ones noticed her lips moving. They bent down to see if she needed anything. She was repeating over and over again to herself the one word of that text, "Him—Him—Him." She had lost the whole Bible but one word. But she had the whole Bible in that one word.—*The Sunday School Times.*

KINDNESS

Only a Cup of Water

The story is told of a young Englishwoman who was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed on the walls. When a soldier is on guard, he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, until another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did.

When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house in which she dwelt were killed.—*The Presbyterian.*

Telephone Evangelism

She was a telephone operator, and had had night service, from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M. Receiving many calls for this physician, Dr. S., she had more than once rung his bell by mistake. Always he answered, not only with courtesy, but in a voice that showed no trace of impatience. It was such a grateful relief from the surly, sleepy voices of others awakened at midnight, or the harsh expressions directed at her when she called a wrong number by mistake, that she finally became deeply interested, and wanted to know the secret of the difference between Dr. S. and other men. She made inquiries about him, until she learned that Christ was supreme in his heart and life, and that what she was so admiring in him was simply Christ living in an earnest Christian. Soon Dr. S.'s Saviour was her Saviour.—*From an Editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

An Act of Kindness

"I was the shabbiest girl at the office," says a writer in the *Delineator.* "It was no one's fault and no one's shame that we were poor. I had intelligence enough to know that. I knew, too, what a sacrifice mother had made to pay for my tuition at business school. Still the knowledge of my shabby clothes forced itself upon me, particularly my old black skirt! Mother had cleaned it and pressed it and cleaned it, but it seemed 'bent' with age, and all the office girls looked so fresh and pretty in their trim business suits. I imagined all the first morning that they were pitying me and felt them looking at my shabbiness, and during noon hour I was so miserable; but when I went back next morning, I noticed that one of the girls had on nearly as old clothes as I did, and she was so nice to me that I fancied

she was glad I had come because of our mutual poverty. Not until after I earned enough money to buy some suitable, nice clothes did I realize that the 'poor girl,' as I thought her, had drifted back into the prettiest, most tasteful clothes worn by any of the girls. She had only borne me company at a most trying time, and she knew, because her fellow-workers all admired her, that the little object lesson would keep them from hurting my feelings. The day has come now when new clothes are usual, when I may even achieve an appearance that is known as 'stylish.' But in my office, when a girl comes in shabby, painfully sensitive, as I was, I 'bear her company' until the better times shall come."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Sharing His Automobile

It takes only ordinary kindness made constant and habitual in any life to make that life wholly extraordinary in its service to others. A man was waiting on the street corner for his trolley car when he was hailed by the occupant of a roomy automobile, with the question, "Going down town?" The unknown questioner evidently had mistaken him for an acquaintance. But the question was repeated with insistence, and he was invited to get into the automobile and go along. A moment later the incident was repeated, and another man, dazed and apologetic, was clambering into the handsome big machine, saying, "I hope I won't put you out." "Oh, you're not big enough for that," was the reassuring reply; and the owner of the car then added cheerily, "We had six in here the other morning, and not one of them knew any of the others." Apparently it was this "eccentric" automobile owner's habit to fill up his car with people for whom he might thus save time and add a bit of pleasure at the beginning of the day's work, instead of riding down town thoughtlessly alone in a car that held seven. Not all of us have automobiles to share in this kindly and unusual way; but are all of us living in such habitual exercise of ordinary kindness that it would be like us to share our automobile if we did have one? There are more ways of giving people a lift than by a forty-horsepower machine.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Charles Dickens' Cat

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and, like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favourite with the entire household, but showed an especial devotion to her master. She selected a corner of his study for her kittens and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Mr. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina only brought them quietly back. Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and, taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. That settled the question. Thereafter the kittens belonged to the study, and they made themselves royally at home, swarming on the curtains, playing about the writing-table and scampering behind the bookshelves.

Most of the family were given away; only one remained, entirely deaf, and known, from her devotion to Dickens, as "the master's cat." The little creature followed him about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote.

One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon stood a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was by his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book and he proceeded to relight the candle, stroking the cat as he did so. Afterwards he remembered that puss had looked at him somewhat reproachfully while she received the caress. It was only when the light again became dim that the reason of her melancholy suddenly dawned upon him. Turning quickly, he found her deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and again she looked at him appealingly. She was lonesome, she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for gaining her end, and I am sure she did. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Cross as a Life-Preserver

Rear-Admiral Sampson was telling some boys about the American fleet taking the harbour of Santiago. The battle was on Sunday morning, and in the confusion the reading desk with the cross upon it had not been put away. When the battle was over the sailors stood looking at the wreckage floating about them when they noticed among the dead bodies a man struggling for life. "He was a Spanish sailor," said the Admiral, "one of our enemies. According to the rules of war we had no time to save his life; besides he was our enemy. Some of us watched the man curiously to see how long he would hold out. Then suddenly one of the

sailors picked up the little reading desk and pitched it over the side of the ship. 'Here, friend,' he cried, 'cling to the cross; it'll take you safe to shore!' The Spaniard couldn't understand the words but the action was unmistakable, and the last we saw of the poor fellow he was clinging to the cross and moving toward the shore. That's the kind of Americans we want to be, boys," said the Admiral, "like that sailor aboard my ship."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Returning Love for Hate

Some one illustrates meekness by saying that it is like one of those fragrant trees which bathes with its perfume the axe that smites into its wood. The meek man gives back love for hate, kindness for unkindness, sweetness for bitterness.—*From "When the Song Begins," by J. R. Miller.*

Lincoln's Humaneness

One of the most interesting and pathetic incidents of which I have ever read or heard is connected with the memory of one of the greatest and noblest men of all times—Abraham Lincoln.

In company with some other candidates who were out on a political campaign over half a century ago in the wild West, he saw, in the woods near the close of the day some baby birds that had been blown out of their nest. Asking to be allowed to get down from the carriage, which passed on ahead, Mr. Lincoln picked up the tiny creatures and restored them to their home. On reaching the inn, he was asked the cause of his delay, and astonished his hearers by telling them of his humane act, declaring that, had he not returned the birdies to their mother's care he could not sleep that night. What a tender, loving heart!—*Selected.*

A Lincoln Story

Here is a Lincoln story from the same source, which is worth remembering in view of our Lincoln birthday celebrations during this month:

One day, after Lincoln became a Congressman, he was walking along the street, when he saw a little girl at a gate crying. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Lincoln. The little girl explained that she was going on a journey, no one had come for her trunk and she was afraid she would miss the train. "How big is the trunk?" was the next question, as the tall man pushed through the gate.

When he saw it, Mr. Lincoln shouldered it, and very soon was striding down the street, with the little girl trotting behind him. "Just like him," said people when they heard.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Kindness Appreciated

A lady visiting an asylum for friendless orphan children watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder. "What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor. "No, that isn't the rules, ma'am," was the answer. A gentleman in the same city who stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy at the station one morning, found the boy following him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a car for him, etc. "Do you know me?" he asked at last. The wretched little Arab laughed. "No, but you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."—*School and Home Education.*

Soldiers' Kindness to Baby

A day was dawning on a battlefield in Northern France through a fog so thick that no one could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had gone forward, but between the two positions a lonely farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose, heavy guns began to boom. But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a strange, dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible! But it was not, for there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe. This spot which had been an inferno of shot and shell, was now something like a peaceful island or a cool friendly oasis in a desert. Suddenly a soldier jumped out

of a trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. No shots came from the trenches, but along both lines there rang out a mighty cheer. The coming of a little babe had brought peace, just as nearly two thousand years ago, when the Prince of Peace was born on that Christmas morning, He brought peace and goodwill to men.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Curious Watch Charm

A certain business man has a curious little charm for his watch-chain. Business acquaintances often joke him about it, for it is nothing but a queer little copper two-cent piece, bright, it is true, through frequent polishing, but plainly showing its value. Its value, indeed! The man wouldn't sell it for a thousand dollars. "I had lost every cent I had in the world, practically," he told some one with tears in his eyes, "and there at my desk, my head on my arms, I was thinking of a possible way to end it, when my little girl came up to me and asked a question: 'What does ruined mean, papa?' and then I knew I had been groaning loud enough to be heard and understood. 'You said "ruined," papa. What does ruin mean?' 'It means I haven't any money, baby. Papa's a poor man.' The little feet pattered away, then back again, and here on my watch-chain is what she gave me. Not a great fortune—no, but the foundation of one. Whatever I've got since came from it, for it gave me courage."—*The Expositor.*

Why They Smiled

"Everybody smiled at me," said the tot who had just returned from the park.

"Bless the child, it was her own sweet little smile, ready for everybody, that made them all smile back," laughed the maid who had been along.

If you give good will, you will receive good will in return. Most people will respond to your good opinion of them by thinking well of you. And not the least pleasant thought will come with the knowledge that your smile is helping others, quite as much as their smiles help you.—*The Comrade.*

If We But Knew

If we but knew that through the closing door
Some one we love would enter nevermore,
Would we not hasten with our richest store?
If we but knew!

If we but knew that from the marketplace
Soon we should miss some kind, familiar face,
Would our cold greetings not be touched with grace?
If we but knew!

Dear Jesus, patient, understanding, kind,
We are Thy lost sheep in a winter wind,
Forgive us that we are so wilful, blind!
Teach us to know!

—*Annie S. Swan in British Weekly.*

General Lee's Kindness

It is said, alleges the *Baltimore Methodist,* that General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat and having none offered her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said, "No, gentlemen; if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Kind to His Enemy

The story is told of a wounded Scotch Highlander, stroking a German spiked helmet, as he lay upon a cot in a London hospital. A nurse said to him, "I suppose you killed your man?" "No, indeed," was the reply. "It was like this: he lay on the field badly wounded and bleeding, and I was in the same condition. I crawled to him and bound up his wounds; he did the same for me. I knew no German, and he knew no English; so I thanked him by just smiling. He thanked me by smiling back. By way of a token I handed him my cap, while he handed me his helmet. Then, lying side by side, we suffered together in silence till we were picked up by the ambulance squad. No, I didn't kill my man."—*The Christian Herald.*

Practical Preaching

Be patient toward all men
(1 Thess. 5 : 14, A. V.).

Rev. T. T. Shields, of Toronto, says: "I heard of a telephone girl who turned to another and said, 'He's a patient man. I was flustered, and gave him the wrong number four times, and he said so kindly, "You gave me the wrong number four times, operator. Try once again." I'd like to meet that man.' And the other inquired, 'What is his number?' When she was told, she said, 'I know him; he is my minister.' 'Then,' said the other, 'I'm going to hear him preach.'"—*From the Christian Herald.*

Appreciated Her Kindness

Busy in his study a minister was preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday. He reached to the shelf at his side for a book, and then remembered that he had left it down-stairs. His little daughter was playing in the bed-room, and he called her. She came, running, eager and delighted at the thought that papa needed her. He explained carefully where she could find the book, and she went gladly, returning in a moment with a book which he saw at a glance was the wrong one. But he hardly looked at the book as he took it and laid it on the table. He looked only at the eager face of his little daughter, wreathed in smiles. Gathering her close to his heart, he kissed her and said, "Thank you, darling." And when she had gone back happy and contended to her play he went quietly for the book he needed. I think I should like to listen to the sermons that man would preach.—*Christian Herald.*

Velvet and Sandpaper Tongues

"When I was a boy, a number of my playmates and I had rambled through the woods and fields till we found ourselves far from home; we had lost our way. It did so happen we were nearer home than we thought; but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some very surly answers. Just then there came along another man, a near neighbour, and with a merry smile on his face. 'Jim,' said he, 'a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sandpaper, just as he likes to use it and to make it; and I declare, you always seem to use your tongue for sandpaper. Try the velvet, man; try the velvet principle.'"—*The Biblical Treasury.*

Saved Through Kindness

A young woman left her home because her father was a drunkard, and afterward, becoming a Christian, announced her intention of returning and doing what she could to reclaim him. "But what will you do when he finds fault with your efforts to please him?" some one asked her. "Try a little harder," she answered, with a soft light in her eyes. "Yes, but when he is unreasonable and unkind you will be tempted to lose your temper and answer him angrily. What will you do then?" "Pray a little harder," came the answer with a fearless ring in her words. The discourager had one more arrow in his quiver. "Suppose he should strike you as he did before, what would you do but leave him again?" "Love him a little harder," said the young Christian steadily. Through love, prayer, and patience her father was reclaimed.—*The Christian Uplook.*

Reckoning Herself Dead

A woman had decided to "reckon herself dead." Her son, who had been used to cross words and looks during his late breakfasts, watched her in amazement. At last he asked the reason for the change. She replied, "Albert, your mother is dead." "Dead!" he exclaimed, "why, mother, what do you mean?" She explained to him as best she could, and he listened in amazement. Morning after morning he watched her, and finally he said, "Well, mother, if you are going to be dead every morning, it makes you so lovely that I am going to bed earlier, so as to come down early in the morning and see you."—*From Bible Readings by H. W. S. (condensed).*

A Kind-Hearted Boy

Seventeen years ago a ticket agent of the Lake Shore Railway, walking in a field near his city, noticed a boy scattering something on the ground. When asked about it the boy explained that the school children would be coming there next day for hickory nuts, and, as the trees were nearly dead, he (a poor boy) had "blowed himself" for fifteen cents' worth of nuts so they would not be disappointed. The man was John Gunckel, the boy was "Jim-

mie," his first assistant, and that little act of kindness was the humble beginning of the Toledo Newsboys' Association, whose famous agreement has been signed by over 5,000 boys.—*Condensed from an article by William Byron Forbush, in The Congregationalist.*

Realizing Her Unkindness

"I never knew how cross I was at home," said a woman who had recently become a follower of Christ, "until I tried, after I joined the church, to be always kind and loving. When I found out how surprised and pleased my husband and children were at the change, I realized my sins of speech for the first time."—*The Northern Messenger.*

Judge Lindsey and the Boys

One evening four boys were brought to me with the announcement that they wished to "snitch" (confess) on themselves. They had been stealing bicycles, and they had five such thefts to their discredit. I found their story to be true. I tried—and got the boys to try—to recover the wheels, but we could not; they had been sold, and resold and lost track of. A police officer insisted that the boys should be arrested and sentenced to jail; and while I listened it dawned upon me what the difference was between the criminal procedure and the methods of our (Juvenile) court. "Officer," I said, "you are trying to save *bicycles.* I am trying to save *boys.*" They were put on probation, and are honest and useful members of society today.—*Judge Lindsey in Everybody's Magazine.*

Rothchild's Friendship

A business man went to one of the Rothschilds and asked the great financier for an introduction. "I am sorry; I don't think I can do anything for you." The young man looked dispirited, and then Rothschild said to him: "If you like to come down you shall walk up and down by my side, and we will say good-bye." The young man was astounded, but he took the offer, and he walked up and down the Exchange once or twice with the great banker, and was amazed at the business that came to him after Rothschild had said good-bye. Paul profited as the outcome of the introduction to the apostles, as did the apostles also.—*Rev. Ernest Dowsett, in Keswick Week.*

Kind to An Ex-Prisoner

For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in (Matt. 25 : 35).

It is recorded of Moody that he was sitting in his study when a stranger appeared, and was admitted to a seat. He introduced himself as a convict, having just served out his time in the penitentiary. He was in the world without friends or employment, and he had come to ask aid of the evangelist. Moody's little daughter, coming into the room, she was told to go and kiss the stranger, which she did. Dinner being announced, he was invited by Mr. Moody to partake with him. Under a sense of his unworthiness he declined, but finally yielded. The kiss of the innocent child and the Christly kindness of her father made, it is said, a new man of him.—*Sabbath Reading.*

Kind to the Sparrows

A sparrow had built its nest in a freight car which had been ordered to the shops for repair; and when the car was in order and started again into service, a nest of young sparrows seemed about to be robbed of a mother's care. But, though the car traveled several hundred miles, the mother-bird would not desert her young. The sympathy of the trainmen was touched, and they notified the division superintendent, who ordered the car out of commission until the little birds were able to care for themselves. If a great railroad system can be ordered so as to protect helpless sparrows, is it hard to believe that the great Superintendent of the universe orders all things for the good of His children?—*The Christian Observer.*

Treating the Rude Kindly

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because *you* are one."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Should Always Be Kind

Joseph left his home in good spirits. We can imagine his good-by as he set out. The family would see him off, expecting him to fare well, and to return again in good time. Not one of them dreamed that it would be twenty years before they would see his face

again. If they had imagined this, then their parting that morning would have been very tender. We never know when we say farewell at our door to the friends we love, as they or we go out for a time, whether we shall ever see them again. We should always say good-by, even for the briefest parting, with thoughtfulness and with love's warmth, for we may never clasp hands with them again in this life.—*Dr. J. R. Miller's "Year Book."*

God's "Thank You"

Poor little Jackie—I felt so sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I put him in his little cot, he said to me, "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry." "How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Frank thanked you?" "No, but inside of me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I've been kind to any one; and, do you know I've found out what it is?" "What is it, darling?" I asked. Throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered, "It's God's thank you."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Human Kindness

A blind man was tapping westward on East Third Street, New York, comfortable and alone. As he came to the Bowery we watched him to see what he would do. It required alertness and dexterity for a seeing person to get across. Reaching the curb, he faced the thoroughfare, tapped the curb sharply with his cane, and waited. We looked up, but saw no friend. We looked again; an elderly man heard his call, stepped quickly to him, took his arm without a word, and piloted him safely across the street. . . . There must be a great deal of goodness in the world when you can call a friend out of the throng of strangers on the Bowery in a few seconds.—*The Classmate.*

Results of a Kind Act

It was blue Monday at the manse when a book-agent rang the bell. He had set out with high hopes of earning some money for a college course, but had lost money instead, and homesick, heartsore, disheartened, he came that rainy day to the house where the minister was wearied with his ministry, and the mistress of the manse was suffering with a nervous headache. They could not spare the money for his book, but they did keep him by them for three days, and sent him out with a springy step and a refreshed spirit. The sequel came some years later when, at a meeting of Synod, the minister introduced to his wife one who had thrilled the audience with his eloquent presentation of the truth, and who told her that the treatment he had received at the manse made him desire to be what seemed to him the noblest thing he had ever known, a Christian pastor.—*American Messenger.*

Stevenson's Kindness

When the old Mataafa chief looked on the dead Stevenson, who had greatly befriended him, he said, "The day was no longer than his kindness."—*The Sunday School Times.*

KINGDOM OF GOD

"My Father's World"

"This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget
That tho' the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

"This is my Father's world. The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied.
And earth and heaven be one.

"This is my Father's world. Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King, let the heavens ring,
God reigns—let the earth be glad."

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

The Higher Kingdom

A late king of Prussia, visiting in one of his villages, was welcomed by the school children. When he came to address them he took an orange in his hand, and asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, Sire," said a little girl. Holding up a gold coin, he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," said one of the children. "To what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the king. The children were puzzled. They did not want to say to the animal kingdom lest their royal visitor might be offended. Then there flashed to the mind of one of them the thought, "God made man in his own image," and, looking up, she said, "To God's kingdom, Sire." The king was touched; and, laying his hand on the child's

head, while a tear started in his eye, said, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."—*Rev. C. H. Kilmer.*

LABOUR

The Emperor's Plow

To show their sense of the dignity of work the Chinese emperor on one day of the year was accustomed to hold the plow, and the empress to work the loom; but we need no royalty to toy with the instruments of toil to persuade us of the glory of humble service. Jesus has consecrated the workshop by His presence, and glorified work by His example.—*W. L. Watkinson, in The Record of Christian Work.*

LAUGHTER

Encouraged by Laughter

One of our Christian Endeavour girls was talking about her office work. "From three to five in the afternoon," she said, "is the hardest part of the day. We are tired with the work already done, and there are many things that must be finished before the office closes. Let me tell you what influence helps us on our floor at this time. The doors of many of the offices are open. In one of them is a girl who has an exceptionally musical and contagious laugh. We listen for her voice about this hour. Some way or other we seem to be too busy to notice it any other time. When she laughs she goes right up the scale and down again. It is one of the most musical, amazing, and refreshing things I ever heard. I think everybody on our floor would be willing to pay that young woman a salary just to laugh during the hard part of the day's work." Do you ever think how much you are indebted to the good cheer that others bring you? Have you ever been a source of good cheer yourself? What use of the laugh have you cultivated as an asset for service in your life?—*E. B. Allen, in The Christian Endeavour World.*

Thanking God for Laughter

Theodore L. Cuyler was visiting Charles H. Spurgeon. After a hard day of work and serious discussions, these two mighty men of God went out into the country together for a holiday. They roamed the fields in high spirits, like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care. Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Pastor Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Then suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler and exclaimed, "Theodore, let's kneel down and thank God for laughter!" And there, on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and joyous gift of laughter.—*The Christian Herald.*

LAW

The Law Given by Love

Two boys were playing on a narrow ledge, worn smooth in the face of a seaside cliff. Some twenty feet beneath, the deep sea-green water lapped against the rock. One of the boys was the miller's son. He had been warned again and again of the peril of the path. He had been caught and chastised. This day a careless step to the edge paid its penalty and he fell into the smooth, deep water below. Death seemed to be his just fate. But his keen cry was heard in the near-by mill, and his father ran out with anger on his face. But when he saw his son struggling with death the frown became a spasm of anguish, and at the risk of his own life he plunged in and rescued him. As the boy lay in his exhaustion, tended by loving care, he knew how far it was true that our sins find us out. He understood the Psalmist's profounder word, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities." He knew that the world which seems to be all law, is really all love, and that mercy rejoices against judgment.—*From "The Cross in Christian Experience," by W. M. Clow, B.D.*

The Needle of the Law

"You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread. So, I think, when we're dealing wi' sinners, we maun aye put in the needle o' the law first: for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be awakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as you like o' gospel consolation after it."—*F. Lockhart.*

LIBERTY

The Liberty of Disobedience

Mr. Ruskin tells us that the first lesson he learned was to be obedient. "One evening," he says, "when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to

touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked for."—*The Sunday School Times.*

LIGHTS OF THE WORLD

No Light in His Lantern

Is the lamp brought to be put under the bushel, or under the bed, and not to be put on the stand? (Mark 4:21).

One night a man in a trap was run down at a level crossing. Consequently the old signalman in charge had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail. The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office. "You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver." "No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether my lantern was lit!" How tragic it is that so many Christians are "waving the lantern" in the same way—and lives are lost.—*The Sunday Companion.*

Scattering Unknown Blessings

It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, returned to his native land with those wonderful works of art which have made his name immortal, chiseled in Italy with patient toil and glowing inspiration, the servants who unpacked the marbles scattered upon the ground the straw which was wrapped around them. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen from the seeds thus borne and planted by accident. While pursuing his glorious purpose, and leaving magnificent results in breathing marble, the artist was, at the same time and unconsciously, scattering other beautiful things in his path to give cheer and gladness. So Christ's lowly workers unconsciously bless the world.—*From Dr. Miller's "Glimpses through Life's Windows."*

Did Not Let His Light Shine

A Christian young man spent a summer in a lumber-camp where he was surrounded by anything but Christian influences. Upon his return some one said to him, "Didn't you find it hard to live in such a place? Didn't the others jeer at you for being a Christian?" "Oh," replied the young man, "they never found it out."—*The Sunday School Times.*

LITTLE THINGS

A Small Congregation

Dr. Lyman Beecher once engaged to preach for a country minister on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in midwinter, and the snow was piled all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and, after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. Dr. Beecher felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed. Twenty years after, traveling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added Dr. Beecher, "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Just Rivets

"What's the use?" a few hundred rivets chattered. "We've given—we've given, and the sooner we confess that we can't keep the ship together, and go

off our little heads, the easier it will be. No rivet forged can stand this strain." "No one rivet was ever meant to. Share it among you," the Steam answered. "The others can have my share, I am going to pull out," said a rivet in one of the forward plates. "If you go, others will follow," hissed the Steam. "There is nothing so contagious in a boat as rivets going. Why, I knew a little chap like you—he was an eighth of an inch fatter, though—on a steamer—to be sure she was only 1200 tons, now I come to think of it—in exactly the same place as you are. He pulled out in a bit of a bottle of a sea, not half so bad as this, and he started off his friends on the same butt-strap, and the plates opened like a furnace door, and I had to climb into the nearest fog-bank, while the boat went down." "Now that's peculiarly disgraceful," said the rivet. "Fatter than me, was he, and in a steamer not half the tonnage? Seedy little peg! I blush for the family, sir." He settled himself more firmly than ever in his place, and the Steam chuckled. "You see," he went on quite gravely, "a rivet, and especially a rivet in your position, is really the one indispensable part of the ship." The Steam did not say he had whispered the very same thing to every single piece of iron aboard.—*From "Many Inventions," by Rudyard Kipling.*

Origin of the Fresh Air Fund

Many years ago an invalid lady whose home was in the country visited a large city near which she lived, on a sultry summer day. She had business in some of the smaller streets and alleys, and was appalled at the number of pale, puny, and sick babies in their mothers' arms who were literally dying for a breath of fresh air. What could she do? "I cannot save all," she said, "but I can save *one*. There is room for a mother and her child at my home." She took the one mother and her child to her country home, and kept them for a fortnight, and then took them home and brought others. Her neighbours followed her example. The next summer the number of children entertained amounted to hundreds; and the next, thousands. Another woman who lived in the city could not give a cent, but she wrote of the work. It was published in a New York paper. A woman of wealth read the article, and sent the editor a thousand dollars with a request that a fund should be opened for this noble purpose. The fresh-air charity was the result. It all grew out of the little deed of the woman who took care of *one.—Forward.*

Doing Their Part

I stood a while ago and looked at a drinking fountain; a marble angel, beautifully sculptured, stood pointing to heaven. Then came polished granite inscribed with gilt letters, and massive slabs of stone. But I noticed that the water came through a small brass pipe, and the people drank from an iron cup attached to an iron chain. And the marble angel pointing heavenwards would have done nobody any good but for the brass pipe and iron cup. Think if the pipe had said, "If they do not make me of gold I will not belong to the thing." Or if the cup had said, "I must be of silver or I shall be ashamed to be there at all." No, I thought I heard the music of the three,—common water, common pipe, and common cup. "Well," they sung, "they can't do without us, and we must do our part along with the marble angel and polished granite."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

The Influence of Small Things

In a gun factory a great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds, and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Near by, a common bottle-cork was suspended by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar, and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again for ten minutes, and, lo, at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by a vibration. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock. And yet there are people who dare assert that they exert no influence in the world!—*The Presbyterian Standard.*

Early Candle-Light

Away out in the prairie regions, where meetings are held at night in the log school-houses, the announcement of the meeting is given out in this way: "A meeting will be held by early candle-light." The first man who comes brings a tallow-dip with him. It is perhaps all he has; but he brings it and sets it on the desk. It does not light the building much; but it is bet-

ter than none at all. The next man brings his candle; and the next family bring their candle. By the time the house is full there is plenty of light.—*D. L. Moody.*

How Woolworth Got His Great Idea

The story of Frank Woolworth, the owner of the five and ten cent stores throughout the country, is in the October *American Magazine* and the writer of the article says:

"Outwardly he was a quiet-mannered young man of unemotional habits, dull and without prospects. Inwardly he was restless, alert, eager, but nearly hopeless.

"One evening, at closing time, his employer cast a glance of dissatisfaction over some small remnants of calico and cashmere, and frowned at a lot of unsalable goods that had encumbered his shelves since the opening of the store.

"'Better gather these things together on a table and sell them for what you can get,' said W. H. Moore.

"His heavy-footed, grave-faced salesman collected the articles, constructed a sign on cardboard and tacked it upon a stick: 'Anything on this counter, five cents.' In two days the encumberers of space were gone.

"The experience of the magical disappearance of the space encumberers might have meant nothing to some small-town clerks, or large-town ones for that matter. But young Frank Woolworth had formed the habit of cataloguing his experiences and labeling them. Everything meant something to him.

"He told his employers that if a table full of odds and ends could be sold by the magic of a sign of 'Five cents,' a store full of them would sell. He proposed to open such a store. True, he had no money, but they could remedy that lack. They could lend him the amount of capital he needed. They wouldn't. His father agreed to endorse his note."—*Selected.*

Romance of An Acorn

Lyman Abbott somewhere says: "I plucked an acorn from the green-sward, and held it to my ear, and this is what it says to me: 'By and by the birds will come and nest in me. By and by I will furnish shade for the cattle. By and by I will provide warmth for the home in the pleasant fire. By and by I will be shelter from the storm to those who have gone under the roof. By and by I will be the strong ribs of the great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the Atlantic.' 'O foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this?' I ask. And the acorn answers, 'Yes, God and I.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Piping Piccolo

Away back, near the last row, almost hidden in a corner behind other players at the final rehearsal for the grand concert, sat a little old man with a piccolo. He loved the music with a soulful love, and his heart swelled as the majestic harmonies filled the air. The violins thrilled him with their sweetness, the heavy-stringed instruments satisfied his sense of grandeur as the mighty crescendos rose in response to the conductor's baton. His own little piccolo seemed meager, insignificant, out of place. Its small, shrill voice suddenly offended him, because it seemed to add neither sweetness nor grandeur to the wealth and beauty of the wonderful music. If he could only play a harp, or a first violin, he felt he could add the inspiration of his soul to the music, and so render a service worthy of the great composer. But the little piccolo—why, no one so much as knew he was there! Indulging thus in his discontent, he unconsciously stopped playing. Suddenly, with an imperious wave of his baton, the conductor stopped the whole orchestra in the midst of one of its grandest bursts of harmony. For an instant all was silence—an instant that seemed an age. Then—"Where is the piccolo?" the conductor demanded. "I cannot go on with this piece without the piccolo." The little old man turned cold and then hot. His eyes swam in a mist; the whole orchestra seemed to melt away as he saw the conductor looking straight at him. He had been missed! The rendition of the wonderful music was marred because his little, piping piccolo had stopped. Never would he falter again, for he had been shown that, not only the whole orchestra, but the great conductor himself were depending on him to play his part.

There is a wholesome lesson in this little incident, if only one points it out. It is this: Sound your music! Keep it sounding at all times, and let the notes be clear, and pure, and sweet. Then the echoes, sweeping out into the world will bring back answering chords of joy, faith, love. You who have been

mute—have stopped playing—be so no more. Get the instrument of your life attuned to God's harmonies. Put yourself unreservedly under the guidance and control of the Master Musician, so that, led and trained by His skillful hands, your whole nature will begin at once to make the sweetest music ever heard—the music of a loving heart.—*Peter Ryder.*

Perfection of Small Things

God made a tiny seashell or a fern buried in the depth of the woods as perfect and as beautiful in its way as the eternal hills. Shall we slight our task because it is insignificant?—*Forward.*

Little Things

Ah, the world's little things, how great they are!
How the June day would miss the daisy's star!

With what soft grace the wild rose's cheek is pressed
Against the pasture's gaunt, forbidding breast!

And we can well believe the rocks are glad
To be with little clinging lichens clad.

What heart among us could afford to let
The spring go by without the violet?

How keen our joy to welcome, as we pass
The old earth's ways, her new upspringing grass!

A traveler hastening through the starless night
Is glad to see the little glow-worm's light.

Though tired, and late, he slacks his hurried tramp
A moment by the tiny silver lamp.

A learned scholar leaves his darling books
To watch with thrilling heart and eager looks

The velvet softness of the summer dark
Embroidered by the firefly's golden spark.

Ah! the world's little things,
How rich, how manifold their ministry!
A litle love oft proves a potent leaven.
A baby's hand leads many a heart to heaven.

—*Mary F. Britts.*

Depending on the Spiders

Much has been written of the wonders wrought by the men who built the Panama Canal. But we have forgotten the spiders, the six big, silk-spinning spiders upon whom the work largely depended. The canal had to be surveyed, and all its parts had to be built in accordance with the plans of the surveyors. Now the surveyors could only get their plans correct by dividing the lenses of their surveying instruments into sections. The division was effected by stretching the delicate thin web of the spiders across the lenses. Nothing else in the world is fine enough, and so six fat spiders sat daily spinning webs, upon which depended one of the greatest engineering feats of the world.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

How Seed Multiplies

A farmer in Connecticut found a small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from the fields. Passing it to his boy, twelve years old, he said: "Here, plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it until you are of age." The boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes," and planted it. He continued to plant, each succeeding year, the entire crop. The result was that his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. Then, seeing that the boy's planting would cover all his land, the farmer asked to be released from his bargain.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Steadfastness and Brilliance

Every once in a while I am told that such and such a brilliant young man or woman has come into our congregation, and that he or she will be likely to prove a great acquisition. I confess that it is a bait at which I nibble less than I used to. If I want a light to read by, I would rather have a good, long tallow dip than a streak of lightning. A very small river will carry a good deal of water to the sea if it keeps running.—*Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.*

The Little Slippery Place

"It was such a little spot of ice I slipped on," said the big, heavily-built man who was laid up with a sprained

ankle. "I had come all the way down the other street that was so slippery to avoid a fall, and I turned up this other street, where the sidewalks looked good and clean and not at all dangerous. And I slipped on just a little strip of ice not six inches wide, where the water had trickled across the pavement. The late snow that was falling had covered it over, and before I knew it I was down."—*The Christian Observer.*

The Use of a Little Taper

I have noticed that sometimes people grow discouraged because their work does not seem to count for much. A taper lay in a drawer, when its owner took it out and carried it away. "Where are you taking me?" asked the taper. "To show big ships their way across the sea," was the reply. "But no ship could see by means of my tiny light." "Leave that to me," said the owner, as he lighted the big lantern and blew the taper out.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

LOQUACITY

A Padlock on the Mouth

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles (Prov. 21 : 23).

In the Christian life, as well as in commercial life, the tongue should always be under the control of a wise brain and a God-fearing heart. When speech becomes silver, and silence golden, choose the gold. If "the children of this world," in business and in war, know the value of silence, then we, "the children of light," for the sake of our Father's business, should be tenfold more loyal to our Employer. "A padlock on his mouth would add to his face value," said an old man of one of the employees in his store. "He tells all his plans, instead of turning them into facts and then letting them talk for him. Cæsar's way can't be improved upon—just stealing a march on people, and getting there before anybody ever knows you've started."—*From "The Young Man in Business."*

Beginning on the Tongue

The tongue can no man tame (Jas. 3 : 8).

Socrates tells of a man named Pambo, who asked a learned man to teach him some Psalm. He began to read him the thirty-ninth: "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Having heard this first sentence, Pambo left, saying he would make this his first lesson. He did not return, and his teacher, meeting him and asking when he would proceed, he replied that he had not yet mastered his first lesson; and he gave the like answer to one who asked the same question forty-nine years after.—*The Christian World.*

The Safer Way

So he opened not his mouth (Isa. 53 : 7).

There are things to be repented of in all lives, but saying too little is seldom one of them.—*The Youth's Companion.*

To Save Explanations

Set a watch, O Jehovah, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips (Psa. 141 : 3).

One minute of keeping your mouth shut is worth an hour's explanations.—*Ida Q. Moulton, Record of Christian Work.*

Flowing Too Freely

One of the "hints" given in regard to the care of a fountain pen is as follows: "When this pen flows too freely it is a sign that it is nearly empty, and should be filled." This applies also to professions of loyalty and the taking of vows.—*Rev. Robert B. McCain.*

LOVE

Carried a Can of Oil

There is a story of an old man who carried a little can of oil with him everywhere he went, and if he passed through a door that squeaked he poured a little oil on the hinges. If a gate was hard to open, he oiled the latch. And thus he passed through life lubricating all the hard places and making it easier for those who came after him. People called him eccentric, and queer and cranky, and odd, and even harder names.

But the old man went steadily on, re-filling his can of oil when it became empty, and oiled the hard places he found. The old gentleman did not wait until he found a creaky door or a rusty hinge and then go home to get his oil. He carried it with him.

There are many lives that creak and grate harshly as they live day by day. Nothing goes right with them. They need lubricating with the oil of kindness, gentleness or thoughtfulness.

Have you your can of oil with you? Do not forget it. Be ready with your oil of helpfulness in the early morning to the one nearest you. It may lubricate the whole day for him. The oil of good cheer to the down-hearted one —O, how much it may mean! The word of courage to the despairing. Speak it.

Our lives touch others but once, perhaps, on the road of life, and then, mayhap, our ways diverge, never to meet again. Carry your little can of oil. The oil of kindness has worn the sharp, hard edges off of many a sin-hardened life and left it soft and pliable and ready for the redeeming grace of the Saviour. Try your sweet, soft voice and thoughtful deeds. No life is so bad but it has its spark of good. Carry your can of oil.—*Kind Words.*

Absorbing Power of Love

A tailor will place a piece of absorbent paper over a spot of grease and press down on it with a hot iron; the warmth melts the grease and the paper absorbs it. This is the way love defeats bad situations. It simply absorbs them. That is its peculiar power. But over and above all this is the transcendent fact that the world was made to run by the law of love, and love is the best hand for controlling it.

Love Unites

When the Forth Bridge was building, the great arms from either side were completed; slowly and steadily they had been built out, and now at the center of the mighty arch all that was needed was the final riveting. But the day fixed was cold and chilly, and in spite of fires set under the iron to expand it the inch or two required, the union could not be completed, and the day's programme was a failure. But next morning the sun rose bright, the day was warm and genial; the iron then expanded, the holes came opposite one another, and the riveters had nothing to do but drive the binding bolts home. So love united the brothers of old, and so love unites men still. —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Keep Love in Your Life

"Keep love in your life, my friend,
If you would have perfect joy;
Keep love, never let her depart—
For who would his life destroy?
For life's no longer than love, my friend;
When love is no more, 'tis the journey's end.
And Regret and Fear shall your way attend.
Keep love in your life, my friend.

"Keep love in your life alway,
Though tempted to bid her go;
Keep love the bride of your heart,
If you would a true life know.
For life's no longer than love, I say;
With the end of love comes the close of day,
And the chill of death 'mid the shadows gray.
Keep love in your life alway."

—*Thomas Curtis Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.*

No Farewell to Love

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love (1 Cor. 13:13).

As an aged Christian lay dying in Edinburgh, a friend called to say farewell. "I have just had three other visitors," said the dying man, "and with two of them I parted; but the third I shall keep with me forever." "Who were they?" "The first was Faith, and I said: 'Good-by, Faith! I thank God for your company ever since I first trusted Christ; but now I am going where faith is lost in sight.' Then came Hope. 'Farewell, Hope!' I cried; 'you have helped me in many an hour of battle and distress, but now I shall not need you, for I am going where hope passes into fruition.' Last of all came Love. 'Love,' said I, 'you have indeed been my friend; you have linked me with God and with my fellow-men; you have comforted and gladdened all my pilgrimage. But I cannot leave you behind; you must come with me through the gates, into the City of God, for love is perfected in heaven.'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Love More Than All

A little girl had been told many times by a childless old couple that if she would come and live with them, they would get her everything she wanted, a pony and cart, a piano, and the like. One day when they had been particularly urgent her father, with whom she was riding, said: "Don't you think you had better go with them?" The little girl looked at him in alarm and cried, "Why, Father, don't you want me?" "Yes," he replied, "but I can't give you very much,

and they will give you everything nice." "But I wouldn't have *you!*" she said as she snuggled up to him.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Heart Full of Love

There is a plant in South America called the "pitcher plant," on the stalk of which, below each leaf, is a little cup-like formation which is always full of water. When it is very small it is full; as it grows larger it is still full, and when it reaches its maturity it is full. All that God asks is that the heart should be cleansed from sin, and full of love, whether it be the tender heart of the little child, with feeble powers of loving, or of the full-grown man, or of the flaming archangel before the throne.—*Martha A. Huling, Larned, Kan. From Christian Advocate.*

The Two Signals

Thou shalt love the Lord . . . thy neighbour (Luke 10:27).

At the entrance to the harbour at the Isle of Man there are two lights, which guide the mariner into the harbour. One would think the two signals would confuse the pilot. But the fact is, he has to keep them in line, and so long as he keeps the two lights in line his vessel is safe. And it is just as we keep our eye on the two signals—the love of God and the love of man—that we keep the channel, and are safe from the rocks on either hand.—*Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

The Perfume of Love

St. Sophia, in Constantinople, once a Christian church, and now a Mohammedan mosque, had large quantities of musk, so it is said, mixed with the mortar when it was built, and the sweet perfume clings to the stones after a thousand years. So the sweetness of love makes beautiful and glorious the deeds of the past!—*Sunday at Home.*

Love in Tennyson's Poems

It was said by Mr. Murray, the book publisher, that every time Tennyson's poems were printed an extra supply of the letters "l" and "v" had to be got, the poet used the word "love" so often. May love hold a similar place in the poem of our life!—*Rev. W. T. Haddy.*

LOVE FOR ENEMIES

Loving His Enemies

The Chautauquan says: During one of his Congressional campaigns, Mr. McKinley was followed from place to place by a reporter for a paper of the opposite political faith who is described as being one of those "shrewd, persistent fellows who are always at work, quick to see an opportunity, and skilled in making the most of it." While Mr. McKinley was annoyed by the misrepresentation to which he was almost daily subjected, he could not help admiring the skill and persistency with which he was assailed. His admiration, too, was not unmixed with compassion, for the reporter was ill, poorly clad, and had an annoying cough. One night Mr. McKinley took a closed carriage for a near-by town at which he was announced to speak. The weather was wretchedly raw and cold, and what followed is thus described: He had not gone far when he heard that cough, and knew that the reporter was riding with the driver in the exposed seat. The Major called to the driver to stop and alighted. "Get down off that seat, young man," he said. The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the Major's vengeance had come. "Here," said Mr. McKinley, taking off his overcoat, "you put on this overcoat and get into the carriage." "But, Major McKinley," said the reporter, "I guess you don't know who I am. I have been with you the whole campaign, giving it to you every time you spoke, and I am going over tonight to rip you to pieces if I can." "I know," said Mr. McKinley, "but you put on this coat, and get inside and get warm, so that you can do a good job."—*The Classmate.*

Conquered by Love

The new girl in the reform school had a terrible temper, and before a week was over she got mad and refused to obey orders. "The matron will put her in the room," the other girls said. Visions of a dark room and a stone floor came over the angry girl. She resisted with all her might, but was soon taken to the elevator, and carried to the top of the building. Here the matron opened a door, and pushing her charge gently in she shut and locked the door and went away. Was this a dark room—was that why the rebellious girl could not see at first? No; for there was sunlight on the floor, and plants were blooming in

the windows, and birds were singing in their cages as though the whole world was full of music. "What a nice room!" the girl thought, when her eyes became accustomed to the light. She walked around the room and smelled the flowers and smoothed their soft leaves. "I could pull all these up and smash them to pieces, and she couldn't help herself," she thought to herself, but instead she reached down to where a white rose was opening on a stem, and kissed it as if it had been her dead mother's face. Then the tears came. "I am a bad, wicked girl," she sobbed. "If mother had lived, I would have been good." An hour later the matron came to her, and put her arms about her, and told her how God loved her as He loved the flowers and the birds, and she was ready to listen.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Saved Through Love

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden relates the following story: I was in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among some soldiers. I asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ? His answer was this: "There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The Devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one night, a terribly wet night, he came in from sentry go. He was very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head, and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day." The man who met the test, like a true soldier of the Great Captain, had his reward.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Won by Kindness

Forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you (Eph. 4:32).

A gentleman saw a boy thief in his flower garden. He quietly went forth to meet the boy, and in a roundabout way, so that the boy would not see him coming. Suddenly he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying, "Now, my boy, answer me one question: Which is the best flower in the garden?" The boy, finding no escape, looked around, and after a few minutes' pause, said: "That rose is best," as he pointed to a beautiful moss rose. The gentleman, still keeping one hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and plucking the rose in all its beauty gave it to the boy. As he released him he said, "There, take it, my boy." The boy was amazed. Looking into the face of his strange benefactor, he said, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir?" "No," was the reply; "but as I am going to give you the best flower in my garden, you will never steal from my flower-beds again, will you?" "Never, sir, as long as I live," was the emphatic reply; "but, please, sir, ain't there some little errand I can do for you?" Free forgiveness and a token of love had won the hardened boy's heart, and from that hour he was the willing servant of his friend.—*The Christian Herald.*

Abraham Lincoln's Greatness

One of the finest descriptions of a magnanimous man to be found in all literature is Emerson's brief characterization of Abraham Lincoln: "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."—*From "Portraits and Principles," by W. C. King.*

A Friend Indeed

Dr. Horton in a sermon on the chivalry of trade tells of a young man who left his master, a timber merchant, and began business in opposition to him. For a while he prospered greatly and got many orders which would have gone to the firm which he had left. But just when his business seemed to be most flourishing, and he had more orders than he could supply, there was a great fire in his yard which destroyed all his timber. The young man was in great trouble, as he was bound to supply timber to many of his customers at a certain specified time. The next day after the fire the young man saw his old master coming toward his office, and he said, "I could have hated him, for I thought he was coming to gloat over my misfortune." But he came as a friend in need and said to me, "I know you are bound to supply timber to your customers by certain dates, and this unfortunate fire makes it impossible for you to do it. But my yard is at your disposal. You can have what

timber you need, and pay me at your own convenience. Your business may go on as usual." The young man was overwhelmed by this embodiment of the Golden Rule; the hatred which he had felt gave place to love.—*Rev. W. Hetherington.*

Hudson Taylor's Father

Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also (Matt. 5:39).

Abundant opportunity was afforded for putting into practise the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, opportunities not lost upon James Taylor (Hudson Taylor's great-grandfather) and his fellow-Methodists. It was an eloquent sermon he preached in Eastgate, Barnsley, for example, when an angry woman ran after him, frying-pan in hand. She had seen the good man go by wearing a light-coloured overcoat, and thought it an excellent opportunity of provoking him into a quarrel. Coming up behind, she vigourously rubbed the greasy, sooty utensil all over the back of his tidy garment, using her tongue meanwhile, to the amusement of onlookers. But it was her turn to be discomfited when Taylor turned round with a smile, suggesting that if it afforded her satisfaction she might grease the front as well. Covered with confusion the woman retired, but the incident was not easily forgotten.—*From "Hudson Taylor in Early Years," by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.*

Praised His Enemy

A United States President asked a certain general a question about another officer. Overhearing his reply (which praised the other), his friend approached him afterwards and said: "General, do you know that the man of whom you spoke is one of your bitterest enemies, and misses no opportunity to malign you?" "Yes," replied the officer, "but the President asked my opinion of him; he did not ask for his opinion of me."—*The Sunday Circle.*

Lee's Praise of an Enemy

Early in the Civil War, before General Robert E. Lee had proved his preeminence as a general, he was severely criticized on more than one occasion by a General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point, and was considered a bright and capable man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some important command, called upon General Lee for advice. "What do you think of Whiting?" Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well qualified in every way for even the most responsible place. One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside. "Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?" he inquired. "I understood," Lee answered, "that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."—*The Christian Herald.*

Saved Life of His Enemy

A story is told of Peter Miller, a plain Baptist preacher of Ephrata, Pa., in the days of the Revolutionary War. Near his church lived a man who abused the pastor to the last limit. The man became involved in treason, and was arrested and sentenced to be hanged. This old preacher started out on foot and walked the whole seventy miles to Philadelphia that he might plead for the man's life. Washington heard his plea. But he said, "No, your plea for your friend cannot be granted." "My friend!" said the preacher. "He is the worst enemy I have." "What," said Washington, "you have walked nearly seventy miles to save the life of an enemy? That puts the matter in a different light. I will grant the pardon."—*Church Problems.*

Warrior Brown's Conversion

The Maori of New Zealand, when converted, are said to make good Salvation Army soldiers. The Army officer out there tells of "Warrior Brown," an old Maori woman who had won her name by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. Coming under Army influence, she was converted, and gave her testimony at an open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato, a nasty blow. A week before, the cowardly insulter would have needed to make himself scarce for his trouble; but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it in her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came round, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase. —*The Sunday at Home.*

Killed with Kindness

A gentleman once remarked in our hearing, "I always kill my enemies." The words were startling. "How do you kill them?" queried some one. "Oh, I kill them with kindness," was the reply.—*From "Christ the Interpreter," in the Christian Herald.*

Cured by Kindness

There is a story of an incorrigible soldier who had been punished so often for so many offenses, without avail, that his commanding officer despaired of the man's amendment. Again he was under arrest, and the officer spoke hopelessly of him, asking what more could be done to save him from his own undoing. A fellow-officer suggested, "Try forgiving him." The man was brought in and asked what he had to say for himself. He replied: "Nothing, except that I'm very sorry." "Well," said the officer, "we have decided to forgive you." The man stood dazed for a moment and then burst into tears, saluted, and went out to become the best and bravest soldier in the command.—*From "The Lesson of Love," by J. R. Miller.*

Praying for Others

The noble character of General O. O. Howard, whose death occurred in October, 1909, is well known; and he was often referred to as the "Christian soldier." Concerning General Howard, Dr. F. E. Clark relates this incident: "When first appointed in command of a regiment located at Governor's Island, he used to walk up and down Broadway, New York, where he was jostled in the crowds. This jostling pained and irritated him, as his arm had been amputated at the shoulder. In his fear that this irritation would sour his disposition he used to pray, as any one ran into him and hurt him, 'God bless him!' This habit became such second nature with him that he was constantly praying for those about him."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Forgiving Enemies

A striking incident was related by the Rev. H. Pentin, Chaplain of the Forces, when preaching in Salisbury Cathedral recently. It occurred near Furnes, on the Belgian frontier. The countryside was in chaos, winged death everywhere, bleak walls and heaps of rubbish marking the sites of thousands of homes. A dozen children, lean from semi-starvation, came out of their cellar-school, and knelt to say the Lord's Prayer. A Belgian officer, without any insignia of rank, stood near. The children said their prayer as far as "forgive us our trespasses—" Then there was silence. The officer, however, concluded the petition: "As we forgive them that trespass against us." It was the Belgian King.—*The Christian Herald.*

Hating His Enemies

Some Christians have the same idea of these commandments as a little boy who was playing with his sister. A most unpleasant woman who lived near had been finding fault with them, and the boy said, "I just hate her." His little sister, greatly shocked, said, "Oh, no! The Bible says we must love every one." "Oh, well," he remarked, "old Mrs. Blank wasn't born when that was written." Isn't that the idea some of us seem to have about the requirements of God's Word?

Chinese Gordon's Revenge

General Gordon in writing home about some exasperating people who had been talking against him and interfering with his work, said, "The only remedy with me is to pray for every one who worries me."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Fixing the Fence Line

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line-fence question on his own hook. That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day. Said Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbour, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbour stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Thought the Watch Dog Spoiled

Dr. Moffat, the celebrated South African missionary, tells a story of a shepherd lad who had been converted by reading the New Testament. He had been very wayward, but the teachings of Jesus had made him quite a new boy. One day he came to Dr. Moffat in much distress, telling him their big watch-dog had got hold of the Book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat comforted him by saying it was no matter, for he could get another Testament. But the boy was not at all comforted. "Think of the dog," he said. Dr. Moffat laughed, and said, "If your dog can crunch an ox bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper." Dr. Moffat supposed that the boy thought the paper would hurt the dog's teeth, but that was not it. "Oh, Papa Moffat," he cried, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart, and began to love everybody and forgive all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting dog, has got the blessed Book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers, and let them help themselves to the sheep and the oxen." What a beautiful tribute this African boy, out of the simplicity of his heart, paid to the power of the Bible!—*Children's Friend.*

Pardon and Friendship

A man was severely attacked by another, who thought to kill him. The face of the injured man was badly scarred for the rest of his life. He cherished no enmity, however, against the person who made the attack, and later sought to have him pardoned. Then he asked the privilege of taking the pardon down to Joliet himself. But the criminal, as he took the pardon in his hands, said, "I want something more than pardon, sir; I want friendship." "What kind of friendship do you want?" asked the other. The prisoner replied, "I can do without anybody else's friendship but that of the man I injured." The man with the scars on his face, which he bore for life, made the pardoned prisoner happy by assuring him both of forgiveness and friendship. And that is exactly what our wounded Christ offers to us. —*Condensed from a sermon by Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.*

Preaching to His Enemies

What a great, burly, bewhiskered, silent man he is. He will weigh over two hundred and fifty pounds. Once he and his wife were put in the stocks and beaten with the Russian scourge. When the beating was over he was unconscious, and his wife was dead. He inquired from what section the Cossacks had come who had beaten him and murdered his wife, and he journeyed to their section; that was five years ago, and he has since baptized eleven hundred of them. And they were converted, too, and gloriously so; for each one of these more than eleven hundred have put their property and their lives in jeopardy by professing faith in Christ and by being baptized in His name. Is not this a present-day example of the grace of God that came by the Lord Jesus Christ?—*The Baptist World.*

No Place for Quarrels

Admiral Nelson once found that two of his officers had engaged in a quarrel, and getting them together he pointed them to the foe, and said, "Look there! Then shake hands and be friends." There is no place for differences among the soldiers of the King. There is the enemy, and all the power of the army of Christ is necessary for its defeat.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Deacon Wang's Enemies

Mrs. Bryson, in her "record of the tribulation" which fell on the Chinese Church during the Boxer rising, tells how an ex-Boxer said to old Deacon Wang, sneeringly, "What evidence have you that your faith is of any avail? Why, your Jesus allowed all your family to be put to death." "Evidence, did you say?" inquired the fine old man, calmly. "Why, the evidence

is just here, that although you have destroyed my own flesh and blood, I have not sought to be revenged on you. Surely you need no other evidence to prove that this is a heavenly doctrine."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Seeing Good in Everybody

It would be well for us if we could imitate that beautiful man of God, Bishop Whipple, who said, "For the last forty years I have been trying to see the features of Jesus Christ in every man that differs from me."—*From the Rev. Hubert Brooke, in Keswick Week.*

Our Spiritual Thermometer

The attitude we hold toward those who have wronged us is our spiritual thermometer. To do good to an enemy may be to lose him—as an enemy.—*Heart and Life Bulletin.*

LOVE FOR GOD AND CHRIST

Legend of Zaccheus

Krummacher has a pleasant little fable with a suggestion. When Zacchæus was old he still dwelt in Jericho, humble and pious before God and man. Every morning at sunrise he went out into the fields for a walk, and he always came back with a calm and happy mind to begin his day's work. His wife wondered where he went in his walks, but he never spoke to her of the matter. One morning she secretly followed him. He went straight to the tree from which he first saw the Lord. Hiding herself, she watched him to see what he would do. He took a pitcher, and, carrying water, he poured it about the tree's roots, which were getting dry in the sultry climate. He pulled up some weeds here and there. He passed his hand fondly over the old trunk. Then he looked up at the place among the branches where he had sat that day when he first saw Jesus. After this he turned away, and with a smile of gratitude went back to his home. His wife afterward referred to the matter, and asked him why he took such care of the old tree. His quiet answer was, "It was the tree which brought me to Him whom my soul loveth."—*Immanuel Messenger.*

Could Love Their King

When the late King Edward opened the new docks at Cardiff, the press reported the following reception: "Almost simultaneously with the entry of the Royal yacht at one end of the dock, a couple of steamers, crowded from stem to stern with little children, the inmates of various local benevolent institutions, swept in at the other. On one of the steamers were hundreds of trimly-clad waifs and strays; on the other were many deaf and dumb children, on whose behalf a large banner conveyed a message to His Majesty in these simple but eloquent terms: "We cannot shout, we cannot sing, but we can love our gracious king!" Some hearts cannot demonstrate as others, but they can love.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

In the Taj Mahal

In India I saw that monument, the Taj Mahal. In the center of the structure is a piece of marble 16 feet across and 8 or 10 feet high. A Mohammedan guard stands there, and while I was looking up, he shouted something about one God and Mohammed his prophet. It echoed and echoed, and we listened. I could not leave with that echoing across the world, and I begged permission to stand where the soldier stood. Reluctantly he consented. Then, lifting up my voice, I shouted, "Jesus, highest over all," and it echoed and re-echoed to the highest peaks of the Himalayas. That cry is to sound around the world.—*Dr. Cortland Myers.*

Her Dearest Friend

A gentleman visiting a friend for the first time had not long been seated when the little daughter brought out her birthday text-book. Turning over the leaves from January 1, he read the names of many of her friends. When he came to December 25 he found one line carefully written, "Dear Jesus Christ." "But, Mary," said the gentleman, "this is only for names of your friends." Looking up into his face, her face flushing with joy, "Why Jesus," she quietly replied, "is my very best and dearest Friend, and that is the nicest birthday of all the year."—*From the Sunday School Chronicle.*

Declaring Their Love

F. B. Meyer, when in Australia, speaking on one occasion of the relation of a pastor to his congregation, and pleading for a freer reciprocity of feeling between them, said that he often felt inclined to say to his own people, "If you love me, tell me so." This

speech reached England sooner than the speaker, and some months later, at the congregational "Welcome Home," almost the first object that met his eye was a large scroll, and these words, "We love you, and we tell you so." By observing the Lord's Supper we tell Christ that we love Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Christ the Best Gift

A mother who frequently left her home for a few days at a time, used to bring each of the children a little gift. One day she purposely neglected the gifts. The little ones met her in the hall with expectant faces. "I did not bring you any presents this time," said the mother, "because——" "We don't care, mother dear; you are the best present," said one little one. Can we say to Christ, "Thou art the best gift?"—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

Did It for Christ

A missionary was once asking a Burmese boatman if he were willing to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. The man was getting good pay as a boatman, and the missionary told him that he would only be able to pay him eight shillings a month, instead of the thirty shillings he was earning. "How is it?" he asked. "Will you go for eight shillings?" It was hard for the man to decide. For some moments he sat pondering, then looking up he said, "I will not go for eight shillings, but I will go for Christ." —*The Christian Herald.*

Wanted to be a Seraph

The son of Bishop Berkeley once asked his father what was the difference between the cherubim and seraphim. His father replied that the word "cherubim" came from a Hebrew word signifying "knowledge," and that "seraphim" came from a Hebrew word meaning "burning," from which it was inferred that the seraphim were spirits famed for their burning love. The boy said, "I hope when I die I shall be a seraph, for I would rather love God than know all things."—*From "Pure Religion," by the Rev. W. L. Mackenzie.*

Loved His Czar

When the French were invading Russia at the beginning of the last century, they arrived at a small village. All the inhabitants had fled save one peasant—a woodman, judging from the axe in his belt. The officer in command of the French troops ordered the man to be shot. The soldiers raised their muskets and prepared to fire, but the peasant coolly looked down the barrels of the guns, and never flinched. The officer was so struck with the man's courage that he commanded the firing party to lower their muskets and spare the prisoner's life. "But," said he, "we shall put a mark upon him." They made a branding iron red hot and placed it on his hand. When they removed it something was left there. "What is that?" asked the woodman. "That," said the officer, "is an 'N' for Napoleon. You belong to him now." The man turned, placed the branded hand on a solid place, took his axe from his belt, and with one stroke severed his hand from his arm. "There now," cried he, "there is not one bit of me that does not belong to the Czar." That man was truly loyal. He would rather lose his hand than be branded a traitor. Are we as true to God?—*Expository Times.*

Moo Dee

In far-away China a young father brought his baby son to the missionary for baptism, and asked that the little boy be given the name "Moo Dee." The missionary had never heard a Chinese name like that, and after the baptism, questioned the father about its origin. "I have heard of your man of God, Moody," the father told him. "In our dialect 'moo' means 'love,' and 'dee,' God.' I would have my child, too, to love God."—*Sunday at Home.*

Felt That He Knew Christ

A ministerial friend was once talking with Dr. Horace Bushnell with reference to heaven, and said, "When Christ sees you nearing the gates, Mr. Bushnell, I am sure He will say, 'There comes a man I know.'" The great theologian's eyes flashed and he replied, "And I think I can say that I know Him, too."—*The Sunday School Times.*

LOVE FOR OTHERS

The Great Guest Comes

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me (Matt. 25 : 40).

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain;
He called him in from the stony street

And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went, and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown;
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild—
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it milk in the waiting cup
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.
The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest;
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then, soft in the silence, a voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word;
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times my shadow was on your floor;
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

—*Edwin Markham.*

Why He Was Loved

Few generals have ever been more loved by their soldiers than the great Viscount de Turenne, who was Marshal of France in the time of Louis XIV. Troops are always proud of a leader who wins victories; but Turenne was far more loved for his generous kindness than for his successes. If he gained a battle, he always wrote in his despatches, "We succeeded," so as to give the credit to the rest of the army; but if he were defeated, he wrote, "I lost," so as to take all the blame upon himself.—*From "A Book of Golden Deeds."*

Helping the Helpless

"I believe I will take home some fruit," the doctor said as we started down the street. We passed several fine fruit-stands, but he did not stop, and I began to think he had forgotten. But at the last street he turned a corner, and there was the fruit-stand he was looking for. It was not a very fine fruit-stand, but I noticed the man had an empty sleeve. While we sat on the doctor's porch a man who walked with a crutch brought him the evening paper. A little later a boy hobbled across lots with a pail of milk. "There seem to be lots of cripples around here," I remarked. "Yes," said the doctor, "I always give those who need it most the preference. It may be a little pleasanter to trade at the places where everything is perfect. We may get a little quicker service by employing only the physically sound; but others must live, and they want to earn their bread. We owe it to them to give them a chance. Just a little thoughtfulness and a little inconvenience borne by the fortunate make the world a different place for the unfortunate." "But," I objected, "I have frequently tried that, but usually get such poor articles or service I give it up." "I take the time," said the doctor, "to teach them what I want, and how I want my work done. The fruit man knows the kind of oranges and peaches I want, and gets them for me. The hunchbacked bootblack has learned how I want my shoes shined. I get good service. Of course it takes a little patience, but isn't a little patience worth while when it is to save the manhood and independence of a poor fellow already crippled in life's struggle?"—*Young People.*

Garfield's Brother

A scholarly, fatherly, contented old gentleman was Thomas Garfield, of Hudsonville, Mich. He was the only brother of President James A. Garfield. At the age of eighty-seven, he was well and happy. He resided on the same farm near Hudsonville for over forty years, and he did not leave home more than a dozen times after moving to Hudsonville. He was unknown outside his immediate neighbourhood, did not seek publicity, and liked to be called a plain farmer. He never went to Washington, although he was invited by his brother to make his home at the capital city. He never had the advantage of an education. But James A. Garfield became president by the wise use of spare moments plus this brother. Thomas carried his brother James to school, when the snow was too deep for the future president to walk, and worked from daylight until dark in order to help him to success. He took care of James until he got through high school, and then got his

life insured, which carried him through college. "My duty was to stay at home and run the farm," declared Mr. Garfield, "and I did it. James was a politician from the time he was a little fellow. He was a natural orator, and had the best memory of any man I ever knew. He could listen to a discourse and repeat it. Once we heard him working out a sum in algebra in his sleep. When he got up in the morning, he wrote it out." The people of this country would be ashamed of James A. Garfield if he had not loved and honoured his brother Thomas.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Lord's Reply

Am I my brother's keeper? (Gen. 4: 9).

"O Lord," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle throng me yet.
Am I their keeper? Only I—to bear
This constant burden of their grief and care?
Why must I suffer for the other's sin?
Would that my eyes had never opened been!"
And the thorn-crowned and Patient One
Replied, "They thronged me, too; I too have seen."

"Thy other children go at will," I said, protesting still.
"They go, unheeding. But these sick and sad,
These blind and orphan, yea, and those that sin
Drag at my heart. For them I serve and groan.
Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I have tried."
He turned and looked at me: "But I have died."

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil These souls to win!
They are not mine. I brought not forth this host
Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-tossed— They are not mine."
He looked at them—the look of one divine!
He turned and looked at me: "But they are mine."

"O God," I said, "I understand at last.
Forgive! and henceforth I will bond-slave be
To thy least, weakest, vilest ones, I would not more be free."
He smiled, and said, "It is to me."

—Lucy Rider Meyer, in The Missionary Helper.

Like the Master

An English minister employed a native catechist, who found it quite impossible to give a correct account of the money he collected for God's work, and in consequence he was regarded as quite unsuited for missionary work, and was dismissed. The only explanation the poor man could make was that all the money he had collected had been spent in God's work, and not upon himself. Several years later a missionary lady was visiting a distant village in the jungle. She tried to make the simple folk understand what manner of person Jesus of Nazareth was. She told them how He was the poor people's friend, how He used to eat with them and come to their homes to sleep the night, how He used to go about healing wherever there was sickness, how the children used to run after Him in the street and clamber about His knees. Her description seemed to meet with an unusually intelligent response, and as she finished some one exclaimed: "Miss Sahib, we know Him well; He has been living here for years!" Amazed, the lady discovered that this old catechist had settled there on his own account. It was he who fetched the old men and women their water and their fuel. When any one was sick, it was he who invariably attended to them. When plague and cholera visited the village, he was the intrepid nurse. In the old man unfit for missionary service the people of that village had seen and recognized Jesus Christ.—*Good Words.*

A Selfish World

The ruler of a certain country decided that his subjects were selfishly intent each upon his own interests, with little regard for helping his fellows. He slipped out one night and placed a stone in the road, too large to be easily pushed aside, but not so large that it could not be moved if one were willing to put forth labour and exertion. The next day the king watched from his windows. Ox teams drove up, their owners looked at the stone, then drove round it. A grenadier in bright uniform lustily berated a populace that kept no better roads, but did not at-

tempt to move it. Travelers came and went, each one expressing an opinion that the stone ought to be gotten out of the way, but no one volunteered to move it. After many weeks the king sent his herald to summon the people. When they had all arrived the king jumped from his horse and rolled away the stone. Underneath was a box filled with gold and bearing this inscription: "This box is for him and him alone who takes the trouble to move this stone." There was no need to point a moral. Every one understood that if he had been willing to render a service for the public good he would have reaped a rich individual benefit.—*Forward.*

Legend of Eliab

In the Holy Land lived a man called Eliab, whom God had blessed with earthly goods. He was also cunning in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not bring peace to his heart; he was often full of sorrow and wished to die. Then a man of God came to him, and showed him an herb possessed of wonderful powers of healing, but Eliab said: "What is that to me? My body lacks not health; my soul is diseased. It were better for me to die." "The herb will do thy heart good," said the man of God. "Take it, and heal seven sick men, and then thou mayest die if thou wilt." Eliab did as he was asked, and sought out misery in its abiding places. He healed seven sick people, and succored the poor with his riches. Then the man of God came again to him and said: "Here is an herb of death; now thou mayest die." But Eliab cried: "God forbid! My soul longeth no more for death, for now I comprehend the meaning and use of life."—*F. W. Krummacher.*

Love and Forethought

A little waif was asked, "What is love?" and answered, "Going errands." When in Samoa, Stevenson had left his small hut and removed into a large house, there had not yet been time for love to line it. Stevenson felt sad and weary, and had also forgotten to bespeak his nightly coffee. Whilst he was thinking, the door quietly opened, and the native boy entered carrying the tray with that on it for which he longed. Stevenson said in the native tongue, "Great is your *forethought.*" The boy corrected him, and said, "Great is the *love.*"—*Christian Endeavour World.*

Love for Others

Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth (1 John 3:18).

A Japanese student tells how he came to be a Christian. In a training college in Japan he and a young American, who was a Christian, went to the principal—a venerable Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church—and complained of the coldness of their rooms. The good Bishop replied, "I am sorry that the council at home cannot spare the money to repair your rooms," and then, turning to the Christian student, he said, "As far as you are concerned, we can soon settle the matter. You are young, your life is before you, and your health must be safeguarded. I am old, my work is nearly done, and my room faces south and is warm and bright. You shall have mine and I will take yours." The young man protested, but the Bishop had made up his mind, and nothing could alter his decision. The Japanese student was so impressed by the beautiful unselfishness of the Bishop, and his evident joy in the sacrifice he made, that he saw in it the spirit of Christ, and was led to give his life to the same Lord and Master.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Love for the Crowds

Five girls were gathered together over a little spread. It was their first vacation since their graduation together two years since. All of them were busy workers in a line which took them much among people, and they had many notes to exchange. "I dearly love my work," said one of them, "but sometimes it seems to me I would give anything to get away from people a while. I never have a quiet moment to myself. There is always some one who wants to see me. Do the rest of you ever feel that way?" "Oh, yes," said one; and "yes," sighed another, "I feel as though I would like to go off to a desert island where I would not see a soul." Then Mary Vaine spoke. "I know just how you feel. I have felt the same way. But when it seems to me I can not stand it any longer I think of how the throngs followed Jesus. He never turned any away. He must have been very weary at times, but He was never impatient with the crowd. That thought has helped me so often." There was silence for a moment, then the first speaker said, "I had not thought of that, but it does help."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Servant's Love for Oberlin

In Oberlin's Life there is recorded a beautiful instance of affectionate fidelity in service. One New Year's Day Oberlin found a note laid on his desk, written by a devoted servant, in which she begged him to give her no more wages: "As I am now really independent—that is, as I have now no longer my father to maintain—I beseech you to grant me the favour of making me your adopted daughter. My clothes, stockings, and sabots will cost something: but when I need them I can ask you for them as a child asks its father." And so she remained till her death—a servant in the house, with a daughter's heart.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Her Unselfish Motto

Among the truly popular girls I have known one stands out pre-eminently. I knew her intimately for ten years, and I never knew one person who did not find her just lovable. Once during her sophomore year in high school a group of her chums were discussing mottoes and naming their favourites. "Hitch your wagon to a star" and "To the stars through difficulties" were favoured. Turning to Jessie, some one said, "Haven't you a motto?" "Yes," she said, "it is this: 'Me last!'" "What do you mean by that?" the others asked. "That's my motto, and I think it is a good one." "But what does it mean?" Then Jessie explained: "It means just what it says: 'Me last.' That is, I am to think of myself last; I am to put every one else ahead of me, and then I can look after myself when everybody else is taken care of. See?" The girls saw. And they knew that right there lay the secret of her popularity—she lived up to her motto. She was always looking out for some one else, never for herself. The girls realized that in some way Jessie was always taken care of. "Maybe that's why," they afterward decided.—*The Girl's Companion.*

Unselfish Street Arabs

A crowd of little street Arabs were gathered at the door of Clark Street Mission, Chicago, one afternoon, waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty; many of them doubtless were hungry; all of them were familiar with hardships. In the crowd were swarthy, black-eyed girls with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of ragged shoes. Presently another boy appeared, leading by the hand two children a little more forlorn looking than the others. "Hey, fellers," the leader exclaimed, "dese kids ain't got nobody to take care of 'em. Dey sleeps in a box, an ain't had nuthin' to eat today. Can't we do somp'n fer 'em?" The crowd stared at the newcomers; then one boy suggested, "Le's take up a c'llection," and there was a chorus of assent. Grimy hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies and the collector announced the result, "seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought, which were thrust into the hands of the children, and they were told to eat. When the teacher arrived she found the "two orphans" the center of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Distributing the Honey

In Ireland and Wales there are a great many bee-keepers. Every third year each owner of bees is required to distribute some of his honey among his neighbours, because his bees have gathered their honey from the flowers in the neighbouring fields. We owe a great deal to our friends and neighbours. They have added materially to our happiness and prosperity. And because of this we are bound by the law of brotherly kindness to distribute among them some of the honey of our own prosperity and comfort, received through our relationship to Christ.—*The Expositor.*

A Good Investment

A gentle, sweet-voiced woman of seventy, born and bred in an English town, has told a story of her youth and age which might well be named "From Generation to Generation."

"I left school at sixteen," she said. "Too young, we should now think. My mother was wise enough to take advantage of my zeal for helping folk, and to direct it. She set me to teach some children who came to our house three evenings in a week for an hour. Presently some of the mothers, who could not read or write, joined my class. I taught them a little sewing and cooking as well as the three R's. In four years there were about twenty children and women who had learned something in that small, primitive evening school.

"Then I married and went to America to live. Years passed, and my only daughter grew up, married an Englishman, and found her home in my old English town. Then came the wonder. My daughter was speedily surrounded by a group of loyal, although humble, friends. My few seeds of teaching have come back to my daughter and her children in an abundant harvest of gratitude and service. In the years that have elapsed since my daughter's marriage, the comfort of her little family and often its safety have rested in the hands of these devoted women. The hours of that evening school were the best investment I ever made from a worldly point of view, and judged by spiritual standards, they have brought me a fortune."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Gladstone's Love for Others

Once when William E. Gladstone was facing one of the great crises of his political life, he sat writing one morning at two o'clock the speech with which he hoped to win a great political victory in the House of Commons the next day. At that hour there came to his door the mother of a poor, friendless, dying cripple, and besought him to come and bring some message of hope and cheer to the hopeless boy. Without hesitation the great Commoner left the preparation of his speech, spent the night leading the child to Christ, staying till morning light, closed the eyes of the dead, went back to his home and faced his day with a smile of confidence and peace and power. In that hour he said to a friend, "I am the happiest man in the world today." He had been able to serve a little child in a tenement house in the name of the Master. Later he made the greatest speech of his life in the House, carrying his cause to a triumphant success.—*From "Men and the Kingdom," by J. C. Massee.*

The Gauge of Love for God

In an engine-room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube, which serves as a gauge. As the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the great boiler. When the tube is half full, the boiler is half full; when the tube is empty, the boiler is empty. Do you ask, How do I know I love God? I believe I love Him, but I want to know. Look at the gauge. Your love for your brother is the measure of your love for God.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Law of Use

"I am almost afraid to use this beautiful table," said the owner. The cabinet-maker ran his hand across the polished surface and felt the thickness of the wood. "What are you afraid of?" he asked brusquely. "You can't wear out that table. Why, do you know nowadays they would make fifty veneered tables out of just the wood you've got in this one; but this—the more you use it, the better for it, madam. The only flaw there is on it now is this worm-hole, and that came, you say, when you had it stored away in the loft."

"You're too bright and lovely to be wearing yourself out doing so much for other people," said one girl to another. "I can't be very good stuff to begin with, then," was the girl's retort. "Trying to live happily with one's neighbours never wore anybody out yet, unless the person was of such thin veneer that she was afraid people would find her out."

There is one law for the solid people and the solid woods, and that is the law of constant, well-sunned, well-aired, cheery use. Only veneer is injured by the common, practical, wholesome duties of everyday life.—*Forward.*

A Vision of Christ

This is the origin of Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful," as told by Moncure D. Conway in his autobiography: A Father of the Desert daily gave alms to the poor at the convent gate. In his cell Christ appeared to him with face and attitude as he had supposed Christ would look, but indistinct. "Sometimes he doubted if it were there; then it would glow a little." As he gazed with rapture, the bell sounded the hour when the needy would await their alms at the gate. But how could he leave the one heavenly vision of his lifetime? Yet he could not keep out of his thoughts the images of the sufferers, and with tears bade the Christ vision farewell. When he had relieved the haggard men, women, and children, it was night; but as he was about to strike a light, his cell was filled with a celestial brightness, and there stood the form clear as the sun, no longer like the church pictures, but with the tender smile and eyes bent on him, and as he fell before the stupendous vision, the divine One lifted him and said, "Hadst thou not gone, I had gone indeed!"—*The Epworth Herald.*

Won by the King's Love

Twenty years ago the cholera raged at Naples. The suffering districts felt bitterly toward the rulers and the rich because they felt that the scourge might have been prevented. A riot was imminent when Humbert, King of Italy, went to Naples and entered the plague-stricken quarter of the city. They had said that they would mob any noble whom they could find. But instead they were willing to do his bidding like little children. All bitterness melted out of their hearts. He nursed their sick. He held them in his arms when they were dying. He spent his days in their poor hovels. He shared their dangers. He wept with them in their sorrow. They were completely won to their king, not because he was king, but because he loved and served them.—*The Classmate.*

Trampled on Others

Shortly after the disastrous fire in the Iroquois Theater in Chicago, a woman in an outward-bound trolley-car observed a young girl crying bitterly. Moved by her grief, she went to her side and made kind inquiry; but the girl was convulsed with sobs and could not answer. "Did you lose any of your people in the fire?" the woman asked. "No." "Were any of them injured?" "No." "Were you hurt yourself?" "No." was again the reply. "Then why do you cry, my dear?" "Because," murmured the girl brokenly, "I didn't help to save any one else!" and she wept pitifully. "But you couldn't have been expected to in such a fearful panic; you were, of course, half crazed with fright." "I know," sobbed the girl, "but I only *thought of myself.* I never even tried to help others; I just rushed and trampled over the fallen." And she would not be comforted.—*Rev. Thomas B. Shannon.*

A Relic of Love

During some recent researches among the ruins of Pompeii the explorers turned up a find that told its own story. It was the body of a crippled boy. He was lame in his foot. And around the body there was a woman's arm, a finely-shaped, beautiful, bejeweled arm. The mute find told its simple story. The great stream of fire suddenly coming from the volcano, the crowd fleeing for life, the little cripple unable to get along fast enough, the woman's heart touched, her arm thrown about the boy to aid his escape; then the overtaking fire-flood, and both lost. The arm that was stretched out to save another was preserved, and only that. All the rest of the brave rescuer's body had gone. The saving part was saved. Only that mercifully outstretched to save another was itself saved. The barbarians of Melita showed Paul and his companions "no common kindness." They sought to save, and in so doing, as verse 9 shows, were themselves saved.—*From "Quiet Talks with World Winners," by S. D. Gordon.*

Sharing Her Flowers

"Set your candle before the looking-glass," said a dear, quaint old lady. "Don't you know you get almost the light of two candles that way?" This thought was carried out by a poor sewing woman who had few pleasures to brighten her dull, gray life. But whenever she became the happy possessor of a flower she set it before her mirror, and thus her beauty-loving eyes had two flowers to enjoy. One woman, whose garden annually overflowed into all her neighbours' houses, said: "It is give or die!" Share the lovely, fragrant blossoms; let them carry their sweet messages into life's desert, shadowed places, and your own garden will smile in loveliness until frost comes to banish the outdoor beauty. Pleasures gratefully accepted from the Giver of all true pleasure, and pleasures shared with others are pleasures doubled. Can we not always set our candle before a looking-glass?—*Onward.*

A Chinese Leper's Love

In a little colony of lepers who live in boats on the West River, China, is a lad who, in spite of his disease, always has a bright, sunny countenance. One time some old clothes were to be distributed, and each one was asked which article he most needed. When it came to this boy he replied, "My hands are good yet, and I can mend my clothes when they need it, but there are some here who have no fingers, and some whose hands are so crippled or sore that they cannot use them. When their clothes get holes in them they cannot mend them, but must see them constantly getting bigger and bigger. I would be thankful for clothes, but I could not ask for them when others are more needy than I."—*Jean McBurney, Do Sing, China.*

Touching the Leper

Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper! a

leper!" to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was near by put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me! For seven years no one has touched me." The missionary says that at that moment it flashed across her mind why it is recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the leper. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as of healing power. "The lepers are cleansed," should have been evidence enough that Messiah had come.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Good King's Love

There is a very beautiful device whereby the Japanese are accustomed to express their wishes for their friends. It is the figure of a drum, in which the birds have built their nests. The story told of it is that once there lived a good king, so anxiously concerned for the welfare of his people, that at the palace gate he set a drum, and whoever had any wrong to be redressed, or any want, should beat that drum, and at once, by day or night, the king would grant the suppliant an audience and relief. But throughout the land there reigned such prosperity and contentment that none needed to appeal for anything, and the birds built their nests within it, and filled it with the music of their song.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

Loved His Mother

A little boy declared that he loved his mother with all his strength. He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said, "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs, all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—*The Methodist.*

His Mother's Love

The late Professor William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would frequently illuminate a misty subject with a homely anecdote. Discussing motherhood once, Professor James said: "A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions: 'Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie, and there were seven of you—your parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get?' 'A sixth, ma'am,' the boy answered. 'But there are seven of you,' said the teacher. 'Don't you know anything about fractions?' 'Yes, teacher,' replied the boy, 'I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother, too. Mother would say she did not want any pie.'"—*Juniata Rohrback, Washington, D. C. From The Philadelphia Times.*

The Unselfish Cripple

We are never so poor that we do not have something to share. We heard not long ago of a little crippled girl, living in a squalid tenement house, who was a living proof of this truth. One day a lady came to the bare room where the girl lay, and took a rickety chair by the bed. Placing her hand on the thin little fingers, she said gently, "Would you like to have me sing for you?" "Oh, yes, lady!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes glowing with pleasure; "but, first, won't you open the door a crack?" Then, as her visitor looked surprised, she explained, "There's lots of folks in the house who'd like to hear the singing. I'd feel selfish if I kept it all to myself."—*The Girls' Companion.*

I'm Third

A boy was going to college. His mother gave him some excellent parting advice, as mothers are wont to do, and her last words were, "Remember, my son, you are always third." When he reached college he wrote upon a placard, "I'm third," and hung it in his room. It called forth many queries and criticisms, but to all he turned a deaf ear, until he had been in college about two months. Then he said to his chum, "I have the courage now to tell you what my mother meant when she said to me, 'I'm third.' First, God; second, others; third, myself."—*The Home Mission Monthly.*

Did Not Love His Brother

I knew of two brothers who had a quarrel. The mother could not reconcile them. She could not sleep. Her prayers went up night after night. One of the brothers saw how his mother felt, and was sorry for her. To please

her he bought a very costly gift and took it to her. "I don't want any gift," she said; "I want you to be reconciled to your brother." If he had been reconciled first, and then brought the gift to his mother, it would have been all right. So it is with God. You take your gifts to the altar, and keep in your heart hatred toward your brother. God doesn't want your gifts until you are reconciled.—*From Prayer-meeting Talks, by D. L. Moody.*

Just Loved Everybody

T. Dewitt Talmage said: "When I was but a small boy I heard words from the lips of a saintly old man in a prayer-meeting which have kept by me ever since, and have been of no little help to my Christian experience. He was the kind of Christian who praised God in his daily life as well as in the prayer-meeting. At the close of a wonderful testimony he told us in four simple words the secret of his life's happiness. They were these: '*I just love everybody.*' How that man went up in my opinion! At that moment there was born within me the hope that I might one day say those same words with that same fervour and spirit."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Cure for Awkwardness

A young lady who was always ill at ease and awkward in company asked a Christian woman what she should do to overcome it. "Always think of others, dear, never of yourself," was the reply. Such, I believe, would be Paul's advice to the question, "How can I reach men?" Such certainly was his action, for who can detect the slightest selfishness in all his biographical letters? He was always ready to "spend and be spent" for the furtherance of the gospel. It costs to live an unselfish life, but it pays. "The noblest end of life is to live for the service of God. And everything is his service by which we can be or give a blessing to another."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Lowliness and Tapestry

Behind the word which is translated "lowliness" is our word "tapestry," and I think I shall not be far away from the Apostle's mind when I say that he counsels us to lay our life down like a soft tapestry carpet—in kindly thoughts and gracious sympathies and helpful services, in order that the weary, bruised feet of other people may find ease and comfort on the road. It is the blessed privilege of Christians to lay a soft surface on the roads by spreading over them the graciousness of tender compassions, so stooping that other pilgrims can "walk over us" and so forget the hardships of the way. —*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

An Unselfish Barber

A refreshing incident comes out of Yorkshire. There was an earnest Christian in that town who was a barber. He noticed one week a great increase in his volume of business. Upon making inquiry, he found that the barber at the other end of the village was ill. When the week was ended he took all that he had made above his average and carried it to his brother in business with his Christian sympathy. Here, of a truth, is the practise of Christianity as well as its belief. Why not more of this?—*The Epworth Herald.*

Christian Grammar

The Bishop of Cambridge once gave a lesson in "Christian grammar" to a class he was teaching. He said: "We have all learned to say in school:

"'First Person—I;
Second Person—Thou;
Third Person—He.'

"But that is wrong in Christian grammar, so wrong that, to put it right, one has to turn it upside down. The Christian grammar is:

"'First Person—He;
Second Person—Thou;
Third Person—I.'

"And 'He' means God, the first person in the first place. Then 'thou' means one's fellow-man, and 'I' myself comes last."—*The Life Boat.*

Golden Rules

(Chicago Journal.)

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindoo.*

Do as you would be done by.—*Persian.*

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—*Buddhist.*

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—*Chinese.*

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedanism.*

Do not that to a neighbour which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian.*

The law imprinted on the hearts of

all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman.*

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbour to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish.*

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Christian.*

Lesson from a Dog

It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth (Rom. 14:21).

A big dog once taught Professor Dager a lesson. He had taken a long walk through the country, and this dog had gone with him, and easily jumped from bank to bank of a deep gully they crossed; but on this particular day the dog refused to cross in this way. Instead, he ran a quarter of a mile to a spot where he could go down to a path and then up on the other side and back again to Professor Dager. What do you suppose was the reason for this? There was a little dog with him this time, and he knew that if he jumped across, the little dog would try it and fall in. So he took the trouble to go that long way around for the sake of his small companion. That is the lesson Paul teaches in the Golden Text. We must sometimes give up our own comfort or pleasure for the sake of others who would be harmed if we did not deny ourselves.—*Teachers' Guide.*

Helping the Weak

Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth (1 John 3:18).

Thomas Samson was a miner, and working hard for his bread. The captain of the mine said to him, "Thomas, I've an easier berth for you, where there is less to do and more money to earn. Will you accept it?" "Captain," said Thomas, "there's our poor brother Tregony; he has a sick body and is not able to work so hard as I am. I fear his hard work will shorten his useful life. Will you let him have the berth?" The captain, pleased with his generosity, sent for Tregony and gave him the berth, which he is now enjoying. The true Christian doesn't say, "What can I do for myself?" but, "What can I do for others?"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Some Irish Philosophy

"Yer heart is never so full of its own worries that ye can't crowd in a little care for them of other folks if ye only think so," said Mrs. Roney, pausing over her washtub to answer the one who suggested that she had troubles enough of her own without attempting to carry those of a sick neighbour. "If ye crowd it so full that some of yer own gits crowded out, sure 'taint no great loss. Anyway, it ain't the empty-handed folks that's helping others lift their burdens all along the road, if ye take notice; it's them with loads of their own to carry."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Beecher and the Newsboy

Henry Ward Beecher, walking down a street, passes a newsboy shivering in the cold. Being moved with compassion toward him, the great preacher buys up his stock, and, when he hands over the coins, says, "Surely you are cold?" "I was," replies the lad with a gulp, "till you passed, sir." It is wonderful what warmth a little sympathy will bring, and how quick are those who receive it to perceive the passing by of the holy man of God. Holiness shows itself in helpfulness. It is the worshiping spirits who are "sent forth to sow."—*Rev. F. G. Legatt, M.A.*

Killing His Jealousy

Love envieth not (1 Cor. 13:4).

There were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them, a great deal of bitter feeling. One of them was converted. He went to his minister, and said, "I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it." "Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbour." He said he wouldn't like to do that. "Well," said the minister, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy." He said he would; and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbour. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed. —*D. L. Moody.*

Loved Their Teacher

A certain missionary was working single-handed among the slaves on a West Indian island. The planters sneered at or ignored him, but the slaves came to love him dearly. One day the missionary was quite ill,—had

been sick for some time, owing to the unaccustomed climate. Suddenly an old negro appeared, with the simple statement, "I'se yourn now." Inquiry developed the fact that the negro converts had been worrying over the missionary's ill health and loneliness, and unable to nurse him themselves on account of their tasks, they had combined their little savings, earned through years by work out of hours, had bought one of their own number from his master, and now presented him to their teacher, to care for him in their stead, their individual hopes of freedom indefinitely postponed to free an aged brother slave from hard labour, and to minister to the comfort of the man who had taught them the meaning of brotherly love.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Wanted to Benefit Others

Dr. Stuart Holden tells the story of a boy, from his own church, who was badly wounded some time ago. He found himself in Great Britain, in a hospital where he was very much dependent for necessaries, as well as for trifling luxuries, upon the parcels which reached him from home. After his mother had sent him one or two weekly parcels she got a letter from him, thanking her, and adding this request: "Mother, next time you send a box please send something that can be passed round, because there are other men here as well as myself." In the Gospel of Jesus Christ we have got something that can be passed round.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Doing an Angel's Work

And God sent me before you to preserve you (Gen. 45 : 7).

A poor tired woman with three children entered a palace car, but the look of relief which had crept into her face quickly vanished when the porter ordered them out. Frightened, they hurried into the next car. A little boy sitting by his rich aunt saw them, and said, "Auntie, I want to give them my fruit and sandwiches; they look so hungry." The aunt at first remonstrated, but the little fellow persisted, and found the children very hungry, not having had any breakfast. "God bless you," said the mother, and as the boy started back to the palace car the oldest child said, "Mother, is that boy an angel?" "Oh, no!" answered the mother, "but he is doing an angel's work."—*From "School Management," by E. E. White.*

Mrs. Astor's Kindness

An acquaintance of the late Mrs. Astor—whose charities were as secret as they were wide—spoke once of her habit of sending her carriage out with friends who were ill, or not able to afford the luxury of a drive. "She did not *send* the carriage," quickly remarked a friend. "She went in it. The drive was not an alms. It was a pleasure to herself, which the invalid made pleasanter by sharing." Jesus did not send His love; He brought it. —*The Youth's Companion.*

Echoes of Love

A little boy was one day playing when there was an echo.

"Hullo!" he shouted.

"Hullo!" said echo.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Who are you?" was the reply.

And he fancied that some other boy was mocking him, and became very angry.

"Why don't you come out?" he cried.

"Come out," answered echo.

Quite exasperated, he shouted: "I'll fight you."

And the voice replied: "Fight you."

Then the little fellow ran home and told his mother that there was a boy in the forest who mocked him and made fun of him and threatened to fight him. His wise mother, who knew all about the echo, smiled, and said:

"Run out again and shout: 'I love you,' and see what answer comes."

So the child ran out and shouted: "I love you."

And echo replied: "I love you."

Is it not a beautiful lesson? If you make faces before the mirror you see all the ugly looks reflected on its bright surface. And so the people around us often reflect our own temper and speech. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."—*Good Words.*

Making Better Trails

East and West tells this: "We were following a trail up one of the peaks of the West Coast range, our guide an old settler in those parts. 'I never come up this path,' he said, as he pulled out his knife, 'without cutting off a branch here and there. It makes a better trail.' The words struck home, 'It makes a better trail.' Pity we did not pause oftener on life's pathways to better the trail for those who come after us. When we leave a situation, is the work in better order than we

found it for the one who comes after? Are we making the home trail better by our unselfishness and good spirits? As we start out in life is it with the purpose of making a better trail for those who live after, leaving the world a brighter, happier, better place to live in?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

An Unselfish Nation

A writer for the *Church Peace Union* says: "The United States can show how a nation can be a gentleman as an individual can be. It has twice happened, and astounded the world. One was the relinquishing of Cuba, and the other was in remitting the great debt China owed her as indemnity from the Boxer uprising. China owed the United States $14,000,000. The United States played the gentleman and remitted a large part of this sum. That one act is better defense to the United States from attack by China than a fleet of gunboats covering the whole Pacific. China simply cannot make war with the United States after that act. She is now sending five hundred students a year to this country on the interest of this money, putting them in our colleges. This deed also attracted the attention of all other nations, and even the most warlike said, "That is better than war."—*The Classmate.*

Feeding the Hungry

For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat (Matt. 25 : 35).

The Youth's Companion, in its Thanksgiving number in 1913, said: "One moment before you sit down: Is any one hungry whom you can possibly reach?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Conquered by Love

Nearly thirty years ago, in a village in Northern Syria, Abu Dugaam was being severely persecuted because he had begun to believe in the teachings of the foreign missionaries. His father-in-law had taken his new wife away from him. The villagers had torn down his new house. Finally, when he refused again and again to give up his belief in his wonderful Book, he was led out to the edge of the village to be burned to death. He was tied to a pile of wood and was given a chance to say his "last words." Much to the surprise of the excited mob, he neither cursed nor wept. Ignorant of ancient martyrs, but with their selfsame spirit, he knelt and prayed for each one of his persecutors. Either in fear or penitence, one by one the angry crowd stole quietly back to the village, leaving Abu Dugaam alone, but nearer to his God.—*Ralph A. Felton, Roselle, N. J. (Abu Dugaam told Mr. Felton this incident at the former's home in Mahardie, Syria.)*

Moslem Overcome by Kindness

A young Turk visited New York City recently. He was educated, being able to speak several languages, including English. On Friday he worshiped in the single mosque the city contained. On Sunday, the son of his host invited him to visit a Christian hospital. The Turk asked if it were true, as he had heard, that when all the Christians who needed attention were cared for, Jews and even Muhammadans might be admitted for treatment. He was told that men were received without asking their faith, but were cared for simply on the basis of their need. It happened that there was a Turk in one of the wards. They were taken to his cot, and the two Turks became at once animated in conversation. Turning to the nurse the visitor said, "He tells me that you are an angel, that you have done for him, a Turk, all that you could do. I, too, want to thank you." When they left, the man was too much overcome for words, but when they reached the pavement he paused, and, spreading his hands to heaven, prayed for blessings upon the Christians, whose faith he had hated.—*The Lutheran Observer.*

The Queen's Love

There is a story from the French Revolution that one day a mob broke into the Tuileries seeking the life of the queen. Led by a mad, half-wild girl they burst through room after room until they came to a locked door. She in front was driven against the door with all the force of the crowd behind, and fell bleeding and fainting into the room of the queen. When she came to herself she found a white arm under her head and a handkerchief mopping up the blood of her wounds. Tears came into her eyes as she saw tears in the eyes that looked down upon her. It was the queen; and the girl said, "I never knew you were like this." Thus also has exclaimed many a rebel, brought face to face with the loving Jesus.—*Adapted from the Rev. John Kelman, D.D., in the Record of Christian Work.*

Passing on the Messages

As I was going past a post-office the other day I saw a notice, "Messages from Aeroplanes," with instructions as to what we should do with any we received. And the thought came into my mind how often we receive messages from those in the upper air—preachers, teachers, friends—whose lives we know are lived on a higher plane than ours. What use do we make of these messages? Do we let them drop almost unnoticed as soon as they have come to us? Or do we eagerly clutch them, and, when we have understood, pass them on to those whom otherwise they would never reach?—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Supreme Love for Others

He that loveth his neighbour hath fulfilled the law (Rom. 13 : 8).

Rachoff, of Archangel, was at twenty-two in a trading-house, with rich parents and a brilliant outlook. He disappeared; was found going from house to house teaching and reading the Gospels. He was denounced by the priests and forbidden by government to live in the village. He disappeared for two years, and traveled through Russia and the Holy Land, teaching the poor. The Turkish Government drove him out. In Odessa, he settled among beggars and tramps. In a theater, filled with the élite, he arose and described the condition of these outcasts, asking help for them. He was thrown into prison. In Archangel he visited the dens of crime, making peace and teaching. He opened two soup kitchens, feeding over one hundred people daily and talking Scripture to them. The government closed the rooms. He then went from house to house with meal, bread, sugar, tea, and wood. He established an orphanage and a night refuge. He would take off his clothing for a shivering beggar, even giving away his fur coat (his father's gift). The priests complained. Ecclesiastical enemies sent him to the Susal dungeon for eight years. He was released in 1902, his mind totally destroyed. "Loveth his neighbour!"—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Loved the Sky Pilot

John Timothy Stone tells of meeting Frank Higgins, the Lumber Jack Sky-Pilot, shortly after a serious railroad accident had befallen him. "I don't want you to say anything about it," he told Doctor Stone, "but I am going down to Rochester to be operated on tomorrow." With Dr. Stone was a man named Jack Sornberger, who had been converted under Higgins. He had followed prize-fighting for years, had been in one hundred and twenty-six fights and had won them all. He was greatly attached to the man who led him to Christ, and was in the habit of calling him Chief. Touching Mr. Higgins on the shoulder he said, "Chief, you know old Sornberger. I am going over to the house and will wait right alongside the telephone. You know my good old left; everything in it is yours, Chief. They may need a little bone down there. And the old right is yours, and everything in this old body is yours, and I am waiting at the telephone to give you anything that you want. I'll fly to you." "That," as Doctor Stone says, "is the kind of submission to the will of God that we want."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why Others Loved Her

Dr. Ryle's little daughter was asked how it was that every one loved her so much. Her childish reply was: "I do not know, but perhaps it is because I love everybody." The great force in the life of Christ was—"*love.*" Love in our lives must express itself in action to our neighbours.—*The Sunday School Times.*

True Love to Their Neighbour

Mr. E. W. Straley, a farmer living near Des Lacs, N. D., was sick during the winter and spring. The time for the sowing of wheat found him dangerously ill in bed. The neighbours got their heads together, set apart a day, and with twenty-two outfits of plows, harrows, drills, and other agricultural implements, one hundred acres were ploughed, harrowed, and sowed with wheat on a single day. The women also came from their homes with baskets of lunch which was served to the men on the lawn. The ministers of that neighbourhood will have to preach very eloquent sermons, and the people will have to live very correct lives, to do as much good in that community as that beautiful act of charity. Not a single one of those farmers who came that day will be a cent worse off at the end of that year, and the sick man will have the harvest as support for his family. In these days, when the passion seems to be to outrun and take advantage of a neighbour, it is a glorious thing to see this act of brotherly love. It certainly has in it the element of

the religion of Jesus Christ.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Key-Note of Harmony

I was in a home once where a string band was giving the most beautiful music. Dinner was announced, and while the musicians were at dinner the children tampered with the strings. When the musicians took up their instruments after dinner there was a horrible discord. The keynote was sounded, and all the instruments were brought back into harmony, and sweet music was possible again. There was a time in the happy days of Eden when man loved God, and there was music everywhere; but Satan touched the harp-strings of the human soul and threw it out of harmony with the world and with God, and sin's discord was sounded. Man was separated from his God, and the discords of sin have filled the earth in all ages. But Jesus Christ came to the earth, went up on Calvary, and struck the keynote. "Love one another, even as I have loved you.." The world is full of music when the heart is full of love.—*George R. Stewart.*

Laying Up Treasure in Heaven

Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth: . . . but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven (Matt. 6:19).

My own money investments have generally brought me little but trouble and worry. But the investments of thoughtfulness which I happen to have made are increasing joys to me. Just try it. Think up some jolly word which you will say to the blind man you pass on the way to the office. Write a tender, strong little note to the mother who has lost her baby. Remember to congratulate Tom Brownson on his promotion. Give your sister Lucy a lift with that abominable third conjugation. Kiss grandma as you pass her, and whisper to her that she is the light of your home. Thank the minister for the comforting sermon he preached last Sunday, and borrow it for the benefit of bedridden Mr. Folsom. Put a blossoming geranium on a plate and set it in the middle of the dining-room table. Oh, these investments of thoughtfulness are endless, and when you once begin with them there is absolutely no stopping.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Turner's Unselfishness

When Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in 1826 it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the portraits. Lawrence felt naturally mortified, and complained of the position of his pictures. This could not be changed, but artists were at that time allowed to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at a private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendour led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had turned to a dun colour. He ran up to Turner, in another part of the room, exclaiming: "Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," whispered Turner, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lampblack. It'll all wash off after the exhibition." He had actually passed a wash of lampblack over the whole sky, utterly spoiling his picture for the time, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Scattering Flowers

A dear old lady used to travel always with a bag of flower seeds, and wherever she went she would throw handfuls of the seeds out of the car windows, and flowers sprang up along the railroads as her contribution of love and beauty to the world. There are happy spirits going through life scattering the flowers of kind words, smiles, laughter, helpfulness, and love. Look out for the man with his bag of nettles and burdock. Waylay him, take away his sharp stuff, and give him, instead, a bag of flower seeds to beautify his path. If he knows no sound but the croaking of the frog, try and teach him the song of the lark. He will enjoy it much better when he learns it, and he will be transformed from a nuisance to a maker of joy.—*Eugene Thwing.*

Love in Action

A class of very little girls was learning to spell. They spelled a number of small words, such as "pig," "cat," "dog," "cow," and amused themselves with imitating the sounds that these animals make. Then little Mary was asked to spell "love." She didn't stop to give the letters, but ran and threw her arms around the teacher's neck, and kissed her on the cheek. "We spell 'love' that way at our house," she said. The girls laughed, but the

teacher said, "That is a beautiful way; but do you know another way to spell 'love'?" "Oh, yes," cried Mary, "I spell 'love' this way." And she began to put the books in order on the teacher's desk. *"I spell 'love' by helping everybody when they need me."* The extent of our love to Christ and to men may be measured by the way in which we serve them. Love is only seen in action, and love that is not seen in action is worthless.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

When to Love

"Folks need a lot of loving in the morning,
The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know, and those that give no warning;
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

"Folks need a heap of loving at the noontime—
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife—
Half-way between the waking and the croon-time,
While bickering and worriment are rife.

"Folks hunger so for loving at the night-time,
When wearily they take them home to rest—
At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time—
Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

"Folks want a lot of loving every minute—
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while."

—*Strickland Gillilan, in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Heart Full of Love

Dr. Grenfell tells of an old fisherman, rich in trust, who was "given to hospitality." He was seventy-three years of age, and had fed many hungry folk during the "hard" winters; and when times grew unusually hard this old man of faith brought forth twelve dirty, well-worn five dollar bills, as a last resort. This money, his entire savings, he gave to the missionary to buy food for needy neighbours. But Dr. Grenfell remonstrated: "You are getting old, and you shouldn't cut the last plank away yet." Then the hardy fisherman of many perils answered: "He'll take care, doctor. I guess I can trust Him. It wouldn't do not to have used that sixty dollars, and have sent folks away hungry, would it, doctor? It would look as I didn't have much trust in Him."—*From "Down North on the Labrador," by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.*

Loved His Mother

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, but he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. The little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled; but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse. "Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance. "Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?" The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary.—*Baptist Young People.*

Lincoln's Love for Others

If I were to paint a picture of Lincoln I would call my picture "Lincoln Scattering an April Shower." It would be of that morning in Springfield when he saw the girl standing in the open door and crying. He learned that the baggageman had forgotten to come for her trunk, and she was likely to miss her train. He quickly shouldered the trunk and strode off with giant steps to the depot. There might not be much dignity in the picture, but there would be lots of heart.—*R. B. Hassell, in The Pacific.*

Helping the Outcasts

"There goes a man who is doing his share toward elevating this old world," said one. "Some great preacher?"

asked the other. "No, just an everyday, successful business man, but he has the secret of living on the heights right in the press of business life. One day I complimented him upon his ability to pick out such a fine lot of men for his office help. He smiled at me a moment, seemed to hesitate over the thought in his mind, and then spoke it out: 'Yes, Davis,' he said quietly, 'I have as fine a lot of helpers as any one ever saw. But one of them came straight here from a jail term. Another once forged my name. A third could not keep sober for a week when I first took him. Oh, you need not look alarmed. They are all as straight as strings now. . . . It's a great game, Davis, a game I believe God put us here to play for all it is worth. Then he went on talking business as if nothing had happened. But something fine had happened. He had proved the practicability of serving God quietly and in the everyday walks of life."—*Onward.*

Won by Kindness

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the field when he saw a wounded soldier lying upon the ground. He had his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man, "Would you like me to read you something from the Bible?" The wounded man said, "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drank the water, he said, "Could you lift my head and put something under it?" The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and, tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on. "Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me, I'm so cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face, and said, "If there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Larger

A young artist, returning to his studio one day, found, written on a picture not yet finished, the one word *amplius*—"larger." It was in the handwriting of a great master who had been there. That word became the inspiration of the younger man. Remembering it constantly, he was able to remedy the chief defect of his work and come to a position of high honour.

We all need to paint larger—first of all, to see larger. It is so easy to become petty when placed in an environment of petty things! How readily we reflect what we meet in the daily contacts of life! How instinctively we answer to whatever sentiment is projected toward us by another! It was the larger view that dictated Solomon's word: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It was the same, thrice clarified, that urged that men ought to love their enemies, and pray for those who use them despitefully. Most of the bitterness and clashings of life come from just this—that we see too small. The larger view would unify and harmonize.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Burning Out for Others

The seal on Dr. Adam Clarke's grave is interesting: a candle burned down to its socket, and underneath these words: "In living for others I am burned away."—*Quotation from Malcolm James McLeod, D.D.*

All Prime Ministers to Him

A French Prime Minister once sent for an eminent surgeon to perform upon him a serious operation. Said the Prime Minister: "You will not, of course, treat me in the same rough manner as you would treat your poor miserable wretches at the hospital." "Sir," replied the surgeon with dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."—*The Christian Herald.*

Loved His Pal

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ (Gal. 6:2).

Lord Denbigh was walking through the House of Commons a few days ago when he saw a party of wounded Australian privates. Two appeared to be dwarfs, but on drawing closer he noticed that their legs had been shattered below the knee. "Have you not been fitted with artificial legs yet?" he asked one of them: "Yes, I have," he replied, "and I am going along with them all right, but my pal has not, and as he is a bit shy about going out alone with his stumps, I left my legs behind."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Unselfishness of Birds

One morning some years ago while teaching school near Latah, Washington, I was taught a deep lesson by some little snow-birds. While making the school-house fire I heard a noticeable twittering outside, and, on going to the window, I saw some little birds picking up the crumbs I had emptied from my lunch-box the evening before. But what attracted my attention especially was that one bird had a stiff neck and could not stoop over to pick up the crumbs, which the other birds were picking up and dropping into its open bill.—*J. B. Brewer in The Sunday School Times.*

The Alphabet of Charm

A young Southern girl said to a woman of eighty, who still attracted all in spite of her snowy hair: "Tell me the secret of your charm, and teach me to fascinate people as you do." "My child," was the gentle response, "remember just this: in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as I; it is all you."—*The Girls' Companion.*

The Gate of Heaven

An Eastern legend said that the gate of heaven was so narrow that one man walking alone could not pass through; two men walking side by side, one of whom had helped the other, found easy entrance; and when ten men came, who had all been serving one another in love, they found the gate so wide that they saw no post on either side.—*From "Two Parables," by the Rev. Charles R. Brown.*

Service a Christian Idea

Professor Peabody's lecture at the University of Tokyo on the subject of "Liberty, Culture, Service," was so highly praised that the emperor wished to read it. The Japanese professor who was chosen to translate the lecture found great difficulty in choosing just the right word to translate the word "Service" in the title of the address, because the idea was not to be found in Japanese thought. It is a Christian idea.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

Why He Loved People

In an interview between Henry George and Cardinal Manning, the former is reported to have said:

"I love Christ because I love people."

To which Manning replied: "And I love people because I love Christ."

"We are moral scavengers, netting the very sewers," said General Booth. "We want all we can get, but we want the lowest of the low."—*Selected.*

Why No One Was Lost

"We never lost a man," said the guide to me at Niagara when a party of us were to go under the falls and through the Cave of the Winds. Yet they would have lost me that trip but for one thing. In passing over the slippery rocks and through the blinding spray the guide made us *take hold of hands,* and when I completely lost my footing the men who were with me held me up. Niagara Falls is not the only place where a man's associates can keep him from falling.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Asked Favours Only for Others

When the celebrated John Howe was chaplain to Cromwell, his assistance was often sought by men of all parties. One day the Protector said to his chaplain, "Mr. Howe, you have asked favours for everybody besides yourself; pray, when does your turn come?" "*My* turn, my Lord Protector," said Mr. Howe, "is always come when I serve *another.*"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Always Thinking of Others

Over in Korea a missionary heard two heathen talking about the Christians. One said to the other, "What do you think of this new faith? Are you going to be a Christian, too?" The other answered, "No; how could I? I have to think of myself, and these Christians—they are always thinking of others!"—*The Missionary.*

Advice and Help

The Christian Endeavour World tells of a boy who was painfully tugging at a wheelbarrow in vain attempts to pull it up a steep hill. A passing gentleman said, "Why don't you pull it zigzag across the street?" The advice was good enough, but the sweating boy didn't appreciate it. "Give us a push," said he.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Just Loved Her

Two little four-year-olds, says *Forward,* were at play on the lawn when the tiny girl slipped and fell. In a moment her small companion had

helped her to her feet again, and stood with an arm about her until her sobs ceased. "What did your little cousin do for you when you were hurt?" asked the mother a few moments later. "Nuffin', he just loved me," answered the baby, the tears still standing in her blue eyes, but the comfort she had received shining through them.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Carried Lantern for Others

There is a story of a man who was walking down a dark street and met another man with a staff and a lantern. The striking thing, as the stranger noticed it, was that the man was feeling his way with his staff, and apparently making no use of the light. When asked if he were not blind, the man replied that he was, but he knew the street well, and had no difficulty in making his way with his staff. "But," asked the stranger, "why do you carry a lantern?" "To keep other people without lanterns from stumbling over me," was the blind man's answer. To be able only to tell others where not to go is a small gift, but it is something. Not every one can be a brilliant beacon in the world, but the humblest person can keep himself from being a stumbling-block.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Great Love for Others

Nellie had two children: a nursing baby "none so well," and a lad. John, her husband, was "fortunately" in the hospital with a broken leg, "for there were no jobs around loose anyway." When we called later in the day to see the baby, we found that Nellie was stopping with her cousin, a widower who "held his job down." There were also his children, the widow of a friend, "who would have done as much by me," and the wife and two small children of a total stranger who lived in the rear tenement and were invited in to meals because the father had been seen starting every morning on his hunt for work, and "it was plain for any one with eyes to see that he never did get it." So this one man, fortunate in having work, was taking care of himself and his children, the widow of his friend, Nellie and her children, and was feeding the strangers.—*From "The House on Henry Street," by Lillian D. Wald, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Love Like Perfume

St. Sophia, in Constantinople, once a Christian church, and now a Mohammedan mosque, had large quantities of musk, so it is said, mixed with the mortar when it was built, and the sweet perfume clings to the stones after a thousand years. So the sweetness of love makes beautiful and glorious the deeds of the past!—*Sunday at Home.*

Wanted to Help

When Mr. Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York City, he read for the first time Jacob Riis' book, "How the Other Half Lives," and at once desired to meet the writer. Going into lower Manhattan, he climbed the stairs to the modest little room, and knocked on the door. There was no response; Mr.. Riis was not at home. Taking out his card, the visitor simply wrote, "Have read your book, and came to help. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Known by His Kindness

A beautiful story is told about Sir Bartle Frere, an English nobleman, who was once the governor of Bombay in India and of Cape Colony in Africa. He went away from his home on a trip, and on his return his wife went down to the railroad station to meet him. She took with her a servant who had never seen her husband. When they arrived at the railway station, she said to the servant, "Now you must go and look for Sir Bartle." "But how shall I know him?" asked the servant. "Oh," answered the lady, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The answer was sufficient, for when the servant went to look for Sir Bartle he found a tall man helping an old lady from the car, and this tall man proved to be Sir Bartle himself.—*The Northern Messenger.*

Practical Love for Others

A tall, rough lad in a Sunday-school class heard a lesson in which "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak" was explained by the teacher. A little while afterward the teacher was calling at a big lodging-house where a poor woman, weak and ill, said she never could have managed as well as she did but for the lad's help. "He ain't any relation to me, but he always carries the coal and all my heavy things upstairs for me." When I asked him why he did it, said the teacher, he said, "It was because the Bible told us something about bearing the infirmities of the weak, and I

supposed it meant carrying coal upstairs."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Loved Out of Sin

A desolate tenement-house woman said to a missionary visitor: "Don't give me *things*, give me folks. We folks can only be *loved* out of sin."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

LYING

A Modern Ananias

The well-known narrative of the tragic experience of Ananias and Sapphira found a modern illustration in the death of Lee Million near Lexington, Ky., a few days ago. The story, as given by the Associated Press, states that Miss Margaret Frost, a nurse, left her purse containing a ring and a sum of money in a store at Wades Mills, Ky. Returning to the store, she was given the purse still containing the money, but the ring was gone. She was told that Lee Million, a farmer who was walking from St. Louis with his family, had found and returned the purse. Accompanied by Sheriff H. F. Howell, Miss Frost began a search for Million, overtaking him with his wife and five children on the pike.

"I didn't take the ring," said Million. "Search me; hope God may strike me dead if I took it."

As the sheriff put his hand into Million's pocket to start the search, the man collapsed and fell to the road dead. When Howell withdrew his hand from the pocket, it held the missing ring.

We do not vouch for the accuracy of this report, but if it be true, it is certainly a striking parallel to the member of the Jerusalem Church who held back a part of his goods and told an untruth with regard to his action.—*Christian Evangelist, March 29, 1917.*

Teaching Children to Lie

A teacher who believed in co-operating with the parents of her pupils called at the home of a small boy whom she had caught in a number of falsehoods in order to take counsel with his mother. "I can't see how you can say that," the boy's mother objected. "John never tells me lies. I'm mighty particular about it myself. He's out in the yard now. Annie," she said to his small sister, "you go out and tell him to come in this minute!" Annie went, but in a few minutes she returned without the small prevaricator. "He won't come," she announced proudly. "He says he won't." "Did you tell him who was here?" inquired his mother. Annie shook her head. "All right," said the truthful parent. "Go back and tell him his grandmother's here and has some candy for him. That'll bring him!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Definition of a Lie

A schoolboy being asked, "What is a lie?" said: "A lie is an abomination to the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble." Not bad, when we consider that the "present" quickly ends, while the "abomination" remains long. It certainly proved so in the case of Jacob.—*From "The Marks of a Man," by Robert E. Speer.*

There Are No "White Lies"

Speak ye truth each one with his neighbour (Zech. 8:16).

And I will set my *sin* in the light of Easter-tide. When I hold up my sin with the resurrection morn as a background, I see my sin as it is. There are so many false, perverting lights about me, and I do not see things as they are. There are worldly limelights which give shady things an attractive hue. For instance, I sometimes hear about a "white lie." A "white lie" is a falsehood with worldly limelight playing upon it. When I take a white lie and set it in the glory of Easter, the sin appears exceedingly sinful, and the whiteness changes into a darkness as of night.—*From "Easter Morning," by J. H. Jowett, D.D., in The British Weekly.*

Many Liars Were Present

An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the seventeenth chapter of Mark. The next night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." A hundred hands were upraised. "Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seventeenth chapter of Mark."—*The Christian Advocate.*

A Jewish Legend

Lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah; but they that deal truly are his delight (Prov. 12:22).

There is an old story from the Jew-

ish Talmud that when falsehood slunk up to Noah in the form of a lizard, and asked to be admitted into the ark, he was told that only mated pairs could enter. So he sought sin, who consented to become like a lizard and enter with him, provided they should never separate. And truly they never have.—*From translated poem of Arthur Guiterman.*

MARRIAGE

A Chinese Solomon

This story about Wang, a Chinese judge, reminds one of the way Solomon decided the famous case of the baby. Before Wang two men and a woman appeared. The older man was the woman's first husband. He had gone to the wars and had been reported dead; now he returned alive to claim his wife. But she, meanwhile, had married the younger man, who refused to give her up. "Yang-ki," said the judge to the woman, "which of these two men made the better husband?" "Both are perfect husbands, my lord judge," Yang-ki modestly replied. So the judge told the men that he would keep the woman by him for a week, examining her thoroughly.

The week passed, and the two husbands came once more before the judge. He shook his head gravely, and said to them: "The woman, Yang-ki, has died. There is no case. Let her original husband take the body away from my house and pay for the burial." "Ho, not I," said the original husband; and so saying he darted from the court and was soon lost to view. "You, then," said the judge to the other man, "must stand these burial expenses." "Yes," the man answered, "that is just, and I will give this woman, who was good and kind, the finest burial my purse will allow." The judge clapped his hands.. Yang-ki, blushing and smiling, entered the court-room in a rich dress of gold brocade. "Take her," said the wise judge; "for you, and not the other, merit her love and service."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Love Made Home a Heaven

A young woman who runs a power sewing-machine for fifty hours a week in a factory tells the following story of her married life: "My husband, left an orphan, never had a chance to go to school or learn a trade. He is a teamster, and makes very little money, but he loves me enough to trust me with all he earns. We have nothing that rich people have, and we are boarding until we can furnish a little home for ourselves. My husband does not go to saloons or places of that sort, and he never goes out for pleasure without me. Do you think it hurts me that he can't give me fine clothes when every day he tells me I am the best thing God ever gave him? Every night he kisses my hands that have worked so hard all day. We have been married over a year, and never a cross word. I did not know any one could be so happy. Do you think I mind working to help a man like that? His love makes everything worth while." Here is a man, ignorant of books, with no business training, yet possessing the rare faculty that guides his home life in ways of happiness and peace.—*The Expositor.*

Why Not Both?

A friend loveth at all times (Prov. 17:17).

There was a well-drawn picture a while ago in an English paper of an old woman propped up in an easy chair with a sweet-faced parish visitor seated beside her. "And was your husband good and kind to you during your long illness?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes, Miss! 'e was just kind; 'e was more like a friend than a husband."—*The Sunday School Times.*

MERCY

He Delighteth in Mercy

Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, tells us of an interview he had with Dr. Carmen, of Glasgow, one of the finest and most successful men in the city, and munificent in his liberality to every good cause. God had prospered him, and he had tried to do well by any poor creature who came to him. Dr. Whyte had been doing some church business with him, and when they had finished he looked at the doctor with great blazing eyes, and said, "Now, ha'e ye any word for an old sinner?" "It took my breath away," says Dr. Whyte. "He was an old saint! But it is the paradox of grace that the greatest saints feel they are the greatest sinners. So I just rose up and held out my hand to him—a strong man's hand was his—and I said to him, 'He delighteth in mercy.' I had nothing else to say, and escaped out of the room. Next morning I got a letter from him. I have it in my desk. It read: 'Dear Friend, I will never doubt Him again—the sins of my youth. I

was near the gates of hell, but that word of God comforted me, and I will never doubt Him again. I will never despair again. If the Devil casts my sin in my teeth, I will say, "Yes, it is all true, and you cannot tell the half of it, but I have to do with One who delighteth in mercy." "I can show you the paper," says Dr. Whyte; "it sanctifies my desk. It may touch the tongue of some of my sons years hence to preach the same gospel the old father has tried to preach to you today."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Bruised Reed

There is one passage I think you misinterpret: "The bruised reed he will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised; but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one; he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music has gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed he will not break."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Pleaded Only for Mercy

A mother sought the pardon of her son from the first Napoleon. The emperor said it was his second offense, and justice demanded his death. "I don't ask for justice," said the mother, "I plead for mercy." "But," said the emperor, "he does not deserve mercy." "Sire," cried the mother, "it would not be mercy if he deserved it, and mercy is all I ask for." "Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will have mercy." And her son was saved.—*Good Company.*

MIRACLES

No Miracles to God

Carlyle says: "When I drive along the turnpike and come to the toll-gate, and, putting a penny in the slot, the gate swings back on the hinges, its opening is a miracle to my horse, but not to me, for I understand the mechanical device that accomplished the feat. Just so, in the higher realm, what seems miracle to us is no miracle to God, but simply the ordinary working out of the laws He first ordained, and ever keeps in operation."—*The Sunday School Times.*

MISSIONS

Enlarged Missionary Vision

The leader is the one who keeps ahead. Did you ever see men running a race? The man who keeps ahead has no encouragement. All he has is the weary road. The fellows behind him, the man away behind, try to catch up with the leader, but the loneliest man on the turf is the man who runs ahead or alone. The loneliest ship on the Atlantic is the ship that sails the fastest. And the loneliest man in your denomination tonight is the man who sees the vision of what your denomination could do. And the loneliest missionary in Korea or Japan or Arabia is the man who sees what the others cannot see yet. But the price of leadership is always loneliness. There is a loneliness of the desert, and there is a loneliness of the sea, and there is a loneliness of a great city. But there is no loneliness so great as the loneliness of a great idea that nobody else has caught, and only you can see. To go home to tell the men around you that you believe in the evangelization of the world in this generation; to go home to your church and say that you believe every member in your little church ought to give five dollars a year to foreign missions. Why, they will laugh in your face and say, "Five dollars! We are now giving forty-two cents!" But you can see as clear as a bell that your church could give five dollars per member, and there is your loneliness.—*Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, in "Men and Missions."*

Dying Upon the Knees

Livingstone, found kneeling in death in his tent by Lake Bangweolo, was not the first who died upon his knees, praying for Africa. The good Moravian, George Schmidt, went to South Africa in 1737, but after gathering and baptizing a few disciples, the jealousy of the Dutch colonists was so roused against him, that he was driven from his work, and compelled to return to Europe. Like a pioneer in exile he pined for his missionary field, but in vain. At seventy-six years of age, going one morning to his little chamber, as was his daily habit, to pray for Africa, he returned not; and on entering in, they found him dead upon his knees, as though his weary heart had at last broken under its burden for his poor Hottentots. Strange and beautiful avenging of Providence it was that when, half a century later, mission-

aries from the same body went out and took up the work of their dead brother, they found near the crumbling walls of his abandoned house a noble pear tree which he had planted, whose wide-spreading branches constituted for five years their church-roof and school-house. What harvest has ripened from these martyrs' tears in a hundred years!—*S. S. Lesson Illustrator.*

What Wins the Fight

I am discouraged sometimes at the amount of money we are putting into Utah. Our little schools and chapels make such a beggarly showing on our reports, that I am sometimes tempted to think it is a hopeless proposition; but it is not.

Ralph Waldo Emerson somewhere speaks of the experiments made at West Point to test the strength of guns. He said that Colonel Buford ordered the pieces of artillery fired once, twice, ten times, twenty times, in rapid succession,—fifty times and a hundred times. At the hundredth shot the gun exploded. Mr. Emerson asks which discharge burst the gun, and his answer is "Every charge." When finally the great superstition between the Rockies and the Sierras shall be broken to pieces, it shall be every lesson taught in the chapel school-houses, every sermon preached in the chapels, every bit of work done in all the years of the past, that will have contributed to the result until the accumulating energy of a generation of self-sacrificing work for Christ shall have brought on a detonation which shall be heard across the land, and the giant superstition shall fall. There is nothing too hard for the gospel of Jesus Christ. So I say to you that on Indian Reservations, in mining camps, in newly built cities, and in the Mormon fanaticism, there is a resistance that only patient work and faith in God Almighty and the combined energies of the Church of Christ are going to overcome.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Robert Morrison's Struggles

More than one hundred years ago, Robert Morrison set out for China as a missionary. Just as he was established in Canton, a Chinese law was passed making it illegal to print Christian books or preach the gospel. A man of less resolute purpose would have returned home. But he secured employment as translator for the East India Company, giving his business hours to the work for which he was paid, meanwhile compiling a dictionary and translating the Gospels, and waiting for the time when his work should have an open door. Suffering from incessant study and overwork, and compelled at times to stop and rest, he nevertheless in the course of years, with the aid of Dr. Milne, published the entire Bible in the Chinese language. Mr. Morrison returned to England to be greatly honoured. In spite of poor health, Chinese hatred of England, and other difficulties, he had won the respect of the people among whom he laboured, secured the confidence of great business interests and enlisted their support, paved the way for a coming civilization, and given a nation the Word of God.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Winning Homes and Hearts

A remark of a native of India shows the quiet power of medical missions. He said: "We are not afraid of your books, for we need not read them; we are not afraid of your schools, for we need not send our children to them; we are not afraid of your preaching, for we need not listen; but your zenana workers get at our homes, and your doctors get at our hearts, and when you have got our homes and our hearts you have got all."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Livingstone's First Sermon

There is a world of difference between the beginning of the life of Livingstone and the end of it. Blaikie writes thus: "He was sent to preach one Sabbath evening at a place called Stanford Rivers. He took his text, read it very deliberately, and then—then—his sermon had fled. Midnight darkness came upon him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and, hurrying out of the pulpit, left the chapel. He never became a preacher, and in the first letter I received from him from Elizabeth Town in Africa he says, 'I am a very poor preacher, having a bad delivery, and some of them said if they knew that I was to preach again they would not enter the chapel.'" This was at the beginning—notice what *Punch* writes at the close:

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is *Living-stone.*"

—From "Blaikie's Life of Livingstone."

Harriet Newell's Devotion

Few names in modern missionary days shine with more splendour than that of Harriet Newell. At the early age of eighteen years she and her husband went as missionaries to India. It was not as easy to go then as now. Arriving on the heathen coast, only to remain a few weeks and then to be sent away, with heavy hearts they put to sea again. The young wife was stricken with fever and died. Thus in one short year the Christian woman became missionary, wife, mother, and saint. She seemed to accomplish nothing. She merely sailed away over the sea with a great love in her heart, to be exiled, to die, and to find a grave amid strangers. She taught no heathen woman; she told the story of redemption to no benighted soul. But was that lovely young life wasted? No; all this century her name has been one of the strongest inspirations to missionary work. The story of her consecration has kindled in many other women's hearts along the years the flames of love, sending them to carry Christ to dark lands. The alabaster casket which held her life was broken, and the fragrance has flowed out over the world.—*From "Glimpses Through Life's Windows," by J. R. Miller.*

Korean Missionary Volunteers

In 1906, just preceding the great revival in Korea, the missionaries there felt the need of native preachers to help them in their work. A meeting of the native Christians was therefore called at Pyeng Yang, and for a week they talked and prayed with those Korean men concerning God's need of their lives. The final Sunday morning came, and a call was made for those who would give themselves to be ministers. Then it was that one hundred and seventy-six Koreans arose as one man, and came forward to offer their lives on God's altar. It is doubtful if in any land such a large body of volunteers ever enrolled in the ministry on a single occasion.—*Korean Missions.*

A Missionary's Pistol

Viscount Sutemi Chinda, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, says that one of the most powerful impressions of his boyhood was made by a young missionary at a time of tumult and mob violence in Hakodate. An admiring sea-captain, alarmed by the seemingly defenseless condition of Mr. Harris (now Bishop Harris) and his young wife, gave the missionary a pistol. Mr. Harris threw the pistol into the ocean.

In telling the story to Adachi Kinnosuke, a writer in the *World Outlook,* Viscount Chinda recalls visiting the Harris's at the time, and adds:

"The foreign residents of the newly-opened port were well-nigh panic-stricken. Of course, they had all armed themselves as heavily as possible.

"There was one exception to this. There lived in Hakodate a young couple, Americans and missionaries, Mr., now Bishop, Harris and his wife.

"All the other houses, where foreigners resided, were locked, barred, and bolted. I found Mr. Harris' front door wide open. Within the house there was not the slightest hint of dread, not the slightest indication that the young couple feared any impending danger. The missionary wore a placid, kindly smile, although he was standing in the vortex of wild rumours that assassins were thirsting for his blood. The poise of his soul was a thing to marvel at. It stamped itself profoundly upon my mind.

"All of us young men of those days were passionate worshipers of courage. This discovery of a dauntless soul in the gentle person of a missionary invited admiration."

The sight of Mrs. Howard Taylor and a company of native Christian women unresisting and happy under showers of stones from an angry mob created in the heart of a rich and powerful Chinese scholar a desire for the kind of religion they had, and he later became a great pastor.

If God wishes to confer on a missionary the thorny crown of martyrdom, should he push away the honour by resorting to self-defense? Self-defense may be "the first law of nature," but is it the highest will of God?—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Great Missionary Career

"How do you account for Manley going as a missionary?" asked one graduate of another, both representing a great Eastern university. "I had

picked him out for a great career in law or medicine or politics. He was the most intellectual and brilliant man in our class. Now it's been years since I have heard from him. Poor fellow! A great career lost!" This was said at a class reunion. The speaker was the wealthy head of a great corporation, who has spent his whole time since graduation in making money. The other graduate was a distinguished journalist. The journalist took a letter out of his pocket and said thoughtfully, "I have a letter here from Manley. He wants to be remembered to the class, and he incloses a little circular telling about his work. It includes the biggest hospital for surgical cases in all China; a preaching circle of fourteen stations and out-stations; a publishing house that ranks first in the East; a boys' training-school that requires an outlay of $25,000 a year, with an attendance of five thousand students; he has twenty-seven assistant workers in various departments. He is a close adviser to the governor of the province and a great power in diplomatic circles. Of course his circular does not say that, but I learned it from some missionaries connected with my own church." The other man was silent; then he said, "I apologize to Manley. I did not know what a great career a modern missionary has. By the side of it I am willing to say my own is very small. I envy him his great career."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Dan Crawford's Appeal

Mr. Dan Crawford, speaking at Upper Holloway Baptist Church, said, "At last we came to a river. I felt rather jaded, and dumped down on an old felled tree, felled by the big grass-fires; I was leaning back when I heard a native growl at my left elbow, 'You are angry, sir.' 'Oh,' I said, 'please tell me all about it; you seem to know.' 'You are silent, sir.' Then he stabbed me to the core. 'That is the reason why we know God is angry—because God is silent.' I took out my Bible and read Hebrews 1:1: 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.' 'He has spoken,' I said; 'God is not silent: he is not angry.' I thought that would settle him, but he said, 'These last days? Last week, sir, of course. Hence your arrival in these solitudes.' Then I had to tell him bluntly how it was two thousand years ago that God emptied heaven of His darling for the salvation of your soul and mine. Ah, that is the tragedy. There is the challenge from the marshes today: 'God is angry, because God is silent.'"—*The Christian Age.*

Bravery of a Missionary

At one of the Northfield conferences, a few years ago, an American missionary to Africa told a story that stirred the heart of every listener. He began his work with companions as eager as himself. One by one they succumbed to the terrible climate. Three he buried—the others he took to the coast and sent home. Then he turned back, to stand, utterly alone, in the midst of hundreds of thousands of men who had never heard the name of God. Again and again he tramped the blistered plains, with his tongue so swollen that he could not speak. Thirty times he was stricken by fever, with no one to care for him. Lions attacked him, natives ambushed him; he lived upon everything, from ants to rhinoceroses. And here was his conclusion: "I know the great joy of walking with Jesus Christ in the midst of all this; I stand ready at this moment to go through it all again for the joy I have had in flashing the word Saviour into the darkness of a great tribe! Is it God's will? That makes the wilderness a garden; that makes the desert glow with the very presence of God!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

Giving Their Daughter to Missions

J. Campbell White, in a lecture at the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, said: "Would it not be Christlike to take the attitude that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Paton, did over at Pittsburgh three years ago, when their only child, a beautiful, clever, tender girl, came to them one day and said she wanted to be a missionary out in Africa. And they were so much in sympathy with Christ that they said, 'We shall be very glad to have you go.' Then, as they thought and prayed over it for a few days, they decided that they could not let anybody else support their daughter, and so they sent word to the mission board that they wanted to have the privilege for the rest of their lives of paying their daughter's salary while she worked over yonder in Africa. And when one and another of their friends came to them, protesting against this madness in sending their only child away off to bury her life in the heart of Africa, their simple answer to their critics was in words like these:

'Our Lord has given His best to us, and our best is not too good for Him.'" —*The Sunday School Times.*

The Right to Send Missionaries

"What right have you Christians to come over here to China and bother these people with your religion?" some one asked John W. Foster, the Christian statesman, who once represented us in that great heathen empire. "It is the right to give to others something that is too good to keep," was the distinguished diplomat's reply.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Preached by His Life

Many years ago a young fellow by the name of Wray, a student at Princeton College, applied for appointment as a foreign missionary. He was a thoroughly good man, but not very quick in respect to learning, and when he reached the field of his prospective labours he found it difficult to master the language. But though the simple natives could not understand his talk, they could understand his walk. One day when they, according to the custom in those countries, were seated in a circle on the ground, listening to the instruction of one of their teachers, the question was asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" And none could answer. But finally one pointed to where this young man sat, and replied: "It is to live as Mr. Wray lives." Not one of them could read the Gospel according to Matthew, to Mark, to Luke, or to John; but every one there could read the Gospel according to Wray.—*G. Thomas Dowling, D.D.*

Had Confidence in Missions

Dr. Courtenay H. Fenn, of Peking, relates a significant incident of the recent disorders in China. At Paotingfu the local banks were so much frightened at the revolutionary outlook that they suspended every sort of payment across their counters. Not even government officials nor teachers of government schools were able to get money for necessary expenses. But a missionary in the city found it important to obtain $200 for current outlay at the mission, and he sent a messenger with an appeal for this sum. Greatly to his surprise, the messenger returned with $500 in currency and an offer from the bankers of $500 more if the mission would be kind enough to take it. The bankers were in serious doubt whether the government was going to continue or not, but they were entirely confident that Christian missions would persist, and that money loaned to the missionaries was really safer than in their own coffers.—*The Far East.*

Reading His Life

A Basuto chief listened to mission preaching for the first time, and said: "Well, your teaching about God seems good, but it is as an egg. I will wait and see what comes out of it." So he observed the missionary for some time, until finally he came, saying that he had seen in his life the results of the doctrine and was convinced. Dr. Luering, of the Methodist mission, went from Singapore among the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo. When he was ready to return, the chieftain sent, asking for a permanently settled missionary. Luering replied, "I do not believe you want a teacher, otherwise you would have followed my teaching." Whereat the answer came straight as a bullet: "Sir, we have heard your doctrine, and, being shrewd people, have waited to see if your life agreed with it. We have found that it does, and therefore we wish to be Christians. Now that you have made our mouth to water you will not refuse us food."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Winning the Coolies

In Shanghai, China, it is a common sight to see four or five coolies pulling a cart, often heavily laden. They get on well enough on the level, but when they come to go up over the bridges they often find it difficult to tug the cart up. As I crossed a bridge the other morning I saw a well-dressed Chinese gentleman that I knew, go to the assistance of a cart that was stuck, and, laying hold of a rope, give just the extra help that was needed to get the cart to the top of the bridge. It must have caused a good deal of surprise to the passers-by, and not least to the coolies. My friend overtook me a few minutes later, and said, "I am very much interested in the labouring classes." "Yes," said I. "I saw you taking a very practical interest just now." He answered, "That is my work; whenever I see them unable to pull their loads, I help them to the top, and then I have a chance for a few moments to preach the gospel to them. I tell them, 'It is because I am a Christian that I helped you, because I love Jesus.' And if I see a wheelbarrow upset in the street (a very common sight), I help the man replace his

load and preach the gospel to him."—*"China's Millions."*

Millions Omitted

It was the communion day in our church. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until Mr. E. asked the question nobody ever notices: Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread? And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord but know Him not, to testify that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup. And they can take it from no hands but ours; and we do not pass it on.

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too.'

"'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation.
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast.'"

—*From "Bright Bits for Reading in Missionary Societies."*

Church Started by a Leper

Several years ago a Chinese woman brought a slave girl to a Christian hospital in Canton. This girl was blind, as the social outcasts of China often are, but was also going lame, and so might become useless to her owner. The doctors said amputation of one leg was necessary. Whereupon the owner decamped, abandoning her human property. The girl worked about the place, but at length had a new sorrow added to her already heavy load by the discovery of signs of leprosy upon her. Blind, lame, diseased, she departed to be segregated in a colony of similar unfortunates. Yet she departed not as she came. While in the hospital, the love of those about her had won her to Christ. And in the leper colony she told others of the great love that had come to her. In two years she had a group of leper Christians about her. In five years she had a leper church. Today she is a center of grateful Christian life and service.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Girl Leads Many to Christ

A little American coloured girl has ministered to no less than 40,000 people of her own race in recent months. Just as in the case of the little captive Jewish maid who did so much for Naaman the leper, her name has not been recorded. Her pastor says that she mingles with the negroes of the Big Exodus coming from the South, and talks to them of Christ and the Church. They listen to her, and follow her to the church, but there is no building large enough that is available in which to accommodate her followers. There is one town that she visited in which there are 3,000 coloured children. She decided that they ought to be in Sunday-school, and gathered 2,500 of them together, only to find there was no place for them in which to meet. Out of this little girl's work, twenty-five Sunday-schools have sprung up on the doorsteps of as many dwelling-houses.—*Missionary News.*

Neglected Heathen

Some natives of Tankey, on the island of Madagascar, had heard the word "praying," and knew that those who did that met in one place. They had no missionary, and no one was able to read, so they bought a New Testament, and every Sunday gathered at a house, placed the Testament on the table, and sat for a while in silence. Then a man arose and said, "Have all come from the north?" "Aye," was the answer. "Have all come from the south?" "Aye." "Have all come from the east and west?" "Aye." "Then let us break up, for we have all done our duty, but be sure and come early next Sunday." While they were thus praying thousands of lips in Christian nations were praying "Thy kingdom come." Which was the truest praying? Which were doing their duty? Christians surrounded by all the blessings of civilization, having in their power wealth enough to Christianize every island on the globe, or those heathen natives of Tankey, without a single blessing of civilization, except a Bible, which no one could read?—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Brave Volunteers

When I was at college a couple of men were sent out to West Africa to fill a vacancy. And before they had been gone three months there came a cable telling us that one was dead. In less than another month a second cable

came, telling us that the second was dead. At once the matter was announced to the students in our college, and the question was asked, "Who would take their places where two had gone and died?" Six men at once stood forth and offered to go in their places, and two men were sent. In less than six months these two men were dead, and a cable came again, and the question was again asked, "Who will go?" On that occasion,—I shall never forget it, it stands out as one of the thrilling moments of my life—when the announcement was made at the college table and the question was asked, "Who will go?" every man in that college stood up, and said, "Send me." —*Rev. Henry Haigh, in The Methodist Times.*

A Korean Soul-Winner

An ignorant jinriksha coolie named Ode San, 67 years of age, was converted, and returned from the mainland to his native island village to preach, as he said. Since he could not write, could read the Bible only by spelling out each word, and spoke most crudely, Captain Bickel was somewhat dismayed at having him the first representative of Christianity in his town. But three months after Ode's conversion, the Captain received a card from him, saying "Come preach." He went, and found an audience of four hundred waiting for him. How had Ode aroused this interest? He had gone to a house where a sick man lay and offered to help the wife in any way he could. He had drawn water and carried wood until the man was well. He had visited all the sick of the town and offered help in the same way, preaching by his kindly acts and simple words. When he announced a meeting, four hundred of his townsmen responded. He has spoken personally to 58,000 people and has opened up four islands since his conversion.—*From "The Little White Ship of the Inland Sea."*

Robert Moffat's Conversion

It had been a dull year in the church where Moffat was converted. The deacons finally said to the old pastor: "We love you, pastor, but don't you think you had better resign? There hasn't been a convert this year." "Yes," he replied, "it has been a dull year—sadly dull to me. Yet I mind me that one did come, wee Bobby Moffat. But he is so wee a bairn that I suppose it is not right to count him." A few years later Bobby came to the pastor and said, "Pastor, do you think that I could ever learn to preach? I feel within here something that tells me that I ought to. If I could just lead souls to Christ, that would be happiness to me." The pastor answered, "Well, Bobby, you might; who knows? At least you can try!" He did try, and years later when Robert Moffat came back from his wonder work in Africa the King of England rose and uncovered in his presence, and the British Parliament stood as a mark of respect. The humble old preacher, who had but one convert, and who was so discouraged, is dead and forgotten, and yet that was the greatest year's work he ever did—and few have equaled it. —*Young People's Weekly.*

Blessings of Missions

This is not the only instance in which Jesus pointed out that "by their fruits ye shall know them." The British East India Company said at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." The English Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal said at the close of the nineteenth century: "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined."—*Dr. van Dyke in "The Open Door."*

Gave Their Lives to Missions

The members of the Board were discouraged. Man after man appointed to undertake the pioneer work of the new mission among the Indians had declined. Then the Rev. Mr. C., one of the younger members, said, "Let us have special prayer for guidance, and then let each of us write the name of the man he thinks best fitted for this work, regardless of any position he may hold now." When the votes were opened the name of the Rev. Mr. C. himself was found on all but one paper! He went directly home and said to his wife, "We are to open up the Indian Mission," and the next day they began to pack up. Unmoved by appeal or argument from the congregation, truly distressed at the thought of losing their beloved young leaders, the work of preparation went steadily on until in one month from that Board meeting farewells were said, and the young couple, so confident that God had called them, "went out." For twenty-

four years they worked together, being a blessing to the Indian tribes and receiving joy and blessing into their own lives, and even in the darkest, hardest days they never questioned their coming, but often said, "Even if we had seen no results, or the Mission had been wiped out—as the cattlemen threatened and planned it should—we would always have been sure God had called us here."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Dead Church

Some one tells the story of an artist who was once asked to paint a picture of a decaying church. To the astonishment of many, instead of putting on the canvas an old, tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open portals could be seen the richly carved pulpit, the magnificent organ, and the beautiful stained glass windows. Within the grand entrance was an offering plate of elaborate design for the offerings of fashionable worshipers. But—and here the artist's idea of a decaying church was made known—right above the offering plate there hung a square box bearing the legend, "For Foreign Missions," and right over the slot through which contributions ought to have gone he had painted a huge cob-web!—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

The Feet of the Church

A missionary in the Zambesi Valley, South Africa, says, "A friend told me one day, 'You [missionaries] are the feet of the church, and wherever you go the church goes with you.' 'Oh,' I said, 'that is beautiful! The feet of the church; that is the lowest part of the body, that treads in the mud very often, and in the dust. And if the feet of the Messengers of Peace are so very beautiful in the sight of God and of the angels, what must be the body? and if the body is so beautiful and so glorious, what must be the head?"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Mary Reed and the Lepers

Mary Reed, a faithful missionary in India, came home and was told by specialists that the spot on her finger showed that she had leprosy. Without telling her parents, she returned and went among the sorely-afflicted people of the leper colony among the Himalaya Mountains, where she has done a wonderful work and recovered health in answer to prayer. Recently a friend visited her, and starting down the road turned and saw her waving a farewell. The friend shouted, "Hitherto." Immediately she replied, "Henceforth." Thinking of the wonderful life of that devoted woman, we wonder the friend should remind her that "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (1 Sam. 7:12); and Mary Reed, living among inexpressibly depressing surroundings, should think of the land where there are no lepers, and reply "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness" (2 Tim. 4:8).—*The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Korean Mothers

A missionary said she did her best teaching when she dressed the dear little body of the baby that had left her, putting on its prettiest frock, brushing back is flossy hair, laying a rosebud in its waxen fingers, and then calling in the heathen women to look at it. They sobbed out in their astonishment, "You've fixed your baby up to go to a lovely place, and you expect to see her again. When ours die we throw their poor little bodies out for the dogs to eat. They have gone into darkness and we have no hope of ever seeing them again. We want to know about your Jesus who has your baby, and who will take good care of her, and let you have her again when you die."—*From "The Lure of Korea," by Jennie Fowler Willing.*

Mrs. Howard Taylor's Call

Mrs. Howard Taylor said in an address at a convention of Student Volunteers at Toronto: "My cry had always been, 'O God, anywhere in the world I will go for you, but not to China; don't let it be China!' But it was China, and for the first time in my life I left home, my mother and father, and sailed with other missionaries. But I was alone as far as my heart was concerned. There came a moment when we weighed anchor, and the great ship moved slowly over the Bay of Naples, the shores of Europe growing dim in the distance. I was standing alone clasping to my heart the first home letters,—I cannot tell you of the waves that overwhelmed my soul. Just then a sailor on the prow of the ship called to the captain on the bridge, 'All is clear now, sir; all is clear.' And the captain answered, 'Full steam ahead!' The words rang through my heart, and I looked up into His face and said to Him, 'O Christ, all is clear

now between my heart and Thee; all is clear now!' If you want to know something of the deeper joy of life you must go through a moment like that."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Risking His Life

On the steamship The Empress of Korea was a returning missionary. He coughed a good deal, but was very cheerful about it. "It's nothing much," he said. "I have a touch of tuberculosis. I had been fighting smallpox, diphtheria, leprosy, and tuberculosis was all about us. I think I should have resisted it but for one case. It was an operative case, and the anæsthetic went bad, and the patient coughed in my face. I could not stop to take care of myself; I went ahead with the operation. Oh, yes, he got well, and is a useful man. And I shall get well again. I shall go back of course. Nothing could keep me from it. Why, I make the lame walk, and cause the blind to see. And best of all, I help them to a new hope and a new life." Now, as then, He hath done all things well, for it is His spirit that still prompts to such service.—*Condensed from Youth's Companion.*

His Life Not a Failure

A Moravian missionary named George Smith went to Africa. He had been there but a short time and had only one convert, a poor woman, when he was driven from the country. They found this man dead one day. He had died praying for the Dark Continent. Failure? And yet when they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of that mission, they learned that a company, accidentally stumbling upon a place where he had prayed, had found the copy of the Scriptures he had left. They also found one aged woman who was his convert. They sought to sum up his brief life, and reckoned more than thirteen thousand living converts that had sprung from that life which seemed such a failure.—*A. J. Gordon.*

Miss Reed's Call

One day, while lying in bed, Miss Reed was listlessly tapping the cover with her finger, as a relief to the dull pain, and thinking of God's dealings with her in the past, when suddenly the conviction came to her—almost as if a voice had spoken: "The trouble with your finger is leprosy; you must return to India and go at once to the leper asylum at Pithoragarh, and devote the rest of your life to teaching the lepers." A vision of the distant mountain asylum which has since been her home flashed before her—from that moment she never wavered as to the work God was calling her to do. She quietly left home as if she were going to call on a neighbour. It was not until the arrival of a letter, after she had reached India, that her mother learned the sad story and knew the quality of her daughter's courage.—*From the "Story of Mary Reed."*

The Salt of China

The following remarkable letter was received by Mr. Rydén, a Swedish missionary in China:

"To Pastor and Mrs. Rydén:

"You know that the struggle for freedom in China, as in America in 1776, has ended happily.

"I have been named local governor by General Li at Wuchang, and have called at your place to visit you. I was sorry to hear that you had gone to Shanghai. It is for our sakes that you have suffered. You will, however, be glad to hear that your property is unharmed. I write now personally to bid you welcome here again. I have been a Christian for many years and love the church and the missionaries. You are doing a weighty, a magnificent work for China. Now that she is a republic with freedom of conscience, we need you more than ever. True are the words of the Lord Jesus, 'Ye are the salt of the earth: . . . ye are the light of the world.' But when the salt and the light are as far from us as Shanghai, we begin to notice the odour of decay again and see darkness settling down. Therefore a second time, welcome again to Shasi.

"Be assured that I am your humble servant,

"Li Ya Tung,
"Governor of Kingchow."

—*Record of Christian Work.*

Shaw and the Hottentots

It is said that when Barnabas Shaw was forbidden to preach in Cape Town he bought a yoke of oxen and, putting his goods into a wagon, he and his wife started toward the interior not knowing whither they were going. So they journeyed day by day for three hundred miles. The twenty-seventh day, encamping for the night, they discovered a company of Hottentots stopping near them. They were astonished

to learn from the leader of this band of heathen that they were on their way to Cape Town to find a missionary. Had either party started a half day earlier or later they would not have met.—*The Sunday School Times.*

His Enemies Paid His Fare

Among the members of the church that was the center of the Japanese persecution was a young man who had been but a month back from the Waseda University, Tokyo, where he had been a student. He was put in a cell by himself, and chafed under the restraint that kept him from preaching the gospel to the other prisoners, as his fellow-Christians were doing. Then this youth was unexpectedly banished to a neighbouring island. He told the story afterwards with shining face: "Just think! I had been longing for a chance to tell about Jesus to those who did not know Him, and mourning because I could not preach in jail. Then God sent me off to an unevangelized island, where there was plenty of work to do for Him, and Japan paid my fare!" That sounds like Paul the prisoner, doesn't it?—*The Continent.*

Withholding the Pardon

What would we think of a man who, being in debt, and able to pay, took advantage of the fact that his creditors, poor and ignorant folk, did not know of the money due to them and let them perish by non-payment? One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the Civil Wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon; but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world: shall we hold it back?—*From "My Debt," by Pastor D. M. Panton, in The Evangelical Christian.*

Indian Missions a Blessing

Alfred Smith, a field missionary for the Young Men's Christian Association, met on a steamer an Anglo-Indian, who, after some conversation, voluntarily gave him a check for one hundred thousand dollars for the furtherance of his work. "Now understand me," said the Englishman, "I am no churchman, and don't pretend to be. Then why did I give the money to help along your work? Because that work means money to me. Before you came to India with your missions and clubhouses, life for a business man was not worth living. Now all is changed. I can go away for weeks, knowing that my employees will behave themselves and protect my interests, whereas before my clerks stole from me, my foreman lied to me, my workmen fought and quarreled. And every employer of labour in India will tell you the same story."—*From the "Romance of the Missionary," by E. Alexander Powell, in Everybody's Magazine.*

A Loud Call to Brazil

Bishop Kinsolving, of Brazil, who is a Southerner by birth, captured the delegates with the story of an inquisition he endured, when, as a young missionary about to sail, he went to the old home for his farewell visit. A coloured boy, one of the family retainers, put him through an examination: "I heahs you all's a-gwine to Brazil." "Yes." "Got any kin down dar?" "No." "Does yo' know any folks down dar?" "No." "Did anybody write an' ax yo' to come?" "No." "Den huccom you all's a gwine?" "My Lord and Master told me to go." "When he tole you?" "Nineteen hundred years ago." "Did yo' *heah* Him?" "I believe I did." "Den He mus' a spoke mighty loud."—*From a report of the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City, in the Epworth Herald.*

A Missionary Death-Bed

When the old Puritan preacher John Eliot was on his death-bed a friend called to see him, and found a little Indian child by his bedside being taught by the dying man to read. The friend protested that in such an hour the sick man might be relieved from the burden of such a task, but his answer was: "God has left me just strength enough to teach this child his letters."—*From "Behind the World and Beyond," by Henry A. Stimson, D.D.*

Jew Praises Missions

Not long ago, says *Christian Work,* in a public address a man spoke slurringly of foreign missions, whereupon a Jew arose and said: "Some years ago my bank sent me to look at some land in Porto Rico. The village I visited was the nastiest, vilest little hell I ever saw. Two years ago I was sent to the same town. It was a beautiful little place, with neat houses and yards, clean streets, a pretty school for

children, no vice or drunkenness in evidence, good gardens, and a church. What did it? A missionary had come there from the United States. I sought him out and gave him my check because I had never seen so much civilization accomplished in so short a time. And now, when I hear such speeches as these, I say, 'How ignorant and provincial such men are!'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

No Interest in Missions

"I can't get interested in missions!" exclaimed a young girl petulantly, and, if truth must be told, a bit superciliously, as she left a thrilling missionary meeting in company with an older lady, presumably an aunt or other relative. We were near enough to hear the answer. "No, dearie," came the pitying response; "'tisn't to be expected you should—yet a while. It's just like getting interest in a bank. You have to put in a little something first, and the more you put in, the more interest, time or money or prayers, it doesn't matter which, but something you have to put in, or you never will have any interest. Try it, dearie,—just put in a little something, and you're sure of the interest."—*The King's Own.*

Helping His Father's Murderers

Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis, of Ravenna, Ohio, is the widow of one of the martyred missionaries of Shansi, her husband being one of the Boxer victims. Mrs. Davis returned to the United States later. In a letter to the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, she writes: "I send a draft for $5.37 for the famine sufferers in Shansi My little son collected the money, and was glad to do it. I thought it would be a great lesson to him in forgiveness, and to return good for evil," etc. Surely this is a Christ-like spirit that a child should seek to help those who murdered his father. If the widow and son of one who gave his life for the work can so forgive, their beautiful example should not be without effect on others.—*The Christian Herald.*

A Story of Medical Missions

A missionary physician in one of China's hospitals cured a man of cataract. A few weeks later forty-eight blind men from one of China's wilds, each holding on to a rope held in the hands of the man who was cured, came to him. Thus in a chain they had walked two hundred and fifty miles to the hospital, where nearly all were cured. What a pathetic procession those blind men must have made! Yet it is typical of the willingness of the world to come to a man who has something genuine to give them.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Uganda Won for Christ

A year and a quarter ago I was passing on foot through the native kingdom of Uganda, in Central Africa. Uganda is the most highly developed of the pure negro states in Africa. It is the state which has given the richest return for missionary labour. It now contains some half-million of Christians, the direction of the government being in the hands of those Christians. I was interested to find that in their victorious fight against, in the first place, heathendom, and, in the next place, Moslemism, the native Christians belonging to the several different sects, both Catholics and Protestants, had taken as their symbol "the Book," sinking all minor differences among themselves, and coming together on the common ground of their common belief in "the Book" that was the most precious gift the white man had brought to them.—*Theodore Roosevelt, in The Outlook.*

Shining Among Moslems

A little daughter of the kell-known missionary, Dr. S. M. Zwemer, whose field of work among the Mohammedans was for years at Bahrein, Persian Gulf, Arabia, used to recite the words of a well-known hymn, but with a variation of her own making, as follows:

"Jesus bids us shine,
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in Bahrein."

—*The Sunday School Times.*

Won by His Life

A missionary in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert, when asked,

"What is it to be a Christian?" replied: "It is to be like Mr. ——," naming the good missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon, but when he died hundreds of heathen as well as many Christians mourned him.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

A Missionary Pastor

Pastor Gossner sent out into the foreign field 144 missionaries. Besides providing outfit and passage, he had never less than twenty missionaries dependent directly upon him for support. How he carried this and his other Christian work, a sentence from the funeral address read over his grave will explain: "He prayed up the walls of a hospital and the hearts of the nurses; he prayed mission stations into being and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich, and gold from the most distant lands."—*From "Prayer and Missions," by Robert E. Speer.*

Gilbert Islands Won by One Man

Fifty years ago Hiram Bingham and his wife went from Hawaii to Gilbert Islands, then inhabited by a tribe of cannibals, "sullen, passionate, cruel, and treacherous," as they were described by navigators of that day. Last November 30,000 Christian Gilbertese met to celebrate the emergence of their race from savagery to civilization. All the pastors of these people have been trained by their first missionary, and 11,000 copies of his translation of the Bible have been sold; 2,000 religious books are bought annually. At the time of Dr. Bingham's semi-centennial jubilee he received a letter of love and gratitude from the islanders. This is the record of one man.—*Sabbath Reading.*

Missions in the South Seas

James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea, in addressing a large meeting in London, said: "I have had twenty-one years' experience among the South Sea Islanders, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea. I have seen the semi-civilized and the uncivilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined, and slept with the cannibal. But I have never yet met a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization without Christianity has civilized. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilized life in the Southern Seas, it has been because the gospel has been preached there; and wherever you find in the island of New Guinea a friendly people, or a people that will welcome you, there the missionaries of the cross have been preaching Christ.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

Faithful Converts in India

In the examinations in a training school for Christian workers in India, there were very few failures among the seventy men and women students, though some were examined in twenty-four subjects, including twelve books of the Bible. When the examinations last seven days of eight hours each in the trying Indian climate, we can form some idea of the difficulty of the task, but when the missionaries tell us that most of the students did not know one letter from another, only three or six years ago, and have not even attended school continuously during that time, but have worked a good deal in the villages, we do not wonder at the spread of the gospel by the native converts who labour so faithfully that they may learn the good news and impart it to those who know it not.—*The Interior.*

Not Within Calling Distance

The older of two men was once urging upon the younger the claim of Christian work in mission countries, and the latter answered with an excuse that had a familiar ring: "But I have never felt any compelling call to give my life in that way." "Are you sure you're within calling distance?" was the disquieting reply.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Macedonian Cry

"Sahib, we would see Jesus. My village is over yonder three miles away. We have given up idolatry, and we wish to embrace the Jesus religion. Come with me; the entire village is waiting for your coming." Before I could reply another man stepped forward, and then a third, and lo! a fourth, and from the lips of each fell the Macedonian cry. Listen to the last man: "Sahib, this is the fourth year that I have come to you, and every time you have sent me away sorrowing. Oh, Sahib, give me a message of hope this time." With a breaking heart I had to say: "Your village is eight miles away, and I dare not even encourage you till I have a teacher for

you. Be patient another year." This is what occurred last year in a little village in the jungles of India immediately after a baptismal service in which the writer had the joy of baptizing 152 men, women, and children (representing all the families there). In the Methodist Episcopal Church in India there are in all 150,000 who, like these inquirers are waiting for a chance to confess the Christ openly in baptism.—*From Herman J. Schutz, in The Christian Advocate.*

Mary Slessor of Calabar

When Mary Slessor of Calabar passed on, in January, 1915, the word went out, "Everybody's mother is dead!" and the natives came from far and near to share with missionaries, government officials, merchants, and the pupils of her schools in the funeral exercises. She was literally the servant of all. Her place had been won by her devoted service. Here is the way a missionary visitor described her: "One never knew what she would be doing. One hour she might be having a political discussion with a district commissioner, the next building a house, and later on judging native palavers. Late one evening I heard a good deal of talking and also the sound of working. I went in to see what was doing, and there was 'Ma' making cement and the bairns spreading it on the floor with their hands in the candlelight." A government doctor who once visited her found her sitting on a chair rocking a tiny African baby, while five others were sleeping, wrapped up in bits of brown paper and a newspaper, in other parts of the room.—*From "Missionary Ammunition."*

Won Her Father to Missions

Some time ago there was in Canada a high official who at one time in his career took little or no interest in missions. He had a little granddaughter who was the apple of his eye, and his chief delight was to take the child upon his knees and encourage her to talk to him of all the things that interested her. One of her great interests was missions, and in particular a hospital which was being established for Blackfoot Indians, and the grandfather drew her to tell him all about it, quite unconscious of the fact that she was giving missionary information. After a time a minister of affairs brought forward a suggestion in Parliament for making a grant for the building of a new hospital. Several people rose and opposed the measure, when suddenly, to the astonishment of all concerned, the official whose little granddaughter had unconsciously primed him with all the necessary information, rose to his feet and made such a stirring speech in defense of the scheme, and brought such weighty arguments to bear in its favour, that the resolution was passed and the grant was made.—*American Messenger.*

Scattering the Water of Life

In Flanders there is a pretty legend told of a place called Temsche. A clear fountain was in a farmer's field. He was a churlish man, and would not let the villagers go into his field to draw water from it one hot summer, when the land was parched and all the wells were dry. Then a holy maiden, living there, went and filled a sieve with water, and shook it over the neighbouring common, and whereever a drop fell there sprang up a living fountain. Now the old Jewish nation was much like that farmer, that would keep divine grace for itself alone. It would have the living fountain of spiritual life for its own use only, and deny it to the Gentile world. But then came the apostles, who took up the living water given them by Christ, and scattered it over all the wide earth.—*Quoted from Baring-Gould.*

Y. M. C. A. Built with Idols

Can idols be used to aid God's cause? According to Mr. Sherwood Eddy, a Buddhist temple in Yunnan was handed over to Christians. These ground the idols therein to powder to make brick for patching the walls. The temple is now a Y. M. C. A. building. In Foochow the walls of the American Board Hospital are constructed of mortar made from grinding up the idols of a former Buddhist temple. In Taiyuan-fu, in Shansi, the Y. M. C. A. secretary lives in a deserted Buddhist temple. The American Board has several village schools supported by endowments formerly used for the upkeep of Buddhist temples. In the province of Pechili four thousand public schools have been established, mostly in former Buddhist temples. In one city the idols were thrown into the river, while the people lined the bank, cheering as their gods floated seaward.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Willing to Die for the Mikado

A celebrated Japanese statesman said, "We do not worship our em-

peror, we only love him utterly. The commander before Port Arthur called one day for volunteers to cut the barbed wire entanglements. 'You will never come back,' he said. 'Nor can you carry a gun. You will take a pair of pliers and cut one or two wires and fall dead; another will take your place and cut one or two wires more. But you will know that upon your dead bodies the armies of your emperor will march to victory.' Whole regiments volunteered for these 'sure death' parties. If your Christians loved your God as we love our emperor, they would have long since taken the world for Him."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Darkness of Heathendom

Is there any one with imagination keen enough to picture what would happen if all the hospitals in London were closed, if all the surgeons disappeared, and if not a single doctor or trained nurse were left to care for the sick of the world's greatest city? London without a doctor! Seven millions of men, women, and children bearing their sicknesses alone! The Chinese province of Kweichow, in the northwest corner of which I am writing this, has a population estimated at seven millions. There is not a doctor in the whole of this province. Missionaries are working in nine centers, but although several of these missionaries are married women there is no medical missionary in the whole number.—*Rev. S. Pollard, in Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Dressing Like the Chinese

A young missionary in China had adopted the native dress to get nearer the people. He had himself photographed in this garb and sent the picture home. His sister was shocked when she saw it, and said, "What a gulf this strange dress has made between my brother and me!" A friend replied, "It may seem so, but what a gulf was placed between God and His Son when our Lord put on our dress by assuming our flesh and blood! He did it for your sake. Why should you object to your brother dressing like a Chinaman to win the Chinese?"—*The Missionary Echo.*

Working Twenty-Four Hours

Calling one day upon a business man I found him, as usual, "up to his eyes" in work. "How many hours do you put in each day," I exclaimed. "Twenty-four," said he. "I work ten or twelve here; the rest of the time I am working at the other end of the world." Then he explpained. "When I was at school I became much interested in the mission cause and expected to go into the work. But father died and no outsider could carry on his business—and there was mother and the girls to look after—so I stayed at home." Here my friend took down a little map of southern China. "My proxy, the native preacher I support there, works right here. In that way I work twenty-four hours for the Master."—*From "The Soul-Winner."*

Civilizing Power of Missions

Isaac Taylor once attempted a catalogue of the great social evils: polygamy, legalized prostitution and capricious divorce, bloody and brutal games, rapacious and offensive wars, death and punishment by torture, infanticide, caste, and slavery. From all lands where the cross has been set up and the gospel faithfully preached, these nine gigantic forms of wrong are either retreating or are no more found. A new standard of manhood is also erected, and new lessons in living are taught. So surely as Christ becomes Master, so surely do these owls of midnight flee before the new dawn.—*From "The New Acts of the Apostles," by Arthur T. Pierson.*

Could Not Turn Away the Sick

W. H. Jeffreys, a physician for many years in Shanghai, said that brother doctors here at home scoff at the idea of his treating 450 patients in a single day, because the work would be so inadequate. "Very true," he remarked, "but which patient shall I refuse to help?" So he pictured typical cases, and made a dramatic close by describing a pitiable wreck of humanity for whom it seemed impossible to make room in the hospital. But finally he was brought in and the first step was to register his name. Here Dr. Jeffreys paused, then said, slowly, "*That man's name was Jesus.*"—*Francis J. Dyer, in Record of Christian Work.*

Home Work for Foreign Fields

I know a missionary lady who has laboured many years in India. For a time she was the only missionary residing in a large district. I said to her, "How is it that you have had so much blessing, so many conversions, while you have been working all

alone?" She replied, "No, I have not been working alone. There are three of us, but two are living in America. One of these meets my whole support, the other writes me a letter every week, and they both have promised to pray for me by name every day; so there are three of us working here."—*From an address by Margaret W. Leitch.*

Healing the Blind

Miss Ella D. MacLaurin when visiting the mission fields wrote: To give you a simple illustration of the wonderful influence of medical work, I must tell you an experience of Dr. Gillson's, of Hankow. A man came to him totally blind, with cataracts on both eyes. The doctor operated on him, restoring his sight. In great joy he returned to his home, two hundred miles away, telling everybody he met the story of the opening of his eyes by the wonderful Jesus Christ man. When he reached his own village he called all the blind people together and started with sixteen of them, roped to one another, on the long journey to the hospital. It is difficult to estimate the far-reaching influence of our medical missionaries in these lands where suffering abounds.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Did Not Want to Go

Dr. T. R. Glover told a London congregation of a young friend of his in Southern India to whom came a great call. Then it was that the young man offered what the speaker characterized as the "honestest prayer" he had ever heard: "Lord, here am I; send me, but, for goodness' sake, don't." The young man offered his prayer regularly for some time; but one day the end of it dropped off, "and he was not sorry." Afterwards the young man himself told Dr. Glover about it.—*The British Weekly.*

All Moslems Missionaries

Sir William Macgregor, whose unflagging zeal for humanity in many parts of the globe has done so much for the cause of Christianity, once discussed with me the relatively rapid progress of Mohammedanism in West Africa as compared with that of Christianity. "It's just this," he said, "every Mohammedan regards himself as a missionary; the majority of Christians think it is another man's work."—*Bishop Frodsham, in the Christian Age.*

Won by His Love

When the missionary explorer, Frederick Arnot, with his black lads was passing through a clump of grass, a great lion sprang out toward the last lad in the line. Instantly Arnot leaped between them and covered the boy with his own body. The natives fled, and the lion, apparently confused at so much movement, turned and left without doing any harm. The chief of the tribe, upon hearing of this incident, said, "I'd go anywhere with a white man who throws his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account." Such is the spirit of Africa's missionaries. . . . They lay down their lives for her "black lads of no account," and count it a joy to do so.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Jacob Riis and Missions

"Every once in a while," said Jacob A. Riis, "I hear some one growl against foreign missions because the money and the strength put into them are needed at home. I did it myself when I did not know better. God forgive me. I know better now; and I will tell you how I found out. I became interested in a strong religious awakening in my own old city of Copenhagen, and set about investigating it. It was then I learned what others had learned before me, and what was the fact there, that for every dollar you give away to convert heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Too Long in Telling It

A missionary in Egypt was telling a woman the story of the love of Jesus, and at the close she said, "It is a wonderful story; do the women in your country believe it?" "Yes!" said the missionary. The woman thought a moment, then she said, "I don't think they can all believe it, or they would not be so long in coming to tell us. Why, nobody has ever loved me. When I was born they wept seven days because I was a girl. At nine years of age I was married, but was not loved, and only the other day my own boy spat in my face because I am a woman. Now you tell me that a man whom I never saw so loved me that He died for me! Why, I can hardly believe it."—*The Foreign Field.*

What India Missions Are Doing

A Brahman visiting a missionary in India saw a picture on the wall of

Christ washing the disciples' feet. The Brahman said, "You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not: none of you ever wash people's feet." The missionary said, "But that is just what we are doing all the time! You Brahmans say you sprang from the head of your god Brahm; that the next caste lower sprang from his shoulders; the next lower from his loins, and that the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet, and when you proud Brahmans see the low caste and the out-caste getting educated and Christianized, washed, clean, beautiful, and holy, inside and outside, you Brahmans and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"

Would Go for Christ

A missionary was once asking a Burmese boatman if he were willing to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. The man was getting good pay as a boatman, and the missionary told him that he would only be able to pay him eight shillings a month, instead of the thirty shillings he was earning. "How is it?" he asked. "Will you go for eight shillings?" It was hard for the man to decide. For some moments he sat pondering, then looking up, he said, "I will not go for eight shillings, but I will go for Christ."—*The Christian Herald.*

Dedicated to Missions

A Methodist woman in Los Angeles telephoned me to come to see her. When I went, she said, "I am going to send my daughter to China." "I would like to meet her," said I. She came in, a beautiful girl, a graduate from one of the great colleges of America. I asked her age. She was twenty-three. I turned to her mother and asked, "How long have you had it in your heart that this daughter should go to China?" Looking me squarely in the face, she said, "For nearly twenty-four years; from the time that girl was, she belonged to China."—*From A. E. Cory, in "Militant Methodism."*

Ministering to Christ

A missionary was invited to go into an interior place by a lone Christian, who said, "Oh, brother, come; we are so hungry." When the journey was all arranged a voice asked him, "What if they are not hungry after all? Your journey will be in vain." But a deeper voice answered, "What if they are not hungering for the Bread of life? There is One hungering to give them that Bread. Go and minister to the hunger of the Lord Jesus!" He went, and as he encountered dangers and trials deep and sore, the precious thought upheld him: "You are ministering to the hunger of the Lord Jesus."—*The Christian.*

Evangelizing the World

A little time ago the statement was made that Great Britain and the United States combined could whip the world. Some one immediately asked: "What do they want to whip the world for?" Then another added the suggestion—I think it was Bishop McDowell—that these two great nations could *save* the world. Seven-eighths of the missionaries who are at work today in non-Christian lands have been sent out by England and America. It would seem as if God had commissioned these two English-speaking countries to evangelize the world.—*The Classmate.*

Indians Send Missionary to India

At the convention of the Indian Young Men's Christian Association held at Flandreau, South Dakota, it was voted that the Young Men's Christian Association of the Sioux Indians support an Association secretary in India. The sight of the sons of Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, American Horse, Spotted Tail, and Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses subscribing to send the good news of the gospel to the heathen of India is surely a splendid concrete example of the visible results of the message carried by the evangelical missionaries to that warlike tribe.—*The Christian Herald.*

No Physician to Send

An offer was made by the Chinese of Hopo, South China, to the Baptist Missionary Union, to provide a hospital if the Union would equip it and furnish a missionary to take charge. Within a few days after the offer was made known, a check for a thousand dollars was received for this purpose. But both the money and the offer of the Chinese had to be refused because no physician could be found to take the place.—*The Woman's Missionary Record.*

Only Seven Cents Each to Missions

Some good people, who proudly call themselves "loyal," say that the churches are being bled to death by

their offerings for missions. One of their own number says that so long as their offerings for missions average only seven cents a member, it is amusing to talk of being bled to death. A people that cannot give seven cents each in a year without being bled to death must be somewhat anemic.—*Missionary Intelligencer.*

The Cry of the Heathen

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too.'

"'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation.
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast.'"

—*Author unknown.*

From Cannibals to Christians

A missionary was once asked to give a proof that the cross of Christ would eventually triumph. This is what he said: "When I arrived at the Fiji group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet, and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's table."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Sparing Ministers for China

A Chinese Christian asked Archdeacon Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Archdeacon Moule asked how many he thought there were. "It is a little island," he replied; "perhaps there are a thousand." He was told, "More than twenty thousand." "Then," said he, "you can easily spare a thousand for China."—*The Classmate.*

Every Christian a Missionary

When Admiral Foote was in Siam he invited the royal dignitaries to a dinner on his vessel. As soon as the guests were seated at the table, he, as was his invariable custom, asked a blessing upon the food. The king in surprise said he thought only missionaries asked blessings. "True," replied the admiral quietly, "but every Christian is a missionary."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Safe Where Churches Are

A story is told of two sailors who were shipwrecked and thrown upon an unknown island. They began to reconnoitre carefully, thinking that the island might be peopled by cannibals. To get a view of the valley, one of them climbed a high tree, and when he looked around, he suddenly sang out a loud "Hurrah!" "What is it?" cried his companion. "The spire of a church in the valley," was the reply. Where Christ is known, enemies are changed to friends, and men are safe as was prophesied at the birth of John the Baptist.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Disturbed by a Map

I remember, as if it were yesterday, Fred Curtis, now a missionary in Japan, saying: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel to the heathen." Immediately John Forman arose with the remark: "I know what is the matter with Curtis. He sleeps under a missionary chart on which there are 856 black squares representing 856 million heathen, and 190 green squares to represent 190 million Mohammedans." Forman added: "Any man sleeping under such a chart must decide to become a foreign missionary or have a nightmare every night in the week."—*From "John Forman," by Robert P. Wilder, in North American Student.*

Did Not Like Dirt

Speaking of his work in Africa, I heard a missionary say, "Do I like this work? No; my wife and I do not like dirt. We have reasonably refined sensibilities. We do not like crawling into vile huts through goat refuse. We do not like association with ignorant, filthy, brutish people. But is a man to do nothing for Christ he does not like? God pity him, if not. Liking or disliking have nothing to do with it. We have orders to 'go,' and we go. Love constrains us."—*The Presbyterian of the South.*

Gift to Missions Rewarded

Dr. Hu King Eng, a Chinese woman doctor, while a student in Ohio Wesleyan University, won many girl students to Christ. The mother of one of the girls said, "Little did I think when

I was giving money for the work in China that a Chinese girl would come to this country and be the means of leading my daughter to Christ."—*From "Notable Women of Modern China," by Margaret E. Burton.*

Christ Conquering Moslems

A Hindu priest gave a striking and prophetic answer to Bishop Foster, who visited his temple. The Bishop asked, "How long has all this worship been going on?" "Four thousand years," was the reply. "How long will it last?" "Not long," the priest replied. "And why?" The Hindu hesitated. Then, raising his hand, he swept the line of the horizon, and simply said, "Jesus."—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Hudson Taylor's Choice

There were two boys in the Taylor family. The older said he must make a name for his family, and so turned his face toward Parliament and fame. The younger decided to give his life to the service of Christ, and so turned his face toward China and duty. Hudson Taylor, the missionary, died, beloved and known on every continent. "But when I looked in the encyclopædia to see what the other son had done, I found these words, 'The brother of Hudson Taylor.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christianity and Confucianism

Not long ago a government school teacher not far from Chaoyang, in South China, called a colporteur into his school, bought a copy of everything the bookseller had, then turned to him and said: "Your religion is the genuine thing. We are Confucianists, but we don't believe it enough either to practise it or to try to get anyone else to accept it. But you Christians give your time and money to your religion, try to make converts, and bear all sorts of reviling and cursing. I am going to help you preach." What a joy to be conscious of the fact that we are serving the only true and living God!—*Missions.*

Africa's Need of Missions

Of all the dunces beneath the patient heavens there is none like the man who denies that the gospel of God is Africa's true solace and salvation. Here is a man who says he has gone to the extreme of sin, and here is a missionary saying that Christ has gone to the extreme of atonement. What more does the sinner want? What more does the Saviour?—*From Dan Crawford, in "Thinking Black."*

Mango Tree Christians

A Brahman compared the Christian missionary to a mango tree. It puts forth blossoms and then weights its branches with fruits. For itself? No, for the hungry who come to it for food. By and by the tree is assailed with clubs and stones. Its leaves are torn and its branches are bruised and broken. It is stripped bare. But does it resent this cruel treatment and refuse to yield fruit another year? No; next year it is more fruitful than ever. So it is with the Christian missionary, said the Hindoo.—*J. R. Miller, in The Record of Christian Work.*

Slow Progress of Missions

An English preacher asked some British soldiers, "If Queen Victoria were to issue a proclamation, and, placing it in the hands of her army and navy, were to say, 'Go into all the world, and proclaim it to every creature,' how long do you think it would take you to do it?" One of these men, accustomed to obeying orders without delay, and at peril of life, replied, "Well, I think we could manage it in about eighteen months."—*From Rev. Richard Montague, in "The Evangelization of the World."*

Koreans Hungry for Christ

In Korea great placards are placed at crossroads, on which are written this request: "*If any of the Jesus people come this way, let them stop and tell us the story.*" The hunger for the story of salvation is the same in civilized America as in heathen lands. Every one who knows the story by experience is responsible for telling it either here or there.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Grateful to His Mother

"I have nothing to give you to make your heart happy," said Popebah, as I was leaving for vacation, "but I send my best love to your mother, because she did not keep you at home." Have you thanked God because He did not keep His Son "at home"?—*From "Kiowa," by Isabel Crawford.*

The Heathen at Home

I have a friend, an enthusiast for foreign missions, as every Christian

should be. He went to a tremendously wealthy man and asked him for a contribution for a certain missionary society. He said, "Why not evangelize the heathen at home?" My friend said, "All right, here is a tract."—*Good News.*

Missions and Children

A heathen mother took her five-year-old child from the missionary's school, and when asked why, replied, "If she were older I would let her stay, and she would forget your teachings, but at her age she will never forget."—*The Expositor.*

Missions on His Nerves

A speaker at the Men's Missionary Congress at Chicago told a story of a certain Christian who said to a friend who was interested in missions, "The subject of missions is getting on my nerves!" The friend replied, "I am told that there are two sets of nerves, sensory and motor; on which set of your nerves does this subject bear the harder?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Missionaries as Slaves

The first Moravian missionaries to the Kaffirs of Africa could reach them only by selling themselves into slavery, and so being put beside them in daily life. In this way they were able not only to give them the gospel, but to live the gospel. It was such sacrifice and proof of love that at last won the Kaffirs' hearts.—*Young Ladies' Weekly.*

Gave His Girl to Missionaries

A Mohammedan father in East Turkestan was so rejoiced at the restoration of his sight by a medical mission that, having no money to offer the doctor, he brought his daughter, an only child of twelve, and gave her as a fee. She is being trained in the mission school.—*From the Christian Endeavour World.*

Sodas or Souls

Last summer a Baptist man in an Eastern city read the statement in a woman's missionary magazine that ten cents would buy either a glass of ice-cream soda or pay the rent for one Sunday of a room in which thirty children from the street are gathered each week for Sunday-school in India. Whereupon he wrote to the editor, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, a letter in which he complained that she had greatly disturbed his peace of mind. "Just think,' he wrote, "what this will mean to me tomorrow, and the next day, and for days to come. I will start for a cool glass of soda-water and find in the bottom of the glass the faces of thirty street children of India looking at me!" In the letter, however, he enclosed two dollars (with the promise of more) to be credited to the woman's missionary society of his church, the purpose of his gift being, "to restore his peace of mind for a couple of weeks at least."—*Belle M. Brain, in "Missionary Review of the World."*

Samuel Mill's Call

At the beginning of the last century young Samuel Mills made up his mind to be a missionary. When he told his father, Mr. Mills said he shouldn't. As neither would give up, they called a council of a few godly men to pray over it. The one who led was a plain, blunt man, and this was his prayer: "Almighty God, Thou knowest that thy servant Mills consecrated this boy to Thy service in his youth, and now that the boy wants to preach the gospel to the heathen, Thy servant Mills is mad. Amen." When they got up from their knees, "Thy servant Mills" said, "He can go." Now, I notice that if we put the thing that troubles us before God straight the whole difficulty solves itself. It is when we go to the Lord beating around the bush that we become confused, and say, "I don't know where the path of duty lies."—*From Dr. Schauffler's "God's Call to Service."*

The Missionary God's Coolie

In one of the mission fields a physician had been the means of restoring to health a beloved child. In their gratitude the parents came and knelt at the feet of the doctor, worshiping her as if she had been a god. The missionary remonstrated, saying: "We are not gods. Worship the true God." "You must be a god," they said; "no one but a god could have saved our beloved from death." The missionary then said: "Suppose that I wished to bestow a valuable gift upon you, and sent it by the hand of one of your coolies, whom would you thank, the coolie or myself?" "We should thank you, of course; the coolie is your servant." "And so am I God's coolie," said the missionary, "by whose hand God has been pleased to send you this gift of healing, and it is to Him you must bow and give thanks." And so

at last their hearts turned to the true God.

Brainerd Taylor's Remark

One day when James Brainerd Taylor, then a young man, was out driving, he stopped at a water-trough. Another young man was watering at the same trough. Taylor said: "I hope you love the Lord. If not, I want to commend Him to you as your best friend." The strangers went their way. The young man was converted, entered the ministry, and went to Africa as a missionary. Many times did he wish that he knew who the man was that spoke to him at the watering-trough, but he never did until some one sent to him in Africa a box of books. Opening one of the books at the title-page, he saw a portrait, and exclaimed: "Oh, that is the man! That is the man who preached to me at the watering-trough." It was the portrait of Brainerd Taylor. —*From "The Battles of Heaven."*

Renounced Title for Christ

Baron von Welz, who renounced his title and estates and went as a missionary to Dutch Guiana, where he filled a lonely grave, said as he gave up his title: "What to me is the title 'well-born' when I am born again in Christ? What to me is the title 'lord' when I desire to be a servant of Christ? What is it to me to be called 'Your Grace' when I have need of God's grace, help, and succor? All these vanities I will away with, and all else I will lay at the feet of Jesus, my dearest Lord, that I may have no hindrance in serving Him aright."—*Onward.*

Why Are There "Poor Heathen"?

Whose fault is it that there are any poor heathen? A speaker at a recent meeting of the Laymen's Missionary Movement drove this question into the consciences of his Christian hearers. If your father left in his will an inheritance for you and your brother, and your brother being at a distance could only receive his inheritance if you sent it to him, would you feel free to decide whether to send it to him or not? and if you did send it to him would you take considerable credit to yourself for doing so? That's foreign missions. People talk complacently about the poor heathen. Why "poor"? Because the heathen have not received their share of the inheritance which the Father left us to give them.—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Aim-Day-Co"

The first woman missionary to the Kiowa Indians of Oklahoma was Miss Reside. After she had been there long enough for them to understand what it meant to be a Christian, they gave the missionary a new name of their own, calling her "Aim-day-co." Chief Big Tree tells why: "When we Kiowas see any one on the wrong road we call out '*Aim-day-co'!* (Turn this way.) Our sister came to us from a far land, and found us all on the wrong road and in great danger. She stood in a new road and called to us, and said, 'Turn this way,' and showed us the 'Jesus Road.' God bless 'Aim-day-co.'" —*Tidings.*

His Dying Wish

Nothing so perfectly reveals Horace Tracy Pitkin, who was killed by the Boxers in 1900, as his last recorded words, spoken to his Chinese helper while the devilish crowd were swooping down upon the mission: "Laoman, tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that, when he is twenty-five years of age, he should come to China as a missionary." No man ever spoke more heroic words.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

No Heathen Left

Paul's missionary journey led him anywhere where there was a call for help. Livingstone said, "God had only one Son, and he was a missionary." A trader passed a converted cannibal, who was reading the Bible, and said to him: "That book is out of date in my country." "If it had been out of date here," was the reply, "you would have been eaten long ago." The memorial tablet to Dr. Geddie in Aneityum in the New Hebrides has this inscription: "When he landed, in 1848, there were no Christians here. When he left, in 1872, there were no heathen."—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

All Should Be Missionaries

Dr. Grenfell tells a story of how, at a dinner given in his honour, a lady remarked to him: "Is it true that you are a missionary?" "Isn't it true that you are?" was his unexpected reply. Do we ever stop to think of it?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Dr. Geddie in the New Hebrides

A tablet on the wall of a Presbyterian church in Aneityum contains the following inscription: When the Rev. John Geddie, D.D., came here in 1848 there were no Christians, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why the Heathen Are Not Won

Every Englishman must be a missionary of one kind or another. "It is because you Christians are not like your Christ that we remain heathen," was said lately.—*From Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson.*

Neglected Diamonds

It is said that one of the most magnificent diamonds in Europe, which today blazes in a king's crown, once lay for months on a stall in a piazza at Rome, labeled, "Rock-crystal, price, one franc."—*Rev. George Jackson.*

Doing Her Best

An India missionary writes: "I remember a remark I once saw to the effect that the epitaph of any missionary might be, 'She hath done what she could *not.*'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Broken Wing of Love

Maltbie D. Babcock said, "I tell you, my fellow-Christians, your love has a broken wing if it cannot fly across the ocean."—*The Institute Tie.*

Secular Value of Missions

Karl Ritter, an eminent German geographer, and others admit that more information has come from heathen lands, through the missionaries, than through all the other sources combined. —*Christian Age.*

Giving God His Best

A memory of his American tour that lingered in Mr. Taylor's heart with special sweetness was an incident of one of the first farewell meetings. The father of a dear girl in the party of missionary recruits had come over from Pittsfield, Mass., and was sitting near the platform. Seeing a wonderful light on his face, Mr. Taylor invited him to say a few words. "He told us with a father's feeling," Mr. Taylor loved to recall, "what his daughter had been in the home, to him and to her mother; what she had been in the mission hall in which he worked, and something of what it meant to part with her now. 'But I could only feel,' he said, 'that I have nothing too precious for my Lord Jesus. He has asked for my very best, and I give, with all my heart, my very best to Him.' That sentence was the richest thing I got in America, and has been an untold blessing to me ever since."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Blind Korean Soul-Winner

Near Togu, Korea, lives a blind Christian. He not only believed, but sought how he might learn enough to testify to others. He found a boy who cut out for him the shapes of the characters which would spell the words of some precious verse, such as John 3:16. Then he got fifty tin cans from a missionary, and with his models cut out his verse in tin, strung the letters on a string, and began to go about the village preaching on his one verse, and begging for others. After a while the missionary came and selected ten other texts, promised him all the tin cans he could get from any one, and left this happy blind man working out his plan of evangelizing his part of the world. And still he goes about testifying and exhorting his people, saying, "Save yourselves."—*From Go Forward.*

MISTAKES

Fighting Their Friends

"For your lives!" cried the Portuguese captain of an African slave-ship to a band of naked negroes as he pointed to an English ship which had been in hot chase of him for some hours. "Fight for your lives!" he cried out, as he gave each man a weapon. And the deluded and terrified negroes did as they were told, and in so doing they wounded and killed their best friends, who had come to deliver them. So Jesus came to set the captives of sin free, but the Pharisees rose against Jesus, and the very men He loved and came to free, they hied on to kill Him.—*The Christian Herald.*

Life's Crooked Stitches

Betty, aged six, is something of a philosopher. The other day, as she slowly and painstakingly worked at the strip of hemming which was her first attempt at needlework, she thoughtfully remarked: "The best thing about not putting in crooked stitches is that you don't have to pick 'em out again." The truth seems obvious enough, and yet

how long it takes many of us to learn it, and how many many bitter hours we spend in picking out life's crooked stitches that we never should have put in!—*J. R. Miller.*

A Chinaman's Mistake

Mrs. Smith had a Chinese servant, and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card. The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards, the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card and remarked as he closed the door: "Tickets no good; you can't come in."—*Youth's Companion.*

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

A Farmer's Misunderstanding

This Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they are no gods, that are made with hands. . . . And when they heard this they were filled with wrath (Luke 4:28).

By the side of a certain portion of a suburban railway stands a glue factory which sometimes gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who was obliged to travel on this line quite often always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole car was filled with the horrible odour of the glue. The farmer put up with it as long as he could, then shouted: "Madam, would you mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?" So the silversmiths would have silenced Paul's preaching the gospel of salvation, and encouraged idol worship and eternal death.—*The Classmate.*

MOHAMMEDANISM

Losing or Finding Light

The Epworth Herald has presented a picture which is full of meaning. It shows pilgrims who at last, after years of hope and effort, have reached Mecca, and have gazed upon its holy places. Then, "lest the eyes which have seen the sacred city should profane that vision by looking on unhallowed scenes, the pilgrims kneel on white-hot bricks, the heat from which burns out all power of sight forever. Unto their latest day these blind pilgrims will bear testimony: 'The last thing I saw on earth was the holy city. Since then I have not seen.'" How much better is the Gospel! "See Mecca, and henceforth be blind," says the Moslem. "See Christ, and henceforth find larger and still larger vision," says the Christian. To the one the vision is the end of things; to the other, it is the beginning. The pilgrim sees Mecca, and straightway it is night; the sinner sees Christ, and lo! it is daybreak."—*W. J. Hart, D.D.*

A Live Christ or Dead Mahomet

A Smyrna native agent came across a Turk from some town in the interior who showed considerable acquaintance with the Christian Scriptures. He said he had long studied the Gospel, and had once nearly got into trouble through it. He was called before the authorities for reading Christian books, but before judgment was passed he begged to be allowed to ask a question. Permission being granted, he said, "I am traveling. I look around for some direction, and discover two men; one is dead, the other alive. Which of the two men am I to ask for advice—the dead or the living?" "Oh, the living, of course," all cried out. "Well," he added, "why require me to go to Mahomet, who is dead, instead of to Christ, who is alive?" "Go about your business," were the words with which he was dismissed.—*Expository Times.*

In Mohammed's Stronghold

A traveler in India tells of standing in the center of the Taj Mahal while the Mohammedan guide at his side shouted upward into the dome something about one God "and Mohammed his prophet." "As I listened," said the traveler, "I felt that I could not leave with that echoing around the globe, and gaining the reluctant consent of my guide to stand where he stood, I sang, 'Jesus highest over all.'"—*Record of Christian Work.*

MOTHERS

A Slave Through Love

One mother I redeemed from her fifth term of slavery. . . . Five times she had sold herself into slavery because her little boy who changed bondmasters was a slave. Each time she followed up her son, gladly enduring bondage under five slave-owners to be near her boy. This was time number five when I broke her chains! And all for maternal love. That lad grew up to be one of our earliest converts on Lake Mweru, many of his best natural

qualities coming from his slave-mother. Somebody was right, surely, when he said so eagerly: "I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers."—*Dan Crawford, in "Thinking Black."*

Deathless Love

In a sermon in Mansfield Chapel, Oxford, Dr. Selbie told this daring story: "There was a young Frenchman who loved a courtesan. This woman hated her lover's mother, and when in his passion he offered her any gift in return for her love, she answered, 'Bring me then your mother's bleeding heart.' And he, in his madness, killed his mother, and plucking out her heart, hurried by night through the streets, carrying it to the cruel woman to whom he had given his soul. But as he went he stumbled and fell, and from the bleeding heart came an anxious voice, 'My son, are you hurt?' Not even murder could kill that mother's love; it lived on in the torn heart. And this is the message of the cross."—*The United Methodist.*

A Needle's Point

Centuries ago idle men discussed the question, How many angels can stand on the point of a needle? A faithful pastor in Scotland, returning home one night, saw the mother of seven children, herself a widow, mending the clothes of her bairns. "I know now," he said to his wife as he came in out of the dark, "I know now how many angels can be supported on the point of a needle," and then he told what he had seen.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Mother's Love and God's

While President Wilson was Governor of New Jersey, he signed requisition papers for the return of Charles L. Brown from a New Jersey town to Baltimore to answer an indictment for deserting his family. For some months the mother worked to provide for herself and children. Then she had to go to Johns Hopkins Hospital to become the mother of another babe. During her illness her savings had dwindled to a few pennies. It was then that she sold, for twenty-five dollars, a quantity of her blood to the surgeons for transfusion to another woman. She stood the operation well, and her blood saved the life of the other patient. "I would sell more of my blood, and even sacrifice my life, if it would keep my children from suffering." A mother's love—who can measure it? It is nearer the love of the Christ than anything this side of heaven. The prophet uses the pathetic affection of a mother for her child as a type of God's love for His children: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—*The Christian Herald.*

A Latter Day Solomon

The wisdom of Solomon was reflected in Alderman Brown, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the other day, when he decided a chicken case. The defendant was in possession of a dozen little biddies which the plaintiff claimed. The defendant asserted that the mother of the biddies was dead. "She isn't so; she is in a coop at my house this instant," said the plaintiff. "Let the old hen be brought," commanded the court. She was produced. At the sight of her offspring she clucked delightedly, and all of the little chicks raced to get under her wings. After that, of course, there was only one decision that the court could render. — *Savannah Morning News.*

Defending His Mother

A true mother is like an angel of God in the whiteness and luster of her life. In the schoolroom of the little Prince of Germany, it is said this incident occurred: The teacher was saying that all people are sinners. The little Crown Prince wanted to know if this was true of people of royal rank, or only of the lowly. "Of all," said the teacher. "Well," said the little prince, speaking slowly and very positively, "my father may be a sinner, but I know my mother is not." God bless the true mothers, with their white lives.—*Dr. J. R. Miller's "The Gate Beautiful."*

Mothers Help God

A little boy who was told by his mother that it was God who makes people good, replied, "Yes, I know it is God, but mothers help a lot."—*The Christian Guardian.*

Knew His Mother's Touch

A mother, denied admittance to the bedside of her suffering boy, lest it should over-excite him, pleaded with the nurse to be allowed to take her place for just an hour, disguising herself as the nurse. But the first time she put her hand upon the boy's aching

brow, he said, "Nurse, that feels like my mother's hand." Motherly comfort could not be disguised, nor can the Christlike touch of sympathy.—*The Sunday Companion.*

MUSIC

Ole Bull and Ericsson

Ericsson, the scientist, believing there was no music in his nature, refused to go to hear his fellow countryman, Ole Bull, play upon his violin. Bull, hearing of it, beguiled Ericsson into listening to his playing. The latter sat entranced, as the great violinist played as he had never played before. When the music at last ceased, Ericsson sobbingly said: "Go on, Ole, go on; I never knew it was in me before." Dearly beloved, would you on this Easter Day rise to your fullest development? Then "lay hold of eternal life" in all its fullness and glory.—*Selected.*

NATURE

The Marvels of Nature

A picture that made a most attractive showing at a distance, when closely viewed, turned out to be mere daubs of paint. Distance lends enchantment to every work but God's. The more powerful the microscope, the more amazed we become at the genius of the Creator. What we have been regarding as insignificant rises into new glory with each enlargement. When the old Scotch shepherd first saw the heather of his native heath in the microscope, tears came to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "To think, how often I have crushed such glory under this big foot!" We should walk softly over God's green earth, we should walk thoughtfully under God's great canopy. In all our walks there is so much to wonder at, and to admire. If pity be akin to love, then admiration is the bosom friend of reverence, the very initial grace of the Christian religion. —*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

Seeing God in Nature

Spurgeon, in commenting on the text, "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create," says, "I have no sympathy with the good man who, when on the Rhine, dived into the cabin that he might not see the river and the mountains, lest he should be absorbed in them and forget his Saviour. I like to see my Saviour on the hills, and by the shores of the sea. I hear my Father's voice in the thunder, and listen to the whispers of His love in the cadence of the waves. These are my Father's works, and therefore I admire them and seem all the nearer to Him when I am among them. If I were a great artist, I should think it a small compliment if my son came into my house and said he would not notice the pictures I had painted, because he only wanted to think of me.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

NEGLECT

Now!

Upon John Ruskin's writing desk
A slab of chalcedony lay,
And on it, cut in careful script,
The word "Today."

Honoured of all, a wondrous man,
And held a prophet in his way,
He let "Tomorrow" bide its time,
And used "Today."

Upon the tablet of the will
How good to write the selfsame way,
Putting tomorrow's uses by,
The word "Today."

—*Author Unknown.*

The Cry "All's Well"

One beautiful Sabbath evening on the Oceanic, in mid-ocean, a large group of Welshmen out on the main deck sang the great old church hymns. Many of the twenty-three hundred souls on board crowded about to listen. They sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," in Welsh and repeated it in English. Just as they finished the line,

"Safe into the haven guide,"

the captain on the bridge tapped three bells (half-past nine). The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and then sent out over the decks and out over the waves the cry, thrilling when first heard, "All's well!" Far up in crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second lookout caught it up and sent it our farther yet into the ocean darkness, "All's well!" One on deck, thinking of eternal safety, said in a moment, "Wouldn't it be fine if every soul on this great liner could from the heart and for himself echo it yet again, and fling it up to the angels above, 'All's well!'"—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

To An Ambassador

Thomas Nelson Page, upon his return recently to Washington, told a

friend of mine this story. One day when he was in Rome he received a letter from his brother, who lives at the old home in Virginia. As the brother was writing, an old coloured servant who had been in the family for many years came into the room to sweep up the hearth. "Aunt Violet," said Mr. Page, "have you any message to send to Mister Tom?" The old woman paused for a moment in her task and said, "Yes, sah, tell Mistah Torm, det when he's ovah dere goin' roun' wid de kings and princes he mustn't ferget de King of kings and de Prince of peace." Upon the day Ambassador Page received this letter he had an audience with the King and Queen of Italy. He told them the message he had received from his old coloured mammy in Virginia, and they seemed deeply impressed.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Neglecting Salvation

Moody told the story of a man in Chicago who twice determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness, he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying: "Not yet; I have got a fresh lease on life. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." Moody asked him, "How dare you take the risk?" He said, "I will risk it; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul. I have made up my mind." The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for Mr. Moody and said, "He does not want to see you, but I cannot bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind. He says, 'My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a week.'" Moody tried to talk and pray with him, but it was useless; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. "Pray for my wife and children, but don't waste your time praying for me." His last words were, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—*The Sunday School Times.*

What She Might Have Been

The following is a bit of newspaper wisdom picked up somewhere: "I dreamed," said Molly, "that I was alone in the big room, and a man came up to me with a woman who looked like me but was much prettier. She had red cheeks, such as the doctor said I might have if I'd take my exercises. She was taller, or I guess she just looked taller because she stood so fine and straight. I began to talk to her. She had the sweetest voice and she knew everything. She'd read all the books that I've always meant to read, and she could play the piano wonderfully, as I might if I only hadn't stopped practising. And somehow I felt she never lost her temper as I do, and that everybody who knew her must love her. I don't know how I knew all these things, for I'm sure she didn't tell me. I just sort of felt them the way you do in dreams. Still I didn't know who she was, and she wouldn't tell me, so I asked the man, and he said, 'Why, haven't you found out yet? She's the girl you might have been.'" But "might have been" can become actual fact for us as we receive Christ fully. —*The Sunday School Times.*

Parable of a Lost Soul

Suppose a servant were sent to take care of a little girl when she went for a walk over the fields, but that when she returned she brought back only the child's clothes, saying to the mother: "Here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." This is a parable of those who neglect their souls' salvation—they may have saved their bodies, but their souls have been lost.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Accepting God's Word

When preaching a Christmas sermon the Rev. Daniel H. Martin, of Cynwyd, Pa., called attention to what the shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem said to each other after the angel had brought them a definite word from God about the birth that day, in the city of David, of "a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." Then it was that "the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us." "They did not say," said the preacher, 'Let us go and see *if* this thing is come to pass.' They said, 'Let us go and see this thing that *is* come to pass.' Before they had seen it they said it was come to pass! What a world of difference between the two ways of taking God's Word."—*From an editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

God's Message Undeliverable

God would like to send many a message that He cannot, for people will not receive it. Sin is the barrier, and sin

is a state of war against God. A few weeks after the outbreak of the European war, the Rev. Carey Bonner, British General Secretary of the World's Sunday School Association, wrote to a Sunday-school worker in Austria seeking information for *The Sunday School Times'* department of the World's Sunday-School News. Mr. Bonner's letter came back to him, the envelope stamped "Undeliverable." War was the reason. Has God ever spoken a message to us, and received from our rebellious hearts, whether we knew it or not, that answer "undeliverable"?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Hearing But Not Heeding

There was an old turnpike man in a quiet country road whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take a nap. One dark, wet midnight I knocked at his door, crying "Gate! Gate!" "Coming," said the voice of the old man. Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming." This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and, jumping off my horse, opened the door and demanded to know why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes, but never came. "Who's there?" said the old man in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I get so used to hearing 'em knock that I answer 'Comin'' in my sleep, and take no more notice about it." So it is with too many hearers of the gospel, who hear by habit, and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls alseep.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Longest Candle

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end, a very short one at the other. Between the long one and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls and the baby of a family who never heard of Christ until a missionary came,—whom he represented by a lighted candle,—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served Him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought that the tallest candle would be the grandfather, but he told them: "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member in the family." Presently one little boy said, "I know why; he has the chance to shine the longest for Jesus."—*The Children's Quarterly.*

"In a Minute"

If you asked Dora to do anything, she would reply, "In a minute." It was a bad habit she had. "Dora, go upstairs, and bring me down my comb." "Yes, mother, in a minute." "Dora, come to your dinner." "In a minute." One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird." "Yes, mother, in a minute," said Dora, "I just want to finish this line in my drawing." But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth. Down went the slate on the floor, and away went cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. "In a minute," Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand. Dora cried; mother was sad, but said, "A great many things may happen in a minute." Dora never forgot that lesson.—*Home Words.*

Neglected Too Long

The steamship Central America, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her and the captain of the rescue ship cried, "Let me take your passengers on board now." But it was night and the commander of the Central America feared to send his passengers away in the darkness, and, thinking they could keep afloat a while longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." About an hour and a half later her lights were missed. All on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time. "*Now* is the accepted time."—*The Revivalist.*

Getting Used to It

The longer you sit under the Gospel and continue in sin, the more easily you can hear it without alarm. I have seen, in Scotland, a dog, during the blacksmith's labour at the anvil, sleeping soundly with the shower of live sparks falling upon him.—*From Dr. Cumming, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Legend of the Wise Men

There is a Russian legend that when the three wise men came from the

East, they found in a little oasis of the desert a humble dwelling where there was an old woman busy with her household work. Wishing to confer a blessing upon her, they kindly offered to take her along in their search for the King whose star they saw in the distance. She replied that she was too busy just then, but would follow later when her work was finished. But when the work was done, the caravan had departed, and the guiding star had also disappeared. How many people today make the mistake of this woman! They put off their acceptance of Christ until some future time. Let all who hear the Master's call come with haste. —*Rev. A. F. Weaver.*

Answered the Call

One day during the Boer war, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, London, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us. Have we answered as readily?—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

No Room for Christ

A friend says to me, "I have not time or room in my life for Christianity! If it were not so full! You don't know how hard I work from morning till night. When have I time, where have I room for Christianity in such a life as mine?" It is as if the engine had said it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said it had no room for the tide. It is as if the man had said he had no room for his soul. It is as if the life had said it had no time to live, when it is life. It is not something added to life; it is life. A man is not living without it. And for a man to say, "I am so full in life that I have no room for life," you see immediately to what absurdity it reduces itself.—*Phillips Brooks, in "Flowers of Thought," by Cecilia M. Tibbits.*

Eleventh Hour Repentance

Often it is said of the penitent thief on the cross that one such case is recorded in the Scripture, that none may despair of repentance on a death-bed; and but one, that none may presume. It is like crossing Niagara over the rapids on a tight-rope. One Blondin out of forty millions may have done it, and reached the hither shore in safety; but would you or I risk it for that?—*Professor Phelps.*

Too Late to Insure

An old Scotch farmer had been approached again and again by the local representative of a fire insurance company to protect his farm against fire. "Na, na!" the old man would reply, with a wise shake of his head. "My fairm 'ull nae gang on fire!" Then one fateful day the unexpected happened. The neighbours were astonished to see the farmer racing up and down the village street instead of helping to put out the flames. As he ran he shouted: "Sandy! Sandy! Whaur's that insurance chap? It's awfu' that ye canna find a body when ye're needin' him!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Unexpected Visitor

Dr. L. A. Banks relates this incident: "An old minister, very eccentric and accustomed to impress spiritual lessons in unique and unexpected ways, one day entered the shop of a member of his church without knocking or ringing the bell, and inquired, before he had made any salutation, 'Did you expect me?' 'No,' was the astonished reply. 'What if I had been death?' he solemnly asked, then stepped out as abruptly as he came, and was gone before his parishioner could make answer. It made a tremendous impression on the man, and brought to his mind with a new emphasis, such as he had never realized before, the Saviour's words: 'Be ye also ready: for in an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Another Insurance Story

A railway passenger was sitting enjoying himself, when the agent of an insurance company came to him and wished to sell him a policy. He spurned the man away, feeling comfortable, and fearing no danger. Soon after, however, by a broken rail, a part of the train gave away, and the carriages were rushing on to destruction. At that instant the passenger started

up, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Where's that insurance chap?" It was too late; the time was past for issuing policies when the destruction had come.—*The Christian Herald.*

A Legend of the Passover

A story comes to us from those past ages. The first-born in a Jewish family was sick, and anxiously inquired, "Father, is the lamb slain? Is the blood on the side-posts and the lintel?" "Certainly, my child. All has been done according to the word of Jehovah." "But, father, the blood—are you sure the blood is there? I pray you go see." The work had been left to servants, and the father found no blood on the door-posts. He hastened to obey Jehovah's command, and the first-born was saved as well as the whole family. Many parents are not impressing on their children the fact that *only through the blood of the Lamb of God can they be saved.* While they are busy here and there, leaving this most important teaching to others, it is often neglected.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Fresh Flowers, or Faded?

A Christian woman was employed in a home where a loved mother lay ill. Her daughter, a girl of fifteen, had never given her heart to Christ, fearing that by so doing she might lose some of her youthful pleasures, and saying that when she grew older she would give herself to him. One day she came into the house bringing a bouquet of beautiful fresh carnations for her mother. The nurse commented upon their loveliness, and then said: "We will not take them up to mother now—they are too fresh and beautiful; we will wait a few days." The young girl was surprised, almost indignant, and sought an explanation. Said the nurse: "Is not this what you are doing to your loving heavenly Father? Are you not by your conduct reserving for yourself the beauty and freshness of your young life, and waiting to offer Him the faded blossoms from which all the lovely beauty and freshness have departed?" The girl felt the force of the illustration, and yielded her young life to the Master's service. —*Hugh T. Kerr.*

The Fatal Red Mark

Dr. Maclaren, preaching at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, during the Mission, on the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and its answer, said: "In the days of the old French Revolution, the aristocrats who were in the prisons, and were under sentence of death, used to get up entertainments in the evenings, where they had a ghastly mockery of feasting and merriment, and did the polite to one another, and sang their little songs, and danced their dances. And the next morning the executioner's men would come down the corridors, and put the red mark on certain doors—which meant that the occupants were marked for speedy death—on the doors of some of those that had been so merry and gay the night before, and by midday the officers came, and the guillotine ended it all. Are there not many who are trying to put away from them my poor words concerning the necessity of salvation, by thinking about other things, who are thereby doing as foolishly as those poor French nobles within arm's length of death?"—*(British) Christian Herald.*

Counting the Cost

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said: "I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me. I do wish that you would enlist in His army." "I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things; in fact, I am counting the cost." An officer passing at that moment heard the remark, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker he said: "Young friend, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ; but have you ever counted the cost of not following Him?" For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought it at the feet of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been for twenty-seven years.—*The Christian Witness.*

Left Penniless

A young girl made her home in a family of wealth and influence. She enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house and was looked on as such. She was often asked whether she was adopted, but she would reply that she had never been quite willing to break off her family connections. But by and by her benefactor died suddenly, without a will, and she found that she was a penniless orphan. She had no claim to an inheritance. So with the man who enjoys the privileges of the gospel,

but does not accept Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Getting Acquainted with God

When Mark Twain was in Berlin he received an invitation asking him to call upon the Kaiser. "Why, papa," exclaimed his little daughter, after contemplating the missive for a moment in speechless awe, "if it keeps on this way there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God." An amusing remark; but in saddest seriousness how many there are who have a wide circle of acquaintance and yet have never come to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal.—*From the "Autobiography of Mark Twain."*

Won by Not Delaying

If Jehovah be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him (1 Kings 18:21).

The answer of Alexander the Great to one who asked him how he was ever victorious was, "Simply by not delaying." How many forget this in regard to spiritual things,—ever putting off,—intending to come to God, but at a more convenient season,—almost Christians, but not so altogether.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Neglecting the Main Feature

William Hunt, the artist, was out one day with his pupils, sketching. One of the young men was engaged in sketching a landscape bathed in the glory of the setting sun. In the foreground stood a large barn. Mr. Hunt watched the young men quietly for a while, and then said to him most impressively: "If you spend so much time in painting the shingles on that barn, you will never have time to paint that sunset. You will have to choose between the two."—*The Sunday Circle.*

The Rabbi's Advice

"There was an old rabbi," continued Dr. Maclaren, "who said to his disciples, 'A man should repent the day before he dies.' The disciples answered him, 'But we do not know when we are going to die.' 'Then,' said he, 'repent today.' There are smiling little villages all around the base of Vesuvius, the volcanic mountain in Italy, and the people rejoice and sing there; and they tend their little vineyards, and seem never to remember that the white wreaths of smoke from the cone at the top may any day darken, and the lava flood come down the sides and bury them. Let me put you a plain question, If you knew that tomorrow you were to stand before God's judgment-seat, what would you do tonight? Then do it. 'Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts,' but 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"—*(British) Christian Herald.*

Michael Flies Slowly

According to the proverb of the Jews, "Michael flies with but one wing, and Gabriel with two"; God is quick in sending angels of peace, and they fly apace; but the messengers of wrath come slowly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Do It Now

It was on the street. A man recovering from a debauch was moaning to himself, "I must quit! I must reform! I must stop!" "Doan say dat, Boss," put in a negro. "Dat's no good. Say, I am quit. I is reformed. I'se done gone stopped. Do it now, Boss, and den you won't forget it."—*Rev. C. H. Kilmer.*

Did Not Hear the Sermon

Once a minister was talking with a dying man and was amazed to see how little he understood of spiritual things. "How can it be," he asked, "that you know so little of the Gospel after all these years of listening to sermons?" "Nay, nay, sir," the sick man replied, "I have never heard you preach. As soon as you began I used to go over the business of the past week and plan the business of the next week. I settled difficult problems and I planned always to get rich, but I never heard a sermon." He was a trafficker in the temple.—*The Christian Herald.*

A Life-Boat House

On the coast of Wales is a small village. It is a most dangerous part of the coast. Many lives have been sacrificed there. The villagers conceived the idea of a life-boat. First of all, the life-boat house was built, but by the time that was completed the funds ran out, and the life-boat was never secured. There the house stands—well built, painted, finished, but there is no life-boat. How true that is of many a young fellow! He has glorious visions, splendid ideas and good intentions, but there is no grand outreaching purpose,

no forthcoming energy, and never a bit of life-boat work is he doing in the angry seas of time.—*The United Methodist.*

Trying to Serve Two

It is said of Redwald, King of the East Saxons, that he had in the same church one altar for the Christian religion and another altar for the service of the devil; and of Rufus that he painted God on one side of his shield, the devil on the other side, with this inscription: "I am ready for either." This is the attitude and temper of thousands today. They have just enough religion to rob them of the pleasures of the world and make them miserable. They sail their life-boat along the coast of the world, encountering its storms and risking destruction on its rocks, instead of sailing out heroically and joyfully on the boundless ocean of God's unspeakable love.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Heard Little of the Sermon

A dying man sent for his pastor. "Teach me the gospel," he begged, "that I may be saved." The minister replied in amazement, "Have you not always been at church, keeping your eyes on me while I spoke? And have I not many times preached the gospel of salvation to you very plainly?" "Yes," he replied, "but I was always building steam engines while you were talking, and I heard little that you said."—*Rev. C. B. Mitchell, in The Expositor.*

Thought Only of Whales

The captain of a whaler went ashore one Sunday, and went into a little chapel. After the service the minister spoke to him, and found that no impression had been made on the man's mind. "The fact is, sir," said the captain, "all the while you were preaching I was thinking about where I should be likely to find a whale. There is no room in my heart for anything but whales." If all were equally honest, they would confess that the real reason that the services of the sanctuary did them no good was that their hearts were too full of business to listen.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

World-Hardened

People are sometimes called "Gospel-hardened," but this is a great mistake. They are world-hardened. A lady confessed to me once that, during the sermon, though she heard the words of it, she had been planning for a dinner party that she was to give during the week. I knew of a man who acknowledged that during the sermon he had been mentally making note of the men whom he noticed in the congregation, and arranged in his own mind how and when he would see them in order to induce them to take out policies in a great life insurance company, of which he had recently been made a local agent. Thus do men harden their hearts and become wayside hearers.—*G. F. Pentecost.*

Did Not Neglect His Wife

A man went into a flower shop the other day and selected a few flowers, saying, "They are my wife's favourites." The young lady expressed sympathy at the illness of his wife: "Ill!" he exclaimed, "My wife is as well as you are, thank you." The assistant apologized, saying, "I beg your pardon for my mistake, but, to tell you the truth, husbands don't usually buy flowers for their wives unless the wives are ill or dead!" It is poor, foolish thoughtlessness which leaves the expression of love until the loved one is ill or dead."—*Sunday at Home.*

After the Season is Over

It is said if you take one of a migratory flock of birds out of the line which the God-given instinct has formed and is guiding to its distant home, and cage it behind iron bars, it will beat its wings against the cage in its frantic efforts to rise and go on its journey. But let the season pass in which birds migrate, then open the cage; your bird will not go now. You may take it in your hand and toss it high into the air; it will be of no use; the instinct for motion has passed; the bird returns heavily to the same spot. So decisions for Christ may be delayed until there is no desire to be His.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

A Week's Delay

D. L. Moody once preached in Chicago on "What then shall I do with Jesus?" He closed by saying: "I wish you would take this text home with you and turn it over in your minds during the week, and next Sunday decide what to do with Jesus." That night the great fire broke out, and many who were in that audience perished. Mr. Moody never again advised a delay in decision! We are not to

consult our convenience, but God's call. "Now is the accepted time. Today is the day of salvation."—*The Central Advocate.*

The Work Was Lost

There was once a horse that ran away in the morning and did not return till the evening. When the master upbraided him the horse replied, "But here am I returned safe and sound. You have your horse." "True," answered the master, "but my field is unplowed." If a man turns to God in old age, God has the man, but He has been defrauded of the man's work. And the man himself has been defrauded worst of all.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Obeyed the Call at Once

The following story is told of a little black boy in East Africa. The teacher in the mission had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus; and the little boy said the same. "Have you felt for some time that God has been calling you?" asked the teacher. "Oh, no! It is only today; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer. How many of us "listened right off"?—*World Wide Missions.*

Time to Fire

Mr. Moody, in his classroom, often asked the students for new ideas. One day a particularly clever plan was suggested by one of the men with reference to Sunday-school work. "What do you think about this?" he asked the superintendent of the Moody Church Sunday-school, who was present. "We've been aiming to do it for about two years," replied the superintendent. "Don't you think it's about time you fired?" quickly laughed Mr. Moody.—*Charles Stelzle, in The Continent.*

The Penitent Thief Excuse

Mr. Moody used to say that he had a great many people who used the penitent thief as an excuse for not deciding for Christ. "I was urging a man to repent, and he put me off by saying, 'You know the penitent thief got into paradise just at his death.' 'Yes,' I said, 'and probably he accepted the first invitation he had ever received. Can you say that?'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Eleventh Hour

"Belated soul! grieving to think life's day
Hath been misspent—lo! one redeeming hour.
Rise to thy Master's work. Away! away!
Draw from His blessed parable thy power.

"Many scoff at thee, and may complain
That with day-workers thou shouldst hold thy place.
Little they know this Calvary of pain,
Through which late souls accept the Master's grace.

"Oh that my feet had hasted with the morn
To enter at the pleasant vineyard gate!
My idle day can never be re-born,
Nor can I cease to mourn that I am late.' . . .

"O tardy soul of the eleventh hour!
Hark not to voices that would hinder thee.
Sin, doubt, despair, and man may make thee cower,
But rise and work,—one hour thy day may be!

"Yea, thy eleventh hour may more fulfil
Than the whole day of many that have wrought.
Haste! one immortal hour is left thee still,
That one hour's work the Husbandman hath sought."

—*Charlotte Fiske Bates, in The Sunday School Times.*

The Danger of Derelicts

On a recent passage, while facing a terrific storm, I entered into conversation with a man who knew the seas, and who was master of the ship. I said to him, "Do you fear the storm?" "Not in the least," he said, "for by good seamanship we are able to weather almost every storm that has swept across the mighty deep." Then said I, "Do you fear the fog?" "Not to any extent, because different vessels have a definite track along which ordinarily they sail, and we know just about when and where to expect other vessels on the highway of the seas." "What, then," I said to him, "do you

fear the most?" He said, "We are most afraid of derelicts. A derelict is a dismantled, unmanned ship. It is a ship sailing to no harbour, a ship without a compass, without a crew, and without a captain." As he spoke it occurred to me that there are a vast number of derelicts today all about us in life—men who have no captain on their vessel, who have set out for no harbour, but drift idly with the tide, a menace to all others who would lead the best of lives, of no use to themselves, and incapable of serving others. It is a thought of great cheer, however, that there is One who waits to board every drifting vessel to make useful that which has been useless, and that One is Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., in Revival Times.*

Doing Nothing

A certain evangelist is using a card on one side of which is the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and following it are the Scriptures which point out the way of salvation. On the other side of the card is the question, "What must I do to be lost?" and the answer follows, "Nothing." The reply is simple, but wonderfully impressive. Many think that in order to be lost they must run the long gamut of vices and be aggressively bad. Not so.—*The Epworth Herald.*

A Jewish Parable

A Jewish parable says, that a king invited his servants to a festival. Some of these prepared and adorned themselves, and waited at the door till he should pass in; others said there would be time enough for this, as the feast would be a long time in preparing, and so went about their ordinary business. The latter, when the king demanded suddenly the presence of his guests, had no time to change their apparel; but were obliged to appear before him in sordid garments as they were. He was displeased, and would not allow them to taste of his banquet, but made them stand by while the others feasted. —*Rev. Elon Foster, D.D.*

Easier to Preach to Cannibals

A minister once preached to a wealthy congregation, who listened with indifference. They simply ignored the message and missed the blessing. Speaking afterwards to a friend, the minister said: "Do you see that scar on my forehead? I got that on a cannibal island. I was trying to preach to a set of the wildest savages I have ever met, and one of them aimed a stone and cut open my head. Yet it was easier work than preaching to these indifferent people. Ultimately the natives were converted, but for these apathetic people there seems little hope."—*The Sunday Circle.*

Must Act or Become Hardened

Do something. Jesus never failed to put His feelings into action. Professor James, the author of the much-used "James' Psychology," calls attention to this thought: "When you have been stirred by oratory, or by music or picture or example, act upon it, or you are worse off than as though you had never been stirred. Do *something,* if it is only to give a drink to a child or a chair to your old grandmother."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Blinded By Lack of Use

Mr. Drummond, in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," has a chapter on Degeneration, which to me is far more awful than Dante's vision of hell. He takes the little crustacea in the mammoth caves of Kentucky, and he finds that these animals are apparently endowed with perfect eyes. He asks, "What do they with these eyes in these Stygian waters where reigns an everlasting night? A swift incision with the scalpel, a glance with a lens, reveals the fact that, while the front of the eye is perfect, the optic nerve is a shrunken, insensate thread. They have eyes, but they see not. They have chosen to abide in darkness, and have become fitted for it."—*Howard Evans.*

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

New Year Wishes

"O year that is going, take with you
Impatience and wilfulness—pride;
The sharp word that slips
From those too hasty lips,
I would cast, with the old year, aside.

"O year that is coming, bring with you
Some virtue of which I have need;
More patience to bear,
And more kindness to share,
And more love that is true love indeed."

—*Laura F. Armitage, in Young People.*

OBEDIENCE

Would Obey God

A negro preacher once said, "Bredren, whateber de good God tell me to do, dat I'm gwine to do. If I see dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it belongs to God; jumpin' *at* it 'longs to me." —*From "Thoughts From My Bible," by D. L. Moody.*

Our Business is to Obey

And Moses answered and said, But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice; for they will say, Jehovah hath not appeared unto thee. (Exo. 4:1).

We are not told to be successful, but to be obedient. It is the work of the Spirit to make men believe; we must deliver the message.—*From "Notes From My Bible," by D. L. Moody.*

Obedience and Health

Years ago a famous children's specialist said to me: "When it comes to a serious illness, the child who has been taught to obey stands four times the chance for recovery that the spoiled and undisciplined child does." Those words made a lasting impression upon me. Up to that time I had been taught that one of the ten commandments was for children to obey their parents. Never had it entered my mind that a question of obedience might mean the saving or losing of a child's life.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

The Necessity of Obedience

Once when Charles M. Sheldon was unexpectedly called to preach to the inmates of an insane asylum, he asked the superintendent what subject he should take. "Preach on the great need of obedience," he replied. He did so, and at the close of the meeting he asked the superintendent, "How much of my sermon do you suppose was understood?" "They understood nearly all of it," was the answer. "Besides, you see there were more than fifty of us, counting doctors and attendants, who are sane, and I don't know but we need the doctrine of obedience preached to us just as much as other people. I know that disobedience to God's laws have brought most of these people into this asylum, and the rest of us are in danger of the same end if we do not learn to obey the commands of God."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Duty or Mutiny?

At the Christian Endeavour Convention at Atlantic City last summer, Dr. S. P. Capen said, in an address: "An old sailor said to a young apprentice, 'Aboard a man-o'-war, my lad, there's only two things: one's duty; t'other's mutiny.'" Is it different in the Christian life?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Love Made Duty Easy

It was Grace's first experience at a boarding-school. A copy of the rules was handed to her as she entered. She read them with frowning brow and sinking heart. Keep those rules? She never could, and she never would. It was intolerable! At supper Grace was introduced to the Principal. What a lovely woman! How winning her smile! The next day Grace's admiration increased. Soon the girl became one of her most devoted adherents. Where were now the irksome rules? Her one desire was to please the Principal. *Love* made easy the fulfilling of the commands.—*The Christian Age.*

Obeying Instructions

A carpenter, when a companion questioned the correctness of some work he was doing upon a building, pulled out a note-book and looked at it. "I am obeying instructions," he said. "I'm not the contractor, and I'm going by the book." But a little later, when he was ridiculing his friend for the latter's refusal to undertake certain work on the Sabbath, he was surprised to receive his own reply: "I am going by the Book. Some one else is responsible for the final outcome; all I have to do is to obey instructions. If that is the safest way to do when you are building a house, it is the safest way to do when you are building a life."—*Forward.*

Obedience and Fellowship

Travelers among the Alps tell us that they come to have a peculiar feeling, unlike any other, for their Alpine guide, —not a feeling of companionship, fellowship, or friendship alone, but a combination of all three. This feeling, they say, is produced by their obedience to the guide's commands, and the men who have guided them through the Alps always seem to them different from other men. Our Guide once said, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love,"—that is, in Him. Simple obedience, then, will produce in

us a feeling of confidence in Jesus Christ that all the religious zeal and fervour in the world could not produce without obedience. Obedience is the key that unlocks the door into the dwelling of the indwelling Christ.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Had Moses Failed to Go

"Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For him no leadership to win;
No pillared fire; no magic rod;
No wonders in the land of Zin;
No smiting of the sea; no tears
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep;
No Nebo with a God to keep
His burial; only forty years
Of desert, watching with his sheep."

—*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

Failed to Obey Orders

A business in South America ordered a lot of goods from a manufacturer in New York. They gave particular and explicit directions how they must be packed. But that New York manufacturer's folks knew how to pack goods—they did. Didn't require any instructions from South America. So the goods were sent splendidly packed in the New York style, safe enough to go to the moon. Some weeks later that New York manufacturer got a letter advising that because he had failed to pack as directed, all the goods had been destroyed, and he must bear the loss. It seems the goods had to be sent many miles over almost inaccessible mountains on the backs of mules. These mules sometimes lose their footing and roll down the mountain. The goods have to be packed for this contingency. This the manufacturer had neglected to do. The goods were lost. His packing department was entirely too smart! God knows the rough and dangerous paths of life. He knows how you should be packed. Do as He tells you, and save the loss.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Responsibility Defined

A beautiful interpretation of the word "responsibility" was given at Northfield: "Response-ability, man's response to God's ability."—*The Sunday School Times.*

OBSCENITY

Rebuked by General Grant

Blessed are the pure in heart
(Matt. 5:8).

In one of the Virginia campaigns General Grant and his staff were gathered one evening in a country farmhouse, the officers about the fire and Grant a little removed with his chin on his breast, sitting in silence. The officers were telling stories. Presently one of them said, "I have a very good story to tell," and then, to indicate what was coming, he added, "I think there are no ladies here." There was an expectant ripple of laughter, in the midst of which General Grant looked up and quietly remarked, "No, but there are gentlemen here." The story was not told. Do we need argument to show us that gentlemen must be of clean hearts?—*From "The Marks of a Man," by Robert E. Speer.*

OPTIMISM

Looking on the Bright Side

One cold morning in February we stood looking out upon a world encased in an icy armour which sparkled with unrivaled beauty in the sunshine. "Beautiful?" said one. "Yes, it *is* very beautiful, but it will all be gone before noon." The little restless maiden, quiet for once as she looked upon the glory, looked up and brightly said: "Never mind. There'll be something else beautiful tomorrow." In that childish speech lies one of the deep secrets of a happy life.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

OVERCOMING

Sophie Wright's Victories

If ever anybody was justified in saying that, it would have been a girl cradled in poverty, crippled so that she must be strapped to a chair till nine years old, compelled to wear a steel harness and use crutches the rest of her life, and never free from pain. But at nine she went to school; at fourteen she hung out a sign: "Day-school for Girls. Fifty Cents a Month." To keep in advance of the twenty pupils she gathered, she attended an afternoon school, paying for her instruction by giving elementary lessons to beginners. When she was eighteen, a stranded acrobat asked her to help him prepare for a civil service examination, but had no money to pay her. Although already teaching in two

schools and studying in another, she gave him her evenings. Others came with him, and soon she had the first free evening school in her city. Before she completed her service she had also seen the need of an institution to care for crippled children, and had raised the money to house it. Had she been made of the same stuff as the ten spies, Sophie Wright, of New Orleans, would have died unknown and unwept. —*The Youth's Companion.*

The Ichneumon's Supply

Naturalists tell of a small animal called the ichneumon, which is not over two or three inches in size, but can defeat and destroy a venomous snake that is over a yard in length, and many times larger than itself. But it is noticeable that the ichneumon never fights over two or three feet away from a plant whose leaves contain the antidote for the snake bite. When the reptile plants its poisonous fangs in the little creature, at once it drags itself to the bush, chews a leaf, is instantly restored, and returns refreshed and renewed to the conflict. After a little the ichneumon is bitten again, and feeling death creeping along the veins, flies at once to the shrub, takes another mouthful of the restoring leaf and returns with a new lease of strength and life to the battle. It is just a question of time. The snake grows weaker and weaker, while the ichneumon is continually renewed. So after a while the larger animal goes down in the remarkable contest, while the little ichneumon, flushed, triumphant, and jubilant, waves its right paw in the air. No matter how strong the enemy may be, if we keep close to Christ Jesus and feed on Him, we are sure to be victorious.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Jesus and I

"I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that we two
Shall win in the end—
Jesus and I.

"Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky;
Today so eager and brave,
Tomorrow not caring to try;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—
Jesus and I."

—*Quoted by Dr. Horton in the Christian W. Pulpit.*

Victory Through Christ

A poor old negro was once a hopeless drunkard, and he tried again and again to get free, and others tried to help him, but he could not get rid of his drunkenness until he was converted. When he was converted there was a wonderful change; and some one said, "So you have got the mastery of the devil at last?" "No," he said, "but I have got the Master of the devil."—*W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., in "Victory in Christ at Princeton Conference, 1916."*

Victor or Prisoner?

There is a story of a soldier who shouted to his comrades through the darkness that he had caught a prisoner. His officer shouted back to him, "Bring him in." And the soldier replied, "But he won't come." "Then come yourself." And the answer was, "He won't let me." There are many men who call themselves victors who are prisoners to various forms of evil. Paul, though a prisoner of Jesus, was gloriously free and victorious in Christ's glad service.—*From "Sermons That Have Won Souls," by Dr. L. A. Banks.*

PARENTS

Parental Example

There is a story told of a father who took his little boy one morning into the city, where he transacted his business. When noon came he took his boy into a restaurant where he often had lunch. The waiter, on receiving the order, and knowing that it was the father's custom to have a bottle of wine, asked the boy what he would have to drink. The boy replied: "I'll take what father takes." The father, realizing the serious situation, quietly beckoned the waiter and countermanded the order. During the afternoon when he went to his office the words of his boy—*"I'll take what father takes"*—were constantly ringing in his ears. He went home in the evening rather troubled; and, after having dinner, retired to his study, but he could do no work, for he could not forget the words of his boy—*"I'll take what father takes"*—and, feeling that he could bear it no longer, he determined to settle the matter. He knelt down and prayed to God for guidance, and from that night he resolved that he would never touch the drink again, or anything else which might be a

source of danger to others.—*Rev. J. A. Sharp.*

Influence of the Home

Earth's trinity—father, mother, child, —is bound up in the unity of the home. Is it well with the home? *The Outlook* is responsible for this statement: One who has had a wide experience in working for boys and young men in reformatories and penitentiaries recently made the statement publicly that he had yet to find the inmate of a penal institution who had had in his childhood a happy home. Out of 268 boys committed to the Lyman School for boys at Westboro, Massachusetts, during the year 1908, 101 had lost both parents. The report of the reform school population of the United States gives seventy-five percent orphans or semi-orphans. Evidently nothing can take the place of the normal home in which both parents are living.—*Rev. Robert B. McCain.*

PATIENCE

Slowness Not Discouraging

We all need to remember that we cannot give truth to another as we would unload furniture into an empty house. We should not be discouraged if the principles we fight for gain slow headway. An editorial writer in *The British Weekly* says that "Faraday once proved by experiment that gold was among the slowest of metals to sink; a precipitate of gold, he showed, might take months to fall to the bottom of a glass five inches high." The truth that we long to see sink deep into others' lives will not do this hurriedly; but if they are of God they must triumph. Let us scatter our gold with a free hand, for the supply is abundant.—*Selected.*

The Old Scotchman's Patience

"Be patient," said a Scotchman reprovingly, to his little son. "What is it to 'be patient,' father?" inquired the child. "Bide a wee, and dinna weary," replied the father, with a loving pressure on his shoulder. How often God's restless children do not wait, and how often they do weary in waiting!—*From "Small Helps for Today."*

Moses' Two Schools

And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand (Exo. 2: 21).

Moses went to two schools,—Pharaoh's court and the back side of the desert. Just out of the first school, "Moses looked this way and that," and killed a man. After graduation from the second school, Moses "endured, as seeing him who is invisible." One who has noted this adds that Moses had at last learned the difference between horizontal and perpendicular vision. Have we entered into our privileges of heaven-high thinking and God's-way doing?—*The Sunday School Times.*

PATRIOTISM

How "America" Was Written

In these days of renewed patriotic emotions our national hymn and kindred songs have come in for far closer attention than they had been receiving in years of peace. As a result of this, anything concerning them takes on an added interest, and, therefore, the letter printed below, from the Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the words of "America," which, if not the national hymn of the United States, is a close second to it, has a peculiar timeliness. The letter was written to Mr. J. H. Johnston, of Brooklyn, who had asked the Rev. Mr. Smith the circumstances connected with the writing of the now famous hymn.

"Newton Center, Mass.,
June 5, 1887.

"Mr. J. H. Johnston:

"Dear Sir: The hymn 'America' was not written with reference to any special occasion. A friend (Mr. Lowell Mason) put into my hands a quantity of music books in the German language early in the year 1832—because, as he said, I could read them and he couldn't —with the request that I would translate any of the hymns and songs which struck my fancy, or, neglecting the German words, write hymns or songs of my own adapted to the tunes, so that he could use the music. On a dismal day in February, turning over the leaves of one of these music books, I fell in with the tune, which pleased me —and observing at a glance that the words were patriotic, without attempting to imitate them, or even to read them throughout, I was moved at once to write a song adapted to the music— and 'America' is the result. I had no thought of writing a national hymn, and was surprised when it came to be widely used. I gave it to Mr. Mason soon after it was written, and have since learned that he greatly admired it. It was first used publicly at a Sabbath school celebration of independence in Park Street Church, Boston, on the

4th of July, 1832.—S. F. Smith."—*Selected.*

PEACE

Peace Willed to You

The late D. L. Moody, in speaking of the familiar passage, "My peace I leave with you," said, "Did you ever think that, when Christ was dying, He made a will? Perhaps you have thought that no one ever remembered you in a will, but if you are in the Kingdom, Christ remembered you in His. He willed His body to Joseph of Arimathea, His mother to John the son of Zebedee, and He willed His Spirit back to His father. But to His disciples He left His peace (not ours, but His) and His joy. They say a man can't make a will now that lawyers can't break, and drive a four-in-hand right through it, but I challenge them to break Christ's will. No judge or jury can set that aside."—*The Christian Herald.*

No Peace to the Wicked

There are certain birds seen at Constantinople which are said to be always on the wing. No one ever saw them rest, but they are forever poised in mid-air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none. How like the men who have no Gospel to rest upon, but who change their creed from week to week, listening to every voice but the voice of God.—*The Sunday Circle.*

PERSECUTION

Comforted in Tribulations

Mr. E. J. Cooper, whose wife was a martyr of the Boxer persecution, in a letter to his mother, writes, "You will have learned by cable that dear Maggie has fallen asleep in Jesus. I may as well tell you the worst first. She died at Ying-shan, about 100 miles from Hankow, on August 6, after a month's pain and suffering for Christ.

"Billow after billow has gone over me. Home gone, not one memento of dear Maggie even, penniless, wife and child gone to glory, Edith lying very sick with diarrhœa, and your son weak and exhausted to a degree, though otherwise well. I have been at the point of death more than once on the road. In one village, after a heavy stoning with brickbats, they put ropes under me and dragged me along the ground, that I might not die in the village itself. And now you know the worst, mother, I want to tell you that the cross of Christ, that exceeding glory of the Father's love, has brought continual comfort to my heart, so that not one murmur has broken the peace within."—*From "A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China," by the Rev. A. E. Glover, M.A.*

Rejoicing in Persecutions

A converted Hindoo was persecuted bitterly for accepting Christ. His relatives, particularly, seemed filled with deadly hate against him for forsaking the religion of his ancestors, and did what they could to force him to deny Christ. Some sympathetic friends asked him how it was possible for him to bear so much trouble; but he replied, "Ask me rather how it is possible for me to bear all the joy that I have in the service and fellowship of Christ."—*The Expositor.*

Wesleys and Whitefield Persecuted

Six men were turned out of Oxford for praying. Among them were the two Wesleys and Whitefield.—*From "Notes From My Bible," by D. L. Moody.*

Could Not Shoot at Bairns

In the time of the Covenanters a group of children was ordered to be shot. A little girl of eight looked up into the face of one of the soldiers, and said: "Sodger man, will ye let me take my wee brither by the hand and die that way?" "Bonny Whigs ye are," cried Westerha, "to die without a prayer." "If it please ye, sir," said the little girl, "me and Alec canna pray, but we can sing 'The Lord's my shepherd.' My mother learned it us afore she gaed awa." Then all the bairns stood up, and from their lips rose the quavering strains, "The Lord's my shepherd; I'll not want." As they sang, trooper after trooper turned away. Man after man fell out, and the tears rained down their cheeks. At last even Westerha turned and rode away, for the victory was to the bairns through the singing of the Twenty-third Psalm."—*The Christian Union Herald.*

Could Stand Their Abuse

One of the best instances of sublime control is told by Harold Begbie in "Twice Born Men," of the character "Old Born Drunk." Several months after his conversion he entered a saloon in order to sell papers. Some of

his old associates saw him and thought they would have some sport. One of them called for a pot of beer and bade him drink. The old man shook his head. They offered him money, thousands, but still he refused. Then came the insult, "If you won't take it on the inside, then have it on the outside," and with that the mocking workman flung the whole pot of beer into the old man's face. But he stood there, unretaliating, in imitation of his Master; and the rough men at the bar were so moved at his sweetness of spirit that they took up a subscription for him and he left the place a hero.—*Adapted from "Twice Born Men,' by Harold Begbie.*

At the Battle's Front

There is an old saying that tradition has handed down to us, that Jesus Christ one day turned to His disciples, and said, "The nearer you are to me, the nearer you are to the fire." It is true, for nearness to Jesus ever means nearness to the fire of persecution, temptation, and difficulty. You may depend upon it that Jesus Christ is not in the rear of the battle, but in the very thick of it. If you want to live near to Him, you will be very near the fire of the enemy. The world ever hates the earnest Christian, the Christ-like man.—*Rev. W. Justin Evans, in the Free Churchman.*

Slighting the Methodists

During the days of persecution in Korea, when the leading Christians were being bundled off to Japanese jails, those not arrested felt that they were *ipso facto* lacking in their Christianity. A Methodist pastor went to a missionary with the complaint: "Maksa, there must be something wrong in our Methodist Church. I fear we are lacking in faith. There are thirty-seven Presbyterians in jail and only one Methodist. I fear the Lord does not count us worthy to suffer persecution."—*The Continent.*

A Brave Japanese Christian

I recall a humble hero, unknown to fame, who had all the stuff that martyrs are made of. The headman of his village, often elected to the local assembly of his prefecture, and a man of influence in his locality; subjected at one time to petty persecution on account of his faith, and once openly attacked with violence, his name was placarded on the fences and walks and telegraph poles of the whole countryside as "traitor," because he had abandoned his ancestral faith. "Tsuchida, the Christian traitor," was the formula. Asking him one day how such advertising affected him, he replied, with tears in his eyes, that he never saw his own name thus coupled with that of his Lord, but he felt himself most unworthy of the honour; but if his neighbours had seen anything in him to suggest that those names should go together, he could only rejoice, and thank God he had been permitted to bear the testimony.—*From "The Last Call for Japan," by Horatio B. Newell, D.D.*

Sufferings of a Jewish Christian

I heard Mr. Nathan, a converted Jew, in the St. Louis Y. M. C. A., tell his experience. He said that when he found Christ and hurried home to tell his father the latter was horrified and said: "Get out of my house, and never darken that door again until you retract those words." He then wrote to his mother, telling her of the joy that had come to his heart, and he received this reply: "You are no longer a son of mine. I have cast you out of my heart with a curse." He met his sister on the street, and she turned her face from him. His brother reported him dead. Then, said Nathan: "I prayed and said, 'O my Father! I'll have to give it all up. Father has driven me from his house, mother has cast me out of her heart, sister turns her face from me, and brother reports me dead.' Then this promise flashed through my mind, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up,' and I clung to that promise for dear life, until I saw my father, mother and sister converted to my Saviour, and expect yet to see my brother a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus." Compare Mr. Nathan's experience with our Lord's promise in Mark 10:29, 30.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Giving Up a Throne

U. Bor. Sing, heir of the rajah of Cherry, India, was converted by the Welsh missionaries. He was warned that in joining the Christians he would forfeit his right to the throne of Cherry after the then ruling Prince. After the death of Rham Sing, the chiefs of the tribes met and unanimously decided that Bor. Sing was entitled to succeed him, but that his Christian profession stood in the way. Messenger after

messenger was sent, urging him to recant, and they would all acknowledge him as king. His answer was: "Put aside my Christian profession? I can put aside my head-dress or my cloak, but as for the covenant I have made with my God, I cannot for any consideration put that aside." Since then he has been impoverished by litigations, but is, of course, a Christian still.—*The Wesleyan.*

PERSEVERANCE

Copper and Gold

In South Africa, in looking for diamonds, they often find a substance that is half charcoal and half diamond. It was intended to be a diamond, but it stopped short, and it is only diamondiferous; it is partly a cinder and partly a jewel. It stopped short, and will never get into the king's crown. Scientists say copper is elementary, aboriginal matter, which was on its way to become gold, but by some accident it got shunted on to the wrong track,—it stopped short. Let me say this to you, Don't be content to be sprinkled on one part with diamond and the other part with slag. Mind you go all the way, so that when the King comes at last to make up His jewels you will be with Him and shine in His crown. Be sure that you take the last step, the final surrender, the inward trust and love of the heart, and you shall become the fine gold of the sanctuary, and be acknowledged by the Master in the day when He shall give to every one of us according to His Spirit, and His work shall remain.—*Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

A Story of Millionaire Lick

James Lick, of San Francisco, was an unlovable millionaire, of whom a curious story is told. When a poor youth in Pennsylvania, he was rejected by the daughter of a wealthy miller on account of his poverty. He vowed at that time that he would some day build a mill that would far surpass that of his sweetheart's father. Many years later he kept his vow and constructed, at San Jose, a mill of highly polished California wood valued at $200,000. During his lifetime Mr. Lick had few friends and apparently cared for none. He lived plainly and was seen very little in public. The larger part of his fortune was left to charities and public institutions, one notable bequest being the sum of $60,000 for the erection of a statue to Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

While many institutions profited by Mr. Lick's posthumous gifts, his most famous achievement was the establishment of the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton, under the management of the University of California. Mr. Lick's body was placed, in 1887, under the base of the pier sustaining the great telescope.—*Selected.*

Refused to Be Denied

The Herald and Presbyter tells the true story of a lad who made his determination, and carried it out. Some twenty years ago he went from Davenport, Iowa, to New York, hoping to secure a position to travel for a wholesale house. He told his friends he was going to travel—the position would be found. He went five times to one establishment, and every time was told that they did not want to engage him. He tried to prevail on them to let him make a trial trip, but to no avail. Finally, he proposed to buy a small stock of goods. This was business, and they were ready to sell. He then went on the road on his own account, and made money. So, when the firm saw that he meant business, they were ready to employ him. He is now wealthy, being a member of the firm. Not one boy in a hundred would have had his persistence. But it is the boy who makes good resolutions and persists in carrying them out, in spite of all discouragements, who wins.—*Rev. John T. Faris.*

A Pigeon's Perseverance

The following incident is told of one of Mrs. Nansen's pigeons: One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen saying that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon, and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told.—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

Why Most Men Fail

J. H. Jowett, D.D., in a recent sermon, said: "Lady Jeune once asked Mr. Joseph Chamberlain why, in his opinion, so many men fall short of their ambition. And Mr. Chamberlain answered: 'They come to the place where they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first bridge, and at the second, perhaps even at the third; but the dragons are always more formidable the farther we go. Many turn back disheartened, and very few will meet the monsters to the end, but those who do have won for ever.'"—*The Christian Herald.*

Edison's Perseverance

Difficulties have been yielding to enthusiasm ever since the world began. For a long time Mr. Edison's phonograph refused to say the word "specia." It would drop the "s" and say "pecia." And Mr. Edison says he worked from eighteen to twenty hours a day for seven months to secure that single sound, until he succeeded. The material which he originally used for his cylinders did not prove satisfactory. He wanted something delicate enough to receive impressions not more than a millionth of an inch in depth, and yet rigid enough to carry the needle up and down, exactly reproducing the vibrations which had made the impressions. Scientists told him that there was no such substance in existence. "Then we must produce it," was the reply. They insisted that it could not be done, because the qualities which he demanded were inconsistent and exclusive of each other. This modern Aladdin declared that it *could* be done because it *must* be done; *and he did it.—Dr. Josiah Strong, in The New Era.*

Dan Crawford's Persistence

At the annual meeting of the Bible Society, Mr. Dan Crawford sad: "We have a Bantu proverb which says, 'You can count the number of apples on a tree, but you cannot count the number of trees in one apple.' I was working away at a difficult translation, and the Devil came to me and said, 'Drop it; it is not translatable.' I thought a while, then went back to it, and my Bible opened at Daniel 7:14: 'And there was given him . . . that all . . . languages should serve him.' We have 440 translations. That is not enough. I went on and succeeded." Men of every language and tribe "shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—*The Missionary Echo.*

The General Who Won

General Grant, in his memoirs, refers to a certain general whom he was obliged to relieve of his command, notwithstanding his many admirable qualities, simply because he was always considering the possibilities of defeat and planning a safe retreat. Of course such a leader could be nothing else than a beaten man. Of different stuff was that other commander who, in the thick of the battle, when the enemy was pouring in shot and shell at a furious rate, said to his staff through his tightly shut teeth, "Hard pounding, gentlemen! Let's see who can pound longest!" It needs no special gift of prophecy to predict the result of a conflict which is waged in a spirit like that.—*Joseph K. Wilson, D.D., in The Young People's Weekly.*

Saving the Bridges

The great steel bridges which span the estuaries of rivers are made of metal which rusts if it is not kept painted. Accordingly, each has a gang of painters always at work. They start at one end and work steadily along until, after a year or two, they reach the other end. Then they begin again, for the paint first put on has been wearing all the time. We complain of the "round" of duty, so much of which is the doing of the same thing over and over again. But through that steady task we are preserving ourselves from decay, and keeping intact and safe some bridge or other across which multitudes may pass.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Gad, the Resolute

Last winter one of the Toronto ministers preached a series of sermons on the sons of Jacob. One of these was on "Gad, the Resolute." The subject was sent to the newspapers, one

of which, by mistake, printed it "God, the Resolute." The following Sunday the pastor said he wished to thank the typesetter for his error, as it had given him a new thought. Gad's dogged perseverance was wholly due to God's faithfulness, to His unfailing purpose to perfect that which He had begun, in order that His servant might "overcome at the last."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cyrus Field's Patience

"To know how to wait," says De Maistre, "is the secret of success." Cyrus Field was ten years in laying the Atlantic cable. The first time he tried to lower it the great rope snapped in mid-ocean, and when they grappled it and brought it to the surface, it slipped away from them and was gone. Not until he had tried thirty times was the tireless patience of the projector rewarded. In life's school one of the hardest lessons is to learn to wait patiently.—*Rev. W. S. Abernethy.*

Edison's Son's Perseverance

While young Theodore Edison was recently experimenting with a "glass bottle bomb" in his father's laboratory, says an exchange, the contrivance exploded, and a few bits of the broken glass were embedded in the hand of the youthful investigator. "Some of your first inventions blew up, didn't they, father?" inquired the boy. "Yes, they did," admitted the famous inventor, "but I went at them again."—*Onward.*

Columbus "Sailed On"

It is related of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, that he used to write in his log-book in the evening of a day when they had failed to sight the land they were in quest of, the date, and then under it he added the words: "Sailed on!" There is often much to discourage us, but we should keep sailing on, determined to reach the goal to which God has called us.—*The Sunday Circle.*

How to Succeed

When Alexander could not untie the Gordian knot, he cut it with his sword.

A resourceful man is one who, when he can not do a thing one way, does it another.

He keeps trying.

When it's time to quit, he begins.

When he is licked, he turns right around and begins fighting again.

There are three rules for success. The first is: Go on. The second is: Go on. And the third is: Go on.—*Current Opinion.*

Napoleon's Persistence

What will you say to the man who has failed in moral life? Answer him as Napoleon is said to have answered one of his marshals. The marshal rode up and said, "General, I fear the battle is lost." Napoleon coolly looked at his watch and replied: "Time for another battle. Summon the army to a fresh charge."—*From "The Optimist's Good Night."*

Caius Marcius' Bravery

When the battle of Coriole was being won through the stimulus given to the soldiers by the impassioned vigour of Caius Marcius, they mourned to see their leader covered with wounds and blood. They begged him to retire to the camp, but with characteristic bravery he exclaimed, "It is not for conquerors to be tired!" and joined them in prosecuting the victory to its brilliant end. "The crown of life" is promised to those who are "faithful unto death."—*The Australian Sunday School Teacher.*

Christian Perseverance

A negro preacher who was asked to define Christian perseverance answered, "It means firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly and lastly, to nebber leave go."—*Rev. C. H. Kilmer.*

Not Many Completers

"I never," said an employer, "lack beginners in my office or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Three Stages in Work

"There are commonly three stages in work for God," Mr. Taylor would sometimes say: "first *impossible*, then *difficult*, then *done*."—*From "Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission," by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.*

A Persevering Family

In the *Japan Weekly Mail* is the story of a Korean widow with four children, and they girls,—no very desirable asset in Asia,—who supported herself washing and ironing in a mud hut. The mother became a Christian.

Twenty years later she retired from her humble laundry business and was supported in her old age by her four girls, now women. What are they? The oldest is a Christian mother with four children. The second, a woman of exceptional gifts, is the head of the best middle school in Seoul, and a person of great charm. The third daughter has a large medical practice. "How she got across the wide ocean, learned English, reached Philadelphia, and graduated from a school of surgery and medicine, I do not know," says the reporter, "but this she did; and as number three in the train of a submerged family has brought healing and joy to many thousands." The fourth is head of a training school for nurses, —accomplished, a good English scholar, trained in music, and at the beginning of a career of great promise. What but Christianity can produce such results?—*Record of Christian Work.*

The True Secret of Success

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the son of the famous millionaire, in one of his Sunday-school addresses in New York, said: "There are many secrets of success, but I suppose the true secret is work, just plain work. In my boyhood in Harvard I sat one evening over my Shakespeare, when a figurative sentence cropped up and puzzled me. So I said to my father, who was reading his newspaper beside the lamp, 'Father, what does this mean? "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." What kind of tide would that be, father?' 'Tied down to business, son,' my father replied."—*The Sunday Companion.*

British Perseverance

Lord Palmerston was once speaking to a famous French statesman on the comparative merits of European soldiers. "French soldiers are the bravest in the world," claimed the Frenchman. "Ours are not the bravest in the world," replied Palmerston, "but they are brave for a quarter of an hour longer than any others." It is that extra quarter of an hour that tells. Many men can wrestle in prayer, but they fail because they don't hold on long enough.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Not a Quitter

Even the enemies of God knew the gain of whole-hearted determination to win. "I knew a little three-year-old girl," says Robert E. Speer in "The Marks of a Man," "who undertook to move a table which taxed all her strength. After a long struggle, her mother said to her discouragingly, 'Baby, you can't move that table. It's as big as you are.' 'Yes, I can,' was the undiscouraged reply of the little girl, 'I'm as big as it is.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Climbing to Success

The graduating class of 1915 of the High School of Menasha, Wisconsin, had this distinctive class motto: "The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."—*The Utica Press.*

Starting Something

There is delight in seeing one's work leading to results. "A person deserves small credit for being able to 'start something.' The man who counts is the man who is doing business at the finish."—*Classmate.*

PERSUASION

How a Diplomat Trained Himself

When Benjamin Franklin was about sixteen years of age, writes Hon. Burton Hanson in "Case and Comment," an event occurred which had a lasting influence on his life. He was inclined to contradiction and disputation. Nothing passed that he did not question, oftentimes ending in personal criticisms, which are always disagreeable. There was another bookish lad in town, by the name of John Collins, who was likewise disputatious, and their disputes at times became so fierce and personal that Franklin finally resolved to abandon the habit of disputing everything, and to pursue a method of expressing himself in terms of modest diffidence. He adopted the persuasive, rather than the contradictory, method. Instead of giving the air of positiveness to an opinion, he conceived or apprehended a thing to be so and so. This habit he found to be of great advantage in persuading men to accept his views and adopt his measures. By the constant adherence to this resolve, made when a mere boy, he became one of the greatest diplomats of his time.—*Selected.*

PICTURES

Hoffmann's Boy Christ

There was a man in New York who had been so fortunate as to get a copy of Hoffmann's "Jesus in the Temple" soon after it was painted, and he kept

it on his desk in his office. A judge of one of the superior courts of Massachusetts went to his lawyer's office on a matter of business. As the two men talked, the judge's eyes rested on the picture until it seemed hard for him to attend to business; but at last the business was settled and the judge left the office. Several hours later he returned to the office and asked "to look at that Boy again." For an hour he sat and looked at that picture. The next day he came again in the man's office and said, "I want to see that Boy again." He was given the picture, and retired into a private room adjoining the office. Having occasion later to go into the room, the man found the judge sitting with the picture on his knees, his eyes filled with tears. When the judge came back into the office, his eyes still were full of tears, and, handing back the picture, he said, "That Boy has mastered me."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Influence of a Picture

A widowed mother living in an inland town was lamenting that her three sons had shipped as sailors at sea, and in her old age she was alone. They had never seen the sea and yet had gone to live upon its waves, and she could find no reason for their going. Hanging above her mantel was a picture that had looked down upon them all their boyhood years. It was a storm at sea, sailors were high in the rigging, and the waves were raging over the deck. The friend looked at the picture and answered: "That picture sent your boys to sea."—*From "The White Life Versus the Red Light."*

Power of a Good Picture

A Christian woman visited her son who was attending college. She found in his room things which grieved her, and told him of her grief, for he was by profession a Christian. Without his knowledge she purchased and hung on the wall of his room Hoffman's beautiful picture of Christ. Months after, going again to his room, she said, "William, you have made some changes since I was here." Looking up to the pictured face on the wall, he said, "Mother, those things would not fit in with Him."—*Woman's Home Missions.*

PLEASURES

Worldly Pleasures Cannot Satisfy

There is said to be a strange plant in South America which finds a moist place and sends its roots down, and becomes green for a little while until the place becomes dry, when it draws itself out and rolls itself up and is blown along by the wind until it comes to another moist place, where it repeats the same process. On and on the plant goes, stopping wherever it finds a little water until the spot is dry; then in the end, after all its wanderings, it is nothing but a bundle of dry roots and leaves. It is the same with those who drink only of this world's springs. They drink and thirst again, and go on from spring to spring, blown by the winds of passion and desire, and at last their souls are nothing but bundles of unsatisfied desires and burning thirsts.—*Sunday at Home.*

POVERTY

Drinking All the Milk

A little puny child was brought to a London hospital for treatment, and on his arrival the nurse gave him a glass of milk. Before lifting the cup to his lips the little fellow asked anxiously, "How deep may I drink, miss?" How much that question told of the poverty of a home where a glass had to be shared among many! He could hardly believe the nurse when she told him to drink it all. How deep may we drink in our thirst for righteousness! God made us for righteousness, we shall be filled, wherefore we are blessed.—*The Teacher's Guide.*

Christ's Voluntary Poverty

All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth (Matt. 28:18).

Jesus had no earthly possessions. At His birth He borrowed a manger from the beasts of the field; He preached His first sermon in a borrowed boat; He rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed beast; He ate His last supper with His disciples in a borrowed room; and was buried in a borrowed grave. Yet He stands, the living risen Son of God, stripped of all earthly possessions, saying, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth."—*Dr. Weeks, in The British Weekly.*

No Glass Between

The story is told of a little boy whose family was very poor. He received no gifts at Christmas-time, but he spent what time he could looking in the store-windows at the pretty things other little boys could have, but

he couldn't. One day he was run over by a car and taken to a hospital. One of the nurses brought him a toy, a troop of soldiers. As he touched them, what do you think he said? "There isn't any glass between!" So some day the glass will be removed between us and the pleasures and beauties of heaven.—*Rev. H. E. Brown.*

POWER

Powerless Without Christ

A godly Church of England vicar was troubled with a violent and apparently ungovernable temper. Many a time he had prayed about it with tears, and he had struggled much to conquer it, but had been beaten and was almost in despair. One day he had prayed and confessed his sin and believed he had obtained help to keep down the violent temper, and so he had left his study to go about his duties. Alas! not long afterward he re-entered his study beaten and almost broken-hearted, and in his sorrow he fell asleep and dreamed he was in his study and, looking out, saw coming towards him a glorious man who evidently intended to be his guest. He became at once conscious that his study was in much disorder and unfit to receive such a guest who, he knew, was the Lord Jesus Christ. He swept and watered and dusted the room, but the more he worked the worse it became. The stranger knocked. "Oh, what shall I do," he said to himself. "I cannot let him into a room in such disorder as this," and he kept on sweeping, watering, and dusting till the stranger knocked again, and again he said, "Oh, I cannot open while the room is so unfit to receive Him." But all his efforts were in vain, and when the stranger knocked again, overpowered with shame and confusion, he opened the door, saying, "Master, I can do no more; come in if thou wilt into such a room." The Master came in, and, most strange, when He came in the dust was laid, the disorder disappeared, and all was bright and clean and joyful. The Master's presence alone had done all that his utmost efforts had failed to accomplish. He awoke, and it was a dream, but in the dream God had spoken to him, and he now saw where his mistake had been, and wherein lay his strength for an overcoming life.—*Life of Faith.*

He Had Seen Jesus

There used to be a man in the city of Chicago who stood at one of our street corners. He was almost an imbecile. He stood there day after day, asking alms. One day it was bitterly cold, and he slipped into one of our rescue missions. That night he found Jesus, and the man who was almost an imbecile was marvelously saved. He wore out three Bibles in three years. The editor of one of our papers made up his mind he would see that man. He climbed up to his garret, and he saw him with his Bible open on his knees. He said to the man, "Would you mind reading the Bible to me?" Said my friend, "I thought I had heard the Bible read, and I thought I had read it myself, but as this man read it, with tears overflowing and his voice trembling, I stopped him and said, 'Tell me, if you will, what is the secret of your power?' The man shut up his Bible, hesitated a second, and then said, 'I have seen Jesus.'" That is what these two men received—a new vision.—*Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.*

A Recipe for Shining

A gentleman brought back from Germany a little phosphorescent match-safe, and one evening, in a company of friends, took it out to show them. He turned out all the gas-jets, but the obstinate little match-safe would not shine, and the man concluded he had been swindled. The next day, while examining his purrchase more closely, he read on one side, "If you wish me to shine, keep me in the sunlight." He followed the directions, put it out where the sun's rays could be absorbed, and then in a dark room found it had a brilliant glow. Does any one know a better remedy for the Christian whose light has gone out than that which Jude suggests—"Keep yourselves in the love of God"?—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Changed by the Artist's Touch

A beautiful story is told of Sir Hubert Herkomer, the great painter. His father was a poor man, and the professor brought him from his native Germany to live with him in his beautiful house near London. The old man used to model in clay in his early life, and now that he had leisure he took to it again in his old age. But his hands trembled, and the work showed signs of imperfection. It was his one sorrow. At night he went to bed early, and when he had gone, his son would go into the studio and take his father's poor work and make it as beautiful as

possible. When the old man came down in the morning he would look at the work and rub his hands, and say, "Ah, I can do as well as ever I did!" So Christ took the best teaching uttered before Him and refined it into beauty. The words of the old law, "The ministration of death," as Paul calls it, became beautiful words of truth and life when vitalized by the touch of Jesus.—*Good Words.*

The Source of Power

Do not hesitate to enlarge your work because your powers are slight and your talents are small. A few years ago a large grain elevator, having a floor of concrete twelve inches thick, was built in one of our western cities. For eighteen months one-half million bushels of wheat rested on that floor. When the wheat was removed the labourers saw that the floor in a particular spot had risen a number of inches. They removed the concrete and found that a growing plant had lifted up that solid concrete floor and all the grain upon it. Whence came this powerful life of the plant? From the sun, which gives life to all vegetation. Thus may we, without any special gift or accomplishment, draw enough life and power from the Son of Righteousness to lift His kingdom higher, even when it seems impossible. Faith lets Christ do for us and with us what we could never do alone.—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Wireless Messages

A man in whom the spirit of God is (Gen. 41 : 38).

The wireless telegraphy station at Poldhu, on the Cornish coast, may be seen miles away standing out against the sky-line. The materials of which it is constructed can be found any day in a builder's yard and an ironmonger's shop. But these ordinary materials are so erected, so adjusted, and so "tuned" that with marvelous accuracy they can receive and transmit the sound-waves that come vibrating across the Atlantic. We may be commonplace men and women, differing in no essential quality from our neighbours. But if we are erect, alert, sensitive, "in tune with the Infinite," we can receive and transmit the wireless messages that are wafted from heaven, and that are never heard by the formalist and the worldling.—*The United Methodist.*

Couldn't Get a Light

Ye are the light of the world (Matt. 5 : 14).

A man who knew little about electricity had his house wired and a battery installed for the ringing of various bells. He thought that if a battery could ring a bell it could make a light, and so he proceeded to run the wires up into his study. Then he adjusted a globe in the fashion of an electric light, turned on the current, and was greatly disappointed to find that he got no light. About that time an electrician came in, and, seeing his predicament, said, "What is the matter?" "I don't know. I have a battery here that has been ringing all the bells for a long time, and it has never failed me. So I thought that it would light my study. I tried and failed." The electrician looked at him and said, "Don't you know that it takes more power to make a light than it does to make a noise?" —*From an address by Dr. Len Broughton.*

Radium and Life

That we might live through him (1 John 4 : 9).

A microscopic speck of radium can, if placed behind a screen of fluorescent metal, be seen to be sending out a stream of sparks forever. These sparks give light and heat, yet (a marvel) it loses no whit of its energy. Like the burning bush, it is a miracle. It emits light and heat at no apparent cost to itself. It is unconsumed, though it is forever pouring out chemical and electrical energies. When placed in the coldness of liquid air, nay, further, when placed in the intense frigidity of liquid hydrogen, all it does is to pour out light and heat. Such ought to be the Christian life—a living because Christ lives, a manifestation forever of the life and light of Christ. God is not mightier in the atom than in human spirit. He gives eternal life, and that life is in us because He is in us the hope of glory.—*Dr. Dallinger, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Power Through Service

Take ye away therefore the talent from him (Matt. 25 : 28).

A magnet is sometimes seen in chemist's laboratory, suspended against a wall, and loaded heavily with weights hung upon an armature. We ask the reason, and the scientific man replies, carelessly, as if it was a commonplace

thing: "The magnet was losing its power by lying around here without using, and I am restoring its force by giving it something to do—more and more every day." It is with men as with magnets. Idleness results in loss of power. Since the day of the Great Teacher the unused talent is "taken away." And the law of restoration is always the same. To him that uses what he hath shall be given.—*From "Go Forward."*

Doing the Impossible

The boldness of Peter . . . [he] had been with Jesus (Acts 4:13).

In the old Egyptian hieroglyphics, the symbol for the impossble is two feet upon several curved lines; it means, walking on the water. Now that, I take it, is the heraldic crest of Peter's life and work. He was taught to do the impossible,—he trod upon the waters, and sank at first. And then Jesus took him by the hand, and they walked together on the stormy waves, back to the boat. And he did it, in effect, all the rest of his life. And naturalists have named a sea-bird after him, petrel, the feathered St. Peter, that is undaunted by the storm. —*Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A.*

The Far-Off Look

A literary lady once consulted an occulist with regard to a trouble in her eyes. The occulist said, "Madam, your eyes are tired, you need to rest them. Have you any wide views from your house?" "Oh, yes, from the front porch I can see the noble peaks of the Blue Ridge; from the rear windows I can look out upon the glorious Allegheny foothills." "Very well, that is just what you need. When your eyes feel tired, look steadily at the mountains for ten minutes—twenty would be better. The far look will rest your eyes." The "far look"—off toward the hills of heaven—would bring rest and renewed invigoration to many a now weary believer, overborne with work and distracted with care.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Instruments of God

The sword of Jehovah and of Gideon (Jud. 7:20).

When Saladin looked at Richard Coeur de Lion's sword, he was astonished that a blade so ordinary could have done such wonders. Richard bared his arm, and said: "It was not the sword, Saladin, it was the arm that did the great things." We are but the instruments which God wields.—*The Sunday School Times.*

J. R. Miller's Power

Often strangers in Philadelphia, learning of Dr. Miller, would ask how such a plain, unassuming man could have the influence ascribed to him. Once a visitor to St. Paul's Church looked from the characteristic Sunday evening audience that filled the building to the speaker, who could be heard only with difficulty in the back of the room, and said: "How does he do it? Where is the man's power?" One standing near said: "Oh, sir, if you were in trouble, and Dr. Miller called on you or wrote to you, you would never ask that question again."—*Rev. John T. Faris, in The Sunday School Times.*

Using All Our Resources

A gentleman and his little son went out to work in a garden. The boy was told to throw a pile of stones into a ditch. After a while he called out, "There's one I can't lift. I've tried with all my might and I can't lift it." "No, my boy, you haven't tried with all your might, for I am here as a part of might, and you didn't ask me to help you. If we are working for God we are not only responsible for what we can do in our own strength, but what we can do in His."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

The Secret of Power

Before some of the children of my congregation I once used this illustration: I showed them how a magnet would hold up a nail, and that magnetized nail another, and so on until finally the attraction was too weak to hold an additional one. It was the one closest the magnet that held the most; it is the one closest Christ who can be used most by Him, and the nearer we come to Christ the greater will be our usefulness to Him.—*Rev. J. Stuart Holden.*

Make Your Plans Large

Mr. Moody, on the last day of his life, was listening to passages from the Bible as they were read to him by one of his sympathetic friends. At last he asked that the Bible be laid beside him, and he wrote on the margin of it: "If God be your partner, make your plans large." The trouble with most of us is

that we do not make our plans in life large enough. Why do we not enlarge the horizon of our life and let God be our partner in very truth? When we have done this, we can say with confidence, "Nothing is too hard for God." —*Onward.*

Man's Extremity

When it is too late for man, it's early yet for God.—*Emily Dickinson.*

The Sword of Wallace

A visitor to a museum was once shown the sword of Wallace, the great Scottish hero and patriot. "I do not see how it could win such victories," said the visitor. "Ah, sir," replied the guide, "you do not see the arm that wielded it."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

The Power of the Gospel

A friend once asked the renowned Dr. Franz Delitzsch how, amid all the intellectual currents of his age, he had preserved the simplicity of the evangelical faith. He promptly replied: "In my youth I witnessed the power of the gospel among the poor."—*The British Weekly.*

Equal to Ten Thousand Men

Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals, "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, however, it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for 10,000 men." For how many does the living Christ count in the battle we are fighting in His name?—*The (London) Sunday School Times.*

Machinery and Power

Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you (Acts 1:8).

How often churches trust in machinery, in organization, for their success! There are "Boards" and "Commissions" and "Societies" galore. There is so much harness you can hardly see the horse. But there is no power! It is related that in an arid region of South Africa the missionaries received from the homeland a gasoline engine with which to pump water for irrigation. Among the many gods worshipped by the natives there was one favourite deity who was supposed to preside over the sending of moisture. After the new equipment had been tried out and was working successfully, the missionaries were greatly surprised one day to find about a hundred natives bowed upon their faces worshipping the gasoline engine! And they were not the first and probably will not be the last to make the machinery an object of reverence.—*The Sunday School Times.*

PRAISE

Converted to Chiming

A watchmaker put out this sign, which attracted wide attention: "Clocks Converted to Chiming." When asked about it, he said, "I take just common, ordinary clocks, and when I have worked with them they will go through the hours chiming out the sweetest tune you ever heard." And that is what our Master is doing all the time. He takes just common, ordinary folks, and when He has wrought in them they will go through the days of their pilgrimage chiming out the hours, making melody not only in their hearts to the Lord, but for all who are near enough to catch the song.—*The Classmate.*

PRAYER

Healed Through Prayer

The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working (Jas. 5:16).

I had retired, weary from days of constant service, and broken nights also, and at three o'clock was awakened by what seemed to me the calling of my name. I had asked to be called if there was need, so I bounded to the door and said, "Yes, what is it, please?" No answer came and I returned to bed, but was sure I heard footsteps and then a call. When again there was no answer, I asked, "What is it, Lord, for whom shall I pray?" A burden came for a sick one in the school, and then the peace which follows believing prayer. The next morning upon entering the sick room I found her quite normal, the crisis having passed. I related the strange circumstances to the nurse, who said that as the clock struck three, weary with the incessant watching of the long night, with no indication of improvement in her fellow-student, she prayed, "Lord, I cannot stand more, put us on the heart of some one who will pray for us." Almost immediately the sick one fell asleep, also the watcher,

neither waking until morning. This experience occurred during the recent "flu" epidemic.—*Mrs. W. M. Turnbull, in The Alliance Weekly.*

Experimenting with God

Professor Tyndall, in the interest of a scientific skepticism, once made a proposal to the religious world. He offered to subject the question of prayer's value to the test of experiment. He proposed to have two hospitals, each filled with sick people, the one the subject of prayer, the other not. If the one for which prayer was made turned out more convalescents than the other, it would be in favour of the Christian doctrine; if not, it would show the valuelessness of the whole process. Until I heard Professor Tyndall's proposal I never understood the meaning of the second temptation recorded by Matthew. The cases are almost identical. The tempter says to Jesus, "You can put the power of your faith to the test of a public experiment. Throw yourself from the heights before the eyes of the crowd, and let them see whether God will or will not keep His promise." In both cases a negative result was expected. And it was right to expect such a result, but not on the ground that the promise to answer is a delusion: the truth is, neither the hospital test nor the pinnacle test gave room for any prayer at all. It was not prayer for divine care, but an experiment on God. You can experiment with wireless telegraphy without reference to the message, but not with prayer. The prayer is the message. Not the word, but the wish; not the sound, but the sympathy; not the kneeling, but the need, makes mine a prayer. —*George Matheson.*

Rain in Answer to Prayer

"On the popular plea that 'no rain could fall till foreign blood had been spilt,' the officials decided that we were to die there. . . . Realizing that the assigned cause of the mob's rage against us was the long continued drought, we were moved, under the impulse of the promise, to make a united cry to God to interfere for His great name's sake on our behalf by sending rain enough to satisfy the needs of these poor sufferers, and because of our extremity to send it now. Accordingly we poured out our hearts before Him in Chinese that the gaolers might know exactly what we were doing, and what we were asking. . . . How long we continued in prayer, I cannot tell. I only know that scarcely had we risen from our knees, when the windows of heaven were opened, and down upon the howling mob swept the sudden fury of a torrential flood of waters. . . . Oh, the words, 'God is a *very present* help in trouble' became a living, great reality to us in that moment of doom. His 'very presence' could not have been more real to us in the prison-room if we had seen Him with our eyes."—*A. E. Glover, in "A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China."*

Money in Answer to Prayer

The Rev. A. B. Simpson tells this story: A lady told me this incident which greatly encouraged my prayer life. She had asked me to pray for her for a special anointing of faith, prayer, and power. She said, "A few months ago a missionary going to Africa met me and said, 'Pray that God will send money to pay my transportation and my support for the beginning of my work.'" She said, "I prayed and believed. About a week after that a plain, humble man in our town came to me and said, 'Could you tell me about a missionary going to Africa that needs some money to help him to start? I have been saving up for years and I have three hundred dollars cash, and all I want is the right man.'" She said, "I think I can." Before the week was over the transportation for that dear servant was provided and he is today in the dark Congo, because a modest woman in New England prayed the prayer of faith.—*Condensed from a sermon by A. B. Simpson, published in The Alliance Weekly.*

Prayer the Life of the Church

A minister who had been very popular found his church gradually getting empty, and at last he called a meeting of the deacons to discover the reason. After some discussion, one old man said: "God's house is a house of prayer, and yet we never have prayer-meetings now. Your sermons are still good, sir, but the people must pray, or they will drift away." So prayer-meetings were once more resumed, with the result that the minister now preaches to a crowded church of praying people—*The Sunday Circle.*

Distress Signals

A city hospital, recently enlarged and equipped with all the latest and most approved appliances, was thrown open to the inspection of visitors. A physi-

cian connected with the building explained the various improvements, and among others the way in which patients could summon attendance. By the old method, a button beside the bed rang a bell, but it was possible for the bell to go unheard, or at least unheeded. The sound of the bells was also confusing. "But now," said the physician, "a patient too weak to lift his arm may touch a button just at hand, and instantly four lights flash out—one in the office, one in the great hall, the two others in different parts of the building; and it is impossible for any one to turn them out until that call has been answered, that room visited." Shall human skill and pity compass such things as these, and we yet question whether the Creator of all worlds has any system by which He can hear the cry of His children in need? When the weakest hand touches the button of prayer, nor earth nor hell can hinder the signal nor bar the answer.—*The Christian Age.*

Shelter Through Prayer

Mrs. Goforth, in her "Adventures in the Promised Land of Prayer," tells the following: On one occasion we arrived at the town of Ho Ts'un late in the afternoon, expecting to remain over night and probably longer; but when we arrived we found the Christian whom we had sent to arrange for our visit had failed to get a place for us to stay. We were in a serious difficulty, as it would almost be impossible for us to make the journey to the next place that night. While the animals were feeding, and we were trying to eat our dinner in the midst of the crowd, Mr. Goforth said, "Let us ask the Lord silently to give us a place if He wants us to stay here." We had scarcely finished eating when the Christian came up saying, "Praise the Lord! a wealthy man offered you a fine empty place which has just been fixed over, and he says that you can have it as long as you like, rent free." Here was surely one of the Lord's exceedingly abundants. For three days we preached the Gospel there to many hundreds of men and women, and a work was begun which has continued ever since.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Prayer the Secret of Power

A minister noticing a man upon his knees, breaking stones with great rapidity, said: "I wish I could break hard hearts as you do those stones, John." The man instantly replied: "You must do it on your knees, sir." Ask the one who is gaining great victories for God the secret of his power. You will find the longed-for desires that compelled earnest communion with God resulted in the gift of power that meant victory. "It shall be given."—*The Maritime Baptist.*

Finding Time to Pray

At a recent conference in which a group of ministers were exchanging heart-experiences the following was given:

"One night in our prayer-service we had this subject—it is a good one—'What thing in my life has helped me most toward Jesus Christ?' And one after another got up and told his experience.

"At last one of my elders got up, a man for whom I have always had a most profound respect, a man of no great education, a man who has never been to college, but he is a godly man, and sometimes I have wondered where the secret of that man's godliness and power lay. He stood up in an humble way. He had never spoken of himself or his experience before to my knowledge. He didn't wish to exalt himself in the least. He said:

"'The one thing that has helped me most in my Christian experience is this: For many years (I think he said ten or twelve) I have been in the habit of getting up half an hour sooner than I needed to have done, in order that I might spend that half hour in prayer and in reading God's Word and in meditation.'

"Well, there is nothing wonderful to you in that, is there? But if you had been in my place, the pastor's place, you would have seen it. This is the point: The man is a car conductor; that man rises every morning necessarily at three o'clock, and in order to spend a little time with his God and His Bible, he gets up at half-past two o'clock.

"You can't imagine how I felt. Brethren, I never had anything to go to my heart as that did. It made me so dissatisfied with myself that I felt really ashamed. God probed me that night. I went home feeling I wasn't fit to preach to a man like that—a pastor who slept until eight or nine o'clock, sometimes because he was so tired, compared with a street-car conductor who for sixteen or eighteen hours stands upon the platform of a street-car, and then gets up in the morning to keep his spiritual life going. I said:

'You need something, young man, or you had better get out of the ministry. What kind of a man are you, anyway?'

"I saw my heart, and God saw it, and I tell you I made up my mind that if there was any help anywhere for me I would try to get it."—*Central Methodist.*

Beginning the Day with Prayer

When Billy Sunday was converted and joined the church, a Christian man put his arm on the young man's shoulder and said, "William, there are three simple rules I can give you, and, if you will hold to them, you will never write 'backslider' after your name. Take fifteen minutes each day to listen to God talking to you"—meaning the study of His Word. "Take fifteen minutes each day to talk to God. Take fifteen minutes each day to talk to others about God."

The young convert was deeply impressed, and determined to make these the rules of his life. From that day to this, throughout twenty-eight years, he has made it a rule to spend the first moments of his day alone with God and God's Word. Before he reads a letter, looks at a paper, or even reads a telegram, he goes first to the Bible, that the first impression of the day may be what he gets from God. He does not even read a telegram from his wife before doing this.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Praying for Others

Pray one for another (James 5:16).

A minister was praying at the bedside of a dying woman. "Wait a moment," she said, as he started to rise from his knees. "I want to pray for you." And very tenderly she prayed with her hands upon his head. "For ten years, ever since you became my pastor, I have offered that prayer for you every morning and night," she told him. The minister went away with tears in his eyes and a strange warmth in his heart. He had known that this woman was sweet-spirited and true, but he had never guessed that he had a place in her prayers day and night. "I wonder how many of my six hundred members pray for me," he asked himself. Not all of them certainly, yet doubtless more of them prayed for him than he dreamed. The thought was sweet and helpful to him. There is strength for all faithful men and women in the prayers of those who love them. Many a young man has been restrained from sin by the thought that his mother was praying for him. Many a daughter has found it easier to be faithful because she remembered the voice of her father as he prayed for his children. Many a care-worn man, labouring under discouragement, would take new heart if he could only know how many persons remember him in their prayers.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Faster Than by Telegraph

How swiftly God speeds the answer to prayer! It is the swiftest thing known to man. When they were putting up the telegraph wires in the Shetland Islands a few years ago, a keen man of business turned to a lad in the crowd, and said, "What a wonderful thing! When those wires are completed you will be able to send a message through to Aberdeen, many miles away, and get an answer back in twenty minutes." "I do not see anything wonderful in that," answered the boy. "Do you know of anything more wonderful?" asked the surprised man. You see, he was a thorough man of the world. "I should think I do," said the boy. "I have heard of people getting an answer before they sent their message." "Why, boy, what do you mean by that? how could it be?" "I have read in my Bible, 'It shall come to pass that, before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"—*The Christian Union Herald.*

Praying for the Family

The parents of little Willie were not Christians. They were respectable. His mother taught him the Lord's Prayer. She also taught him the appropriate little verse to say as he retired for the night: "Now I lay me down to sleep—" Then the boy would repeat after his mother:

"God bless papa.

"God bless mamma.

"God bless Willie, and make me a good little boy."

One evening, as he was kissing his mother good-night, he looked up into her face and said:

"Does you pray, mamma?"

"No, darling."

"Does papa pray?"

"I never heard him pray."

"Why does you make me pray?"

"That you may be good."

"Don't you want to be good, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, I want to be good."

"Then, why don't you pray, and papa pray?"

"We've gotten out of the spirit, I guess."

"Well, mamma, maybe God will hear my prayer. But don't you think you and papa are expecting too much of a little fellow like me? Do you believe that God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? Seems to me you and papa might help me a little."

These words sank deep into the mother's heart, and it was not long before that house was a house of prayer unto the living God.—*Christian Tribune.*

More Certain Than Wireless

The story has lately been told in the papers of how the captain of a small vessel was one night taken very ill, and though the cure might be in his ship's medicine chest, he had no skill to choose or compound it. Only one hope came to his mind—to find a doctor. He set the wireless telegraph to work. North, south, east, and west went the call for a doctor; and lo, across hundreds of miles came the answer. The physician had been found, the prescription was given, and the captain's life was saved. The newspapers called it a parable of prayer. There is a striking difference between the operator of the wireless and the man who prays to God. The former sends out his message over the broad seas, hoping somewhere to make himself heard, but not knowing where his call will find an instrument to receive it. He who prays, however, knows who will hear. He knows that his cry will come to his Father's ear.—*J. R. Miller, D.D., in Forward.*

Prayer of Three Scotchwomen

In a Scotch mining village there had been a remarkable work of grace. Some of the young converts met with a good deal of opposition from the world, which strengthened their faith; but by-and-bye the opposition ceased, and the first love of some began to wax cold. But there were three godly aged women—real mothers in Israel—in that village who used to meet twice or thrice a week in one of their houses to pray, and one said to the others, "We'll need to swaddle these bairns with believing prayer, for they are in more danger now than when the devil was roaring against them. I never saw his opposition cease without finding that he had got in at some corner, and was doing mischief secretly, and, unless the Lord prevent and rebuke him, we'll have sorrow and trouble." So the three godly women met to pray every night, especially for the lambs of the flock, who were in danger of being led astray by the wiles and subtleties of the adversary. They prayed and watched, and by-and-by the hour of temptation had passed by, and the young believers had come safely through. But it came out in after years that some wonderful deliverances were wrought the very week that the three aged women met nightly to pray.

One had been Invited to a Ball

and had decided to go, when suddenly the word, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," flashed across her mind; and she confessed her sin, renounced her purpose, and was restored to God. Another had got into company with an unconverted young woman, and was on the way that leads to an unequal yoke, when God spoke to him during the silent night, and he was delivered from the snare. There was a general restoration of soul, followed by a time of real refreshing and a great revival. Everybody rejoiced and shared the blessing, which was heaven's answer to the cry of the three aged women who "swaddled these bairns" with prayer.—*The (British) Christian Herald.*

Prayer Speedily Answered

During the Sepoy rebellion in India, which was the uprising of the native soldiery against foreigners, our only missionary, Dr. Butler, had to flee to the mountains to save his life. He had to travel by night through a deep jungle inhabited by wild beasts. He had hired some coolies to take them, and the journey was but begun when they seemed afraid to go on. They refused to go farther. They owned the torches, and, taking them, started for the city from which Dr. Butler and his wife had just escaped. Entreaties and offers of money did not avail. The cry of wolves and tigers was heard in the near distance. The missionary could only pray. Then the torches in the forest began to grow brighter. The coolies were returning. They did not ask for more pay, but took up their passengers and carried them to a mountain fastness, where they lived until the rebellion was over. Dr. Butler never knew why they returned, except

that it was an answer to a very urgent prayer for help.—*The Classmate.*

Dr. Pearson's Lesson

I once heard Dr. Pierson say that he called upon a clergyman who was laid on his back for six months. The doctor said to his friend, "You are a very busy man. It may be that God had something to say to you, but you were too busy to listen, so God had to lay you on your back, that you might hear His voice and receive His message." As he was leaving the house it struck Dr. Pierson that he himself was a very busy man, and did not give much time to listening for the voice of God. So he determined to practise what he had preached. "And from that time," said he, "I have sat at the close of each day for an hour in the quiet of my study. Not to speak to God, but to listen to what God has to say to me, and to lay the day's life and work open to the gaze of God."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer

The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard, And delivered them out of all their troubles (Psa. 34:17).

Some years ago in West Point there was a young cadet named Leonidas Polk. Before he was a Christian he was careless, and neglected his studies. As soon as he became a Christian he began to study very diligently. He could not, however, in weeks make up for the loss of months. At the annual examination he was called to the blackboard and given a problem to solve. It was one he had never studied. He knew nothing about it, and was at a loss to know what to do. He thought of the disgrace of a failure to himself and to the Master whom he loved. He lifted up a prayer for help to his newfound Friend. Then he took the chalk and began to work. At first all was dark, but soon he saw a beginning, and he worked through slowly to the end. He did not know whether it was right, and after explaining the process he waited for the verdict. The professors whispered together, and he feared it was wrong. At last one asked him: "Mr. Polk, where did you get that solution?" "Is it not right, sir?" Polk replied. "Right!" replied the examiner; "it is not only right, but it is the most beautiful demonstration of that problem ever given. It is new and not to be found in any of the books."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

A Home Preserved Through Prayer

It was in the days when both armies were marching up and down in the border states. Two little children were left alone one night while their mother was with a sick neighbour. The people had heard that a raid might be made at any hour. "What shall we do if the soldiers come while mother is gone?" asked the boy. "I will kneel down and pray to God to build a wall about our house, as He did in Bible times, so that the soldiers cannot find us," said she. "And do you believe that He will do it?" asked the brother. "Of course He will. He always keeps His promise, and He said that if we ask in faith He would give us our desires. Let us commence now before we get too sleepy." They knelt and prayed, and with peaceful hearts fell asleep. And, lo! in the night every other house was stripped or burnt, but this cottage, standing under a steep hill, had been covered by a great snowdrift, and was hidden from the soldiers. Although long years have passed since these troubled days, they still tell the story of how the children prayed in faith.—*The Immanuel Messenger.*

The Atmosphere of Prayer

Prayer never goes without reward. James Hamilton has said: "Among the forms of insect life there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather round itself a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and, so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool; and you may see the little diver moving about dry, and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector; a transparent vesture—the world sees it not; a real defense, it keeps us out of the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of a heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows when to ascend for a new supply."—*Rev. W. T. Dorward.*

Praying for Rain

In a letter from a missionary of the Nyasaland Mission dated March 1, 1915, the writer says: "God is hearing prayer and showing Himself as He did on Mt. Carmel to be the one true God. A notable instance of this appeared in

the February number of the *Konigsbode* (King's Messenger). It was very dry and famine threatened, for the maize had begun to dry up in the gardens. The heathen offered beer, fowls, and goats to the spirits, but no rain came. Then they brought their greatest offering, a perfectly black ox, but still no help. Kapata Mayo, chief of the district round Fort Jameson, went to the Administrator for another ox for a second offering. Mr. Chisnaye, the magistrate, said to him, 'Do you not think it would be better to go to Mr. Pauw (the missionary) and ask him to pray for rain next Sunday?' 'Will this help?' asked the chief. 'Yes, certainly,' said Mr. Chisnaye. He gave him a note to me explaining the desire of the old chief. I was not at home when he came, but on returning I found the letter on my table. On Saturday I went to Kapata's village and found him ready to come with all his people on the following day. On Sunday morning he was there in good time, and before the time for service the church was well-filled. I packed the children into the aisles, and still many were obliged to stand outside the door. It was a beautiful sight. I silently prayed that God would glorify Himself on that day, and He did. With much interest they listened to the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal on Carmel. I simply told them the story, and applied it to the circumstances of that day. Then we prayed. Toward the end of the service the sky began to darken. I found myself looking through the window and wondering what would be the outcome of the clouds. On my way to the house there began to fall a few large drops, and I was just at home when a heavy downpour of rain began which lasted more than an hour. Every day since there have been rains, and the danger of famine is over, thank God. Last Sunday the church was again well-filled. Many old people who formerly did not attend our service were present."—*From a circular letter issued by the Nyasaland Mission of Central Africa, May 12, 1915.*

Debt Paid Through Prayer

I heard Dr. Dixon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, say that, while pastor of a church in Boston, there was at the end of one year a deficit in the accounts, of some two thousand dollars. A prayer-meeting was held to ask God to send the money to meet that deficit. While the meeting was going on one of the deacons arose from his knees and asked his brethren to give thanks, as God had assured him that the money would be forthcoming at next Sunday's collection. When the day arrived the rain was coming down in sheets. One-half of the congregation would not venture out in such weather, and so some of the deacons proposed that the collection be postponed till the next Sunday. "No," said the praying deacon, strong in faith in the covenant-keeping God, "*I did not trust the weather, I trusted God.*" The collection was taken and amounted to two thousand six hundred dollars. Faith triumphed.—*W. Hetherington, in The Sunday School Times.*

God Wisely Withholds Things

Dr. Dixon told the story of a lady who was traveling with her maid and child. A wasp got into the carriage, and the child kept crying for it. At last the lady said to the servant, "What is the child crying for? Let him have it." A few minutes later the lady was startled by an awful scream from the child, and exclaimed in alarm, "What's the matter?" "He has got it!" was the servant's calm reply. So sometimes, in His great wisdom God allows us to have what we cry for, that we may feel the sting and the misery of it, and learn through pain and humiliation that God's will and way are best.—*W. Hetherington, in The Sunday School Times.*

Boots in Answer to Prayer

A missionary walked every foot of the way from Natal to the Zambezi River: "I there found that I had uppers to my boots but the soles were completely worn out. I asked the Lord to send me a pair of boots. The Devil said to me, 'I always thought you were a fool, I am sure of it now. There are no boots this side of Natal, within fifteen hundred miles. It will take four months for the carrier to go down, and five to return.' Still I expected the boots. Three days later one of the men of the tribe brought something wrapped in American cloth, saying it was a present from the chief. It was a pair of American boots. 'Ah,' said the Devil, 'they're not your size.' I tried them on. They were the very size. Three years before Arab traders had brought them as a present to the chief, who said he had no intention of putting his feet into things like that. They were all ready for the servant

of God. Take 'everything to God in prayer.'"—*Rev. Charles Inglis, in The Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

A Real Prayer Meeting

At Hastings, in the church of the Rev. Charles New, you may see one of the best prayer-meetings in England. The pastor will get up and say, "We are all going to pray now for the Sunday-school," and there will be a little silence, and then someone will pray for that, nothing else. When that is over he will say, "Now, will some one pray for that young men's Bible class? Last Sunday afternoon such and such a thing happened there; pray for it." Somebody prays for that. In the whole prayer-meeting the petitions are named; there is a sympathy of intercession, voiced by one. A prayer-meeting like that is not made in five minutes; that is the work of twenty-five years of patient training. The church is there for prayer; the need is mentioned, and the whole silent crowd pray, and one voice bears the petition. —*Northfield Echoes.*

Sunday Rest in Answer to Prayer

A church-member had been out of work for a long time, and accepted a position in the meat market where he was asked to give two hours' service on Sunday mornings. This caused him to feel condemned, and he lost hope in a salvation from sin. He declared to friends who went after him that the Bible was only a theoretical book, he could not follow its teaching and provide for his family. His friends suggested that they appeal to his employer to release him Sundays. He said he would laugh and sneer at such a proposition. "Well, Jesus can set you free; shall we kneel and ask Him?" "Yes," was the answer. They asked in faith, believing it would come to pass. The following Sunday the man was at church, as his service was not needed at the market that day. And the next Saturday his employer told him he need not come any more on Sundays. With glowing face the man asked his two friends how they had brought this around. "Our prayers were answered," they said; "no appeal was made to your employer. Jesus set you free." The man gave himself anew to God, was called to the ministry, and this has been his message for twenty-five years: Jesus will set you free.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Blake's Prayers for Sight

A brother artist complained to Blake that he had lost the power of seeing. Blake answered: "That's what we often do," and then, turning to his wife, said, "What do we do then?" She answered, "We pray."—*The Sunday at Home.*

The Power Room

The other day, when visiting Niagara Falls, we were shown through one of those wonderful power-houses. Our friend and the guide explained to us as they took us about something of the process by which that mighty volume of water was being harnessed, directed, and utilized for the lighting of our cities and homes, the turning of factory wheels, and the manufacture of our food and clothing. At last they took us into a large room in which there were many strange-looking machines. But the place was different from all the others where we had been. There was not a person to be seen at work. There was scarcely a sound to be heard. "This is the Still Room," explained the guide. "Nothing much doing here," I replied. The guide smiled and answered something like this: "Why, this is the center of the whole thing; the whole process hinges on what is done here. It is the most important place in the building." I went away musing: The Still Room—the center of all—everything hinges on what is done here! So it is in our lives. If my life, if your life is going to be the wonderful power-house it should be—that God meant it to be—it must have *a Still Room*—some time in which to be alone, to be quiet.—*Onward.*

A Double Answer to Prayer

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you (Luke 11:9).

On a Saturday a few years ago I could not fix upon either a text or a subject for the following morning. While at tea, however, a verse from Psalm 144 came forcibly to my mind, and opened up to me most wonderfully. I hastened to my study and made notes, lest the thoughts given me should escape. On the Sunday morning I preached from the verse. At the close of the service a lady approached me and proffering her hand said: "I am a stranger, sir, having only been in the town three days. Yesterday I was in great trouble, and went to my room

and opened my Bible upon the very Psalm from which you took your text this morning. I knelt and read the Psalm, and when I came to the last verse I pleaded with God respecting the terrible anxiety that was burdening my heart. Then I said: 'Oh, Lord, if thou wilt permit me to hear a sermon in the morning from the last verse of this Psalm, I will believe that thou wilt undertake for me.' I hardly knew what I said. Oh, how good God is!" By inquiry, I found that the impression came at the very moment the lady was praying! What an illustration of the Golden Text!—*A personal experience from the Rev. Herbert J. Crouch, London, England.*

"Is God Dead?"

Little Mary, one evening when all were silent, looked anxiously into the face of her father and said to him, with quivering lips:

"Pa, is God dead?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, you never talk to Him now as you used to do," she replied.

His Need Supplied

A college fraternity brother at Wesleyan University, who is now a successful Methodist pastor in Vermont, was telling me, one day, when he had reached his senior year, of the struggle he had when a freshman to earn money to get through the year. He had been granted a tuition scholarship and a little other outside help, but even with that aid he said he subsisted for most of the year on oatmeal and bread. By spring his meager resources had become exhausted, and he began to feel the pinch of real poverty. He made his great need a matter of earnest prayer and endeavour, but conditions seemed to grow worse. At length, finding himself with nothing to eat, and too proud to tell of his plight, he decided to leave college and go to work. That night, while he was packing up his books, there was a click at the letter slot on the door and an envelope was dropped into the room. Opening it he found enclosed a five dollar bill. That bill tided him over the turning point in his life, for it gave him courage and help to complete the college year. He has never discovered who gave him the money. Up to the time he received the gift it was his thought that no one knew of his need.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Answering Their Own Prayers

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth (1 John 3:18).

The village had been through the excitement of a fire late that afternoon. It was not strange that the subject should be in the minds and on the lips of those who were out at prayer-meeting in the evening. One good old man brought it up in his prayer. "Oh, Lord," he petitioned, "be with all those in affliction this night. Bring comfort to the poor widow who lost her little all of worldly goods by fire this day, and raise up friends and helpers for her in her dire need." He was scarcely through when another man stood up. "Friends," he said, "I believe the Lord has begun to answer that prayer already. He has reminded me that I have a good kitchen table that Martha and I can spare very well, and enough stuff in our cellar to furnish it with three square meals a day for Widow Brown for some time. I believe He will help the rest of you find chairs and a stove and firewood and bedding, and everything else she may need to start her life again."—*East and West.*

Knew What to Ask for

For every one that asketh receiveth (Luke 11:10).

For nearly fifty years Dan Walker was the coloured sexton of a church in Eufaula, Alabama. Many pastors had come and gone, but Dr. Wharton was a great favourite with Dan. When he was called to a larger work, and another preacher came to the charge, some one asked Dan what he thought of the new preacher. "Well," said Dan, "I like him purty well, but when it comes to praying, Dr. Wharton he axes de Lord for things our new preacher don't eben know de Lord's got."—*Alabama Baptist.*

Teaching Father to Pray

The following testimony was given by a convert in a meeting: "Last night when I was about to retire, my little three-year-old girl, who was awake, said to me, 'Papa, don't you say your prayers?' I told her lightly that mamma did the praying for both of us. Soon she said, 'Papa, don't you know how to pray?' I said, thoughtlessly, 'No.' In a moment she was by my bedside, saying, 'Poor papa, I will teach you how to pray.' With all my excuses she would not sleep until I arose, and kneeling by her side re-

peated after her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Then she went back to bed, and in a few moments was in the land of dreams. I didn't sleep last night. God had spoken to me through my baby girl, and I felt that if I died before I waked my soul was lost. All this day I have been miserable, but tonight I have found peace. I expect to pray that little prayer with my child tonight, knowing that living or dying I am the Lord's."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Rescued Through Prayer

The old captain had been telling the story of his being wrecked in the Gulf Stream. Eight days and nights had passed before rescue came. "Everything that we had to eat in that time was some raw corn that we saved from the vessel," he said, with a glow of thankfulness instead of the melancholy tones many others would have used. "We suffered much, but we had good courage." "What gave you all such bravery?" one asked. "The strong words of Jack Lambert. At first, when great waves swooped down upon us, we cried for mercy. Another felt his grasp loosening, and called on God. Jack said, 'Messmates, let us all pray together, at morning, noon, and night, and thank God as we did on land.' 'Ay, ay!' we answered back as heartily as we could. After that, God seemed right with us as every voice pleaded regularly with the Almighty. Just at the end of a morning prayer one cried, 'Sail ho!' and we saw the ship that saved us. Jack's plan was Daniel's plan—and God's plan!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Making Burdens Light

The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working (James 5:16).

I am a suburbanite—a man of bundles. One evening I was trudging home with a particularly awkward parcel. As I left the last store the clerk said: "Don't you want me to fix it?" Making my chief foe the basis, he attached to it all the smaller parcels and hooked on a handle. I walked off a new man. It was a much heavier load, for my purchases there had been many, yet I bore it easily, for I had an easy hold. And throughout life there is everything in the way you take hold of what you have to do. Some days go rasping, dragging, from fretful morn to headachy eve, while other days, with the same tasks, go easily. The first day had no handle, the second had. The first tasks were grasped by the strings that cut; the second were fitted with an attachment for ease. What is the handle for days and for works? Ah, you do not need to be told that it is prayer!—*Amos R. Wells, in "The Golden Rule."*

Waiting for an Answer

A poor woman stood at a vineyard gate and looked over into the vineyard. "Would you like some grapes?" asked the proprietor. "I should be very thankful," replied the woman. "Then bring your basket." Quickly the basket was brought to the gate. The owner took it and was gone a long time among the vines, till the woman became discouraged, thinking that he was not coming again. At last he returned with the basket heaped full. "I have made you wait a good while," he said, "but you know the longer you have to wait the better grapes and the more." So it sometimes is in prayer. We bring our empty vessel to God and pass it over the gate of prayer to Him. He seems to be delaying a long time, and sometimes faith faints with waiting. But at last He comes, and our basket is heaped full with luscious blessings. He waited long that He might bring us a better and a fuller answer.—*From "Making the Most of Life," by J. R. Miller.*

Communing with God

He kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime (Dan. 6:10).

A friend of mine, a Christian minister, at the height of the Welsh revival, was approached by a humble saint in his church and asked the question: "Can you guess what is the happiest time I have in religion?" My friend said, "Why, we are all as happy as we can be during these revival days, and at our prayer-meetings night after night." The old man replied, "Well, that is true, but I was not thinking about that. Try again." "Then," said my friend, "it must be when you are at prayer." "You are getting near it now," said the old man, "but it is not exactly when I pray. It is when I have done praying, and God and I are just chatting." Daniel had gone deep enough into "the practise of the presence of God" to have this kind of silent dialogue with his Father in heaven. —*Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, in The Christian Age.*

Instant in Prayer

A devout man, and one that . . . prayed to God always (Acts 10:2).

Stonewall Jackson having once used the expression "instant in prayer," was asked what was his idea of its meaning. "I will give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration if you will allow it, and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for others." On being assured that there would be no misjudgment, he went on to say: "I have so fixed the habit in my own mind, that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a moment's asking of God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without sending my thoughts heavenward." "And don't you sometimes forget this?" "I think I can say that I scarcely do; the habit has become almost as fixed as breathing."—*The Christian Herald.*

Prayers of "Shut-Ins"

It was said that during the late war the whole of Great Britain was guarded from aeroplane invasion by a cordon of watchers along the coast, who day and night remained at their stations listening for the whirr and the noise of the aeroplanes in the distance. A Zeppelin could be heard many miles farther away by a blind man than by one who had all his faculties, and so these watchers along the coast were blind men, whose sense of hearing was correspondingly acute. In this day when the church and missionary cause seem to depend upon the prayers of God's people, the army of reserves is certainly in the homes of our people, "shut-in" from other activities. Perhaps the victory, that must surely come, will be brought by these "shut-ins" of Christ's army who give themselves to intercession.—*Anna Milligan, in The Missionary Review of the World.*

Listening to God

Preaching recently in London, the Bishop of Chelmsford suggested that some Christians got into the habit of compiling a list of things they wanted God to give them, and they never knelt in prayer without asking for one of them. It reminded him of the time when his little girl used to come into his study—knowing that he kept a bag of sweets there, and that she would doubtless get one or two of them. But once she looked in, and when asked what she had come for, she replied: "Nothing; I've just come to see you, daddy." Have you ever knelt down before God with the feeling that you just wanted to be near Him and to see Him and to speak to Him, and to listen for His words to you? If you have you may be sure you are getting into the spirit of true prayer.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Prayers Answered in a Lump

They ought always to pray, and not to faint (Luke 18:1).

Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, who died about half a century ago, was in the habit of visiting an old saint who was always in the deepest dejection of spirit. This man's great trouble was that the Lord paid no heed to his prayers; his earnest and repeated supplications were all in vain. Well, Dr. Kidd continued his regular visits for years and years, but always found this man in the same sad despondency. However, one day to his delighted amazement he saw the aged man full of joy and gladness; all the shadows had passed away, his face was radiant with sunshine and happiness. "What's up today?" said Dr. Kidd. "I am glad to see you in a bright mood at last." "Oh, sir," he said, "I have got the answer to forty years' prayers all in a lump!"—*Rev. F. S. Kirkness, in The Sunday Circle.*

Continuous Prayer

But in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God (Phils. 4:6).

In a large office in which the daily moment of prayer has been observed at noon for several months, one of the stenographers was heard to exclaim in surprise, when the prayer gong sounded one day, about a week after the armistice was signed, "What's the matter with them? Don't they know the war is over?" Her question expressed, no doubt, the unconscious attitude of a great many. Now that the war is over we need not bother any longer about prayer. "The river past and God forgotten" is a common proverb which explains this crude but unfortunately common idea of prayer as a sort of magic talisman to be used in emergencies and laid aside when danger is past. —*The Epworth Herald.*

Food Provided Through Prayer

As pastor and wife, we depended on the weekly envelope offerings. But one

Sunday it rained, and we had but 75 cents for the week. We had covenanted always to pay cash, never to run in debt. (This we have faithfully kept these years.) Thursday morning wife said, "Nothing but one cup of oatmeal in the house, husband, what shall we do?" We used it for breakfast and fasted for dinner. Then I went out calling, and wife went to the closet of prayer. On the street, a man turned after passing me, moved by a sudden impulse, and handed me a ten-dollar bill, something he never did before or since. I ran all the way home. Wife was not downstairs. I went upstairs two steps at a time, waving the bill in my hand. "Here it is!" I exclaimed. And she arose from off her knees with joy shining on her face. It was the Lord's bread. And many times since we have proved that He still feeds His people.—*A personal experience.—Rev. S. V. Williams, Olin, Iowa, in The Sunday School Times.*

How J. Hudson Taylor Prayed

I had never heard any one pray like that. There was a simplicity, a tenderness, a boldness, a power that hushed and subdued one, and made it clear that God had admitted him into the inner circle of His friendship. He spoke with God face to face, as a man talketh with his friend. Such praying was evidently the outcome of long tarrying in the secret place, and was as a dew from the Lord. I have heard many men pray in public since then, but the prayers of Mr. Taylor and the prayers of Mr. Spurgeon stand all by themselves. Who that heard could ever forget them? It was the experience of a lifetime to hear Mr. Spurgeon pray, taking as it were the great congregation of six thousand people by the hand, and leading them into the Holy Place; and to hear Mr. Taylor plead for China was to know something of what is meant by the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Did Not Wait for Answers

I pray before thee . . . day and night (Neh. 1:6).

We do not wait on the Lord enough in day-and-night praying. The story is told of a woman who dreamed that she died and went to heaven. As one of the angels was showing her about the rooms of that glorious place, she was brought to a large room where many bundles were piled in a corner. Finding her name on several bundles, she asked for an explanation, saying as she did so, "I remember praying for those very things when I was down on the earth." The angel replied, "Yes, when any of God's children make requests to Him, preparations are made to give the answer, but the angels are told if the petitioner is not waiting for the answer to return it, and store it in this room." Does not this account for our failure many times to receive answers to our prayers?—*Norman H. Camp, in Christian Workers' Magazine.*

The Prayer of Communion

Some one says Jesus practised the prayer of communion. His night visits to the hillside meant fellowship with God. A father was sitting at work at his desk one day. His little boy came into the room, and sat down on a chair, as quietly as possible. After a long time the father looked up. "Why are you here, sonny?" "Just to be beside you, papa." That was heart communion. The prayer of communion leads us to seek to get God's point of view in our lives, to understand what He is trying to do with us, to put ourselves in line with His plan.—*From "The Sunday-Night Evangel," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

The Privilege of Prayer

Professor Fosdick, in his little book on "The Meaning of Prayer," says that there is a chapel in St. Peter's at Rome the door of which is opened only once in twenty-five years. One can imagine the gathering of pilgrims as the time approaches, all of them eager to pray, after the long interval, in a place considered to be of special sanctity. Suppose our prayers could only be offered, or would only be heard, once in a quarter of a century. How eagerly we should anticipate the time! How we should wait for it, and long for it, and prepare for it! But because we can pray at any time, we do not value the privilege of prayer as we should. Because the door is always open we fail to enter.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Like Two Buckets in a Well

A native Japanese, in Bethany Church, Philadelphia, gave a fine definition of prayer and its answer. He said: "They remind me of two buckets in an old-fashioned well; while one was going up the other was coming down."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Geo. Müller's Prayers

More than half a century ago George Müller began to pray for a group of friends. I asked Mr. Müller a short time before he died if he had asked anything of God that had not been granted, and he told me he had prayed sixty-two years, three months, five days, two hours—with his mathematical precision—for two men to be converted, and neither of them showed any signs of that happening. I said, "Do you expect God to convert them?" "Certainly. Do you suppose that God would put upon His child for sixty-two years the burden of two souls if He had no purpose of their conversion?" Shortly afterwards he died, and I was preaching in his pulpit, in Bristol, and referred to this occurrence. As I was going out a lady said: "One of those men was my uncle, and he was converted, and died a few weeks ago." I understand that the other man was brought to Christ in Dublin.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

Not Enough Knee Drill

Overtaking a young Hercules of a policeman the other day, I commented on his stature, and asked if the police were required to exercise regularly in the gymnasium. "An hour once a week," he answered, "just enough to make a man's bones sore." We agreed that this was a piece of folly; that only daily drill was really beneficial. It is the hour a week of Christian drill that ails many Christians. They attend one service in seven days, and that is the beginning and ending of their Christian gymnastics. They practise just enough to make them sore. What they need is knee-drill three times a day, seven days in a week.—*Editorial in The Western Christian Advocate.*

"Chinese" Gordon's Prayers

When "Chinese" Gordon was a subordinate, a fellow-officer boasted to him that he had been promoted more rapidly because he was "not so pious." "Look at me," said he, "I now have a major's shoulder-straps; what have you got?" "I have callouses on my knees," replied Gordon, who was known as the "praying captain." Callouses on the knees are better than straps on the shoulders. And he who first sees that he has callouses on his knees will be most likely to wear worthily and permanently straps on his shoulders, as the future career of General Gordon so clearly proved.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Do Not Know the Answers

"Yes'm, he stopped right there at the gate, speakin' to some one, and I just give a glance at him, and never thought who it was," said the old woman, telling of her absent son's return. "All them long weeks and months I'd been waitin' and prayin' for him to come, and then didn't know him when he stood right outside the gate! Sorter wondered to myself, fretty like, who was comin' in to hinder my work." The answers to many of our prayers stand unrecognized just outside our gate. The trouble with most of us is not that so many of our prayers are unanswered, as we faithlessly complain, but that we do not know the answers when they come.—*Forward.*

Nothing More Substantial

A missionary to Persia, when leaving this country some years ago, was given a farewell meeting at a stopping-place on his way to his steamer. He had made no appeal for money, but at the close, as persons grasped his hand, one well-meaning young man said to him, "We'll try to send you something more substantial than prayers." Quickly came the reply, in deep earnestness, "My friend, you can't do that. We shall be glad of anything you may send; but more than all else we need your daily prayers." The reason why prayer is the greatest contribution we can ever make is that it releases God's energies. As James H. McConkey has pointed out, its secret is in the six words, "If ye ask, I will do."—*The Sunday School Times.*

No "If" with God

I like the story of the little boy whom his mother, on entering the room, found seated at the table with a big knife and a big Bible, and she, awfully shocked, said to him, "My boy, what are you doing?" And he said, "Mother, I have been reading of that poor father who came to Jesus and said, 'If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us'; and I thought he ought not to say 'if' to Jesus, and so I have scratched it out." If the devil whispers "if" as he did to Jesus, let us remember there is no "if" in regard to the willingness and ability of our Lord to heal and save. The disciples may be baffled; Jesus never—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Geo. Müller's Prayer List

More than a half century ago George Müller, that prince of intercessors with

God, began to pray for a group of five personal friends. After five years one of them came to Christ. In ten years two more of them found peace in the same Saviour. He prayed on for twenty-five years, and the fourth man was saved. For the fifth he prayed until the time of his death, and this friend too came to Christ a few months afterward. For this latter friend Mr. Müller had prayed almost fifty-two years! When we behold such perseverance in prayer as this, we realize that we have scarcely touched the fringe of real importunity in our own intercession for others.—*From an address by James H. McConkey, on "The Practice of Prayer."*

Definiteness in Prayer

Let us aim to pray sensible prayers. Some one illustrates the methods of praying in these ways, and he is not far from right: A little boy, almost in one breath, asks his father for a knife, a pencil, a story, a sled, and if he can go over to see Willie, and when the chestnuts will be ripe. Another time the boy asks for a knife. He asks for it in six different ways, and asks for nothing but the knife. Finally, he climbs into his father's lap, clasps his hands, and begs for the knife. Then, in despair, with tears in his eyes, he tells his father he wants the knife to mend the linch-pin of his cart so that he can draw kindlings for his mother. He gets the knife, for he has got to the place where he is definite and unselfish in his request.—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Power of Prayer

A very valuable and heavy bell was sunk in an Eastern river and unavailing efforts were made by various engineers to raise it. At last a clever native priest asked permission to make the attempt, on condition that the bell should be given to his temple. He then had his assistant gather an immense number of bamboo rods. They were taken down by divers, one by one, and fastened to the bell at the bottom of the river. After many thousands of them had thus been securely fastened, it was noticed that the bell began to move, and when the last one had been added the buoyancy of the accumulated rods was so great that they actually lifted that enormous mass of bronze to the surface of the stream. Every whisper of believing prayer is like one of the little bamboo rods. For a time they seem to be in vain, but it was the one more rod, the last feather-weight of power, that made all the others effectual and brought the consummation. —*The Free Churchman.*

A Greater Sultan

In 1839 the Sultan of Turkey decreed that not a representative of the Christian religion should remain in the empire. Learning of this, Dr. William Goodell, an American missionary to Turkey, came home to his friend and colleague, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, with the sad news. "It is all over with us; we have to leave. The American consul and the British ambassador say it is no use to meet this violent and vindictive monarch with antagonism." To this Dr. Hamlin replied: "The Sultan of the universe can, in answer to prayer, change the decree of the Sultan of Turkey." They gave themselves to prayer. The next day the Sultan died, and the decree was never executed. — *From Bible Readings for the Home Circle.*

Telegrams

One night a man working for a great London newspaper was out very late, gathering news, and when he came back to the office he could not get in because the man on the third floor, where the office was, had fallen asleep; do what he could he was not able to wake him up. So he went to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message to Edinburgh, and it read, "Wake up the man in the third story." Then he went back to the door and in a little while down came his companion to open the door. The message went all the way to Edinburgh and then back to London, and it did the work that he couldn't do, and he was within a few steps of the very place he wanted to be. God can do some things for us better than we can do them ourselves, or better than our friends can do them for us; and prayer is the way we talk to God.—*From "Children's Story Sermons," by the Rev. Hugh T. Kerr.*

Prayers Which Ascend

A man once dreamed that he found himself in a church with the old sexton, who was going round with a lighted taper, seeing all was right before locking up. Looking up into the dim recesses of the roof, he was just able to distinguish a number of handsome birds hopelessly floundering about and apparently trying to get through the roof, while a number of others

seemed to have fallen asleep on the beams and rafters. "What are these?" he asked in amazement. "Oh!" said the sexton, "these are some of the prayers said here today. Only a few have gone up to God. These will never reach Him, for they were mere *words*." Only the prayers of the *heart* are heard by the Father in heaven. So of the incense burned by Jeroboam. — *The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Every Prayer Has an Echo

Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," describes a mausoleum in India which it took twenty thousand men twenty-two years to build, and he says, "Standing in that mausoleum, and uttering a word, it echoed back from a height of one hundred and fifty feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God, and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prayeth."—*From Dr. Talmage, in The Christian Herald.*

Where Devils Sleep

A man dreamed he was traveling, and came to a little church, and on the cupola of that church there was a devil fast asleep. He went along farther, and came to a log cabin, and it was surrounded by devils all wide awake. He asked one of them what it meant. Said the devil, "I will tell you: the fact is that that whole church is asleep, and one devil can take care of all the people; but here are a man and woman who pray, and they have more power than the whole church."—*From "Thoughts From My Library," by D. L. Moody.*

Carpets Not Worn by Prayer

The trouble with those folks is they don't pray enough. The carpet in front of their mirrors is worn threadbare, while at the sides of their beds, where they should kneel in prayer, the rug is as good as the day they put it down.—*From "An Interview with Billy Sunday," in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Missing God's Blessing

Uncle Nat was telling Aunt Dinah about the new preacher at the coloured church. "He's pow'ful smaht man, most specially in the mattah ob prayer. Why, he axes fer lots of things dat dis niggah never knowed de Lawd had." Is it not too often true that we miss many of God's best blessings because we fail to realize that He has them to give, and therefore do not ask for them? As James puts it, "Ye have not, because ye ask not."—*Adapted from The Expositor.*

Why I Go to Prayer-Meeting

Because the church is no stronger than its prayer-meeting.

Because I have covenanted before God and our church to be faithful.

Because I want to see our church prosper.

Because of my influence upon the young.

Because I do not want to be a burden to my pastor.

Because I want to so live that the unsaved will have faith in me.

Because it is the hub around which the spiritual wheel of the church revolves.

Because I am not ashamed of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Because I want to live as I want to die.

Because, when I neglect the prayer-meetings of my church, I injure its good name, I lessen its power, I discourage its members and chill my soul. —*The Sunday School Times.*

God Dependable

In Africa, Dr. Good bought something from a native and gave him in payment a note to another white man, requesting that he give the bearer a red woolen cap. Dr. Good explained that the native would only need to go to this man, hand him the note without saying a word, and he would receive the red cap at once. It seemed unbelievable, but the man went, followed by the whole town, who wished to witness the miracle. The inhabitants of each village through which they passed joined them, so that a great crowd presented themselves before the house. The leader handed the note to the white man, who, without a word, went into the house and brought out the red cap. The natives vented their astonishment in a great shout. And is God less dependable than a white man?—*The Youth's Companion.*

Rising Above the World

Those whose business it is to detect the presence of a submarine lying below the surface of the water tell us

that this cannot be done so long as the observer himself is only on the surface. However much he may peer down into the waters below him, he can only see to the depth of a few feet. In order to see the submarine he must rise above the water in an airship, and circle around the suspected area. As he rises up the depth below water which is visible to him increases, until, in the shallow waters, he can see the bottom itself. If we would learn of the deep mysteries below us, we must look down upon them from the heights of prayer. We shall never fathom them so long as we stay on the surface.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Prayer in Christ's Name

"It is the name at the foot of the check," says the Rev. T. G. Selby, "which gives it value when passed over the counter of the bank, and he is a poor simpleton, indeed, who imagines that the check for a sum in four figures will be dishonoured unless he drive there in carriage and pair. And yet some of us are just as whimsical and uninformed upon the subject of prayer. We assume that God will respond more richly and readily to the supplications of prophets, apostles, famous saints, those who belong to brilliant spiritual hierarchies, than to yours and mine. Prayer becomes priceless through the name in which it is presented, however poor and mean and ignoble the petitioner himself."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Giving God a Chance

A busy preacher was one day telling a venerable Quaker how many times he had to preach, and, altogether, how much talking he had to do, when the Quaker made this timely remark, "If thou doest so much talking when hath God a chance to speak to thee?"—*"The King's Business."*

Why He Couldn't Pray

"'F I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee, "'f I should die 'fore I wake—" "I pray," prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donny." "Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, running down stairs. He came back and finished his prayer. His grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption. "But I did think what I was sayin', grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd spoiled Ted's playthings just to hear him scold in the morning. But 'f I should die 'fore I wake, why—I didn't want him to find them that way, so I fixed 'em right."—*The Baptist Union.*

Good Logic

Two gentlemen, standing near a great heathen temple in India, saw a native woman approach the temple with a little child in her arms. She prostrated herself, and lifted the little one before the idol, and they saw that it was sick and deformed and misshapen. They heard the woman pray: "Grant that my child may be comely and fair and strong, like other children." When she turned to go away one of the gentlemen approached her and asked: "Friend, to whom have you prayed?" "I don't know," she replied; "but surely there must be some one somewhere to hear a mother's cry and to keep a mother's heart from breaking."—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

A Man of Prayer

A few years ago there was in the Punjab a desperate character by the name of Gulu. Gulu was touched by Christ and became a mighty man of prayer—more, he became one of the great intercessors of God. He would spend hours in pleading for the affairs of the Kingdom, until the perspiration streamed down his face. One day Gulu came to the missionary. "Sahib," said he, "teach me some geography." "Why, Gulu, what do you want with geography at your age?" "Your Honour, I wish to study geography that I may know more places to pray for."—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A Prayer List

I once knew an old man who had given the best years of his life in service on the foreign mission field. One day we were discussing prayer and its necessary place in the life of a Christian. He drew from his pocket a small notebook filled with lists of foreign-sounding names. He explained that these were the names of the people whom he had definitely assisted in leading to Christ. Daily he had used this book, through the years, just to refresh his memory so that he could always be praying for them.—*The Sunday School Times.*

How to Come to Jesus

Two little girls came home from Sunday-school. "Mamma," said one,

" teacher said today that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can we come to Him when we cannot see Him?" "Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother. "Yes, mamma." "Did you see me when you asked me?" "No; but I knew that you would hear me, and get it for me." "Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see Him, but we know that He is near, and hears every word we say, and that He will give us what we need."—*The Children's Friend.*

Praying the Alphabet

A little heathen boy, who had just learned the alphabet, was one Sunday morning seen out on the hillside, with his hands clasped together, and his eyes closed. He was repeating the letters of the alphabet over and over. The missionary drew near, and asked him what it meant. He replied, "I was praying." "But why," replied the questioner, "did you repeat the letters of the alphabet?" "Well," he said, "I felt I must pray, and as I knew no prayer, I just said the letters of the alphabet, knowing that the great God would put them into words for me."—*The Canadian Epworth Era.*

Moses' Prayer Denied

And he said, Oh, Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send (Exod. 4:13).

"Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For him no leadership to win;
No pillared fire; no magic rod;
No wonders in the land of Zin;
No smiting of the sea; no tears
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep;
No Nebo with a God to keep
His burial; only forty years
Of desert, watching with his sheep."

—*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

On His Knees

Some years ago the Bolton Wanderers were playing a match with another well-known football team. The weather had been stormy, and the ground was very muddy. The game was exciting and fierce, and the spectators wondered which team was going to be the victor. Suttcliffe, the famous goalkeeper for Bolton, had to fall on his knees to save the ball from going into the net. It was a marvelous "save." All over the country the telegraphic message was despatched: "A marvelous 'save' by Suttcliffe on his knees!" It is a grand position to be in to beat off the forces of evil.—*The Christian Herald.*

Saved from Slavery

What mighty works might be accomplished by prayer if we all used the faith of the orphan girl Kara in India. Fearing slavery and worse, she appealed to a missionary—a teacher from an adjoining village—to take her home with her. The teacher said, "We have no vacant room and no money to build more." Kara's sad look, although too proud to cry, appealed to the teacher. She said, "You pray to God to enable us to take you. I, too, will pray." On reaching home that night the missionary found a letter from America containing ten dollars. With this encouragement a messenger was sent early next morning for Kara. It was a long day's journey, but at noon he returned with Kara. The girl said simply: "Why, we both prayed to God, so I thought I might as well start." She was half way there when the messenger met her.—*Adapted from a missionary leaflet.*

Unction in Prayer

A beautiful story of Horace Bushnell was told by Dr. Parkes Cadman, at Westminster Chapel, one day recently. Bushnell was found to be suffering from an incurable disease, and to prolong his life was sent to the White Mountains, where he spent his last six months. The Rev. Joseph Twichell (Mark Twain's minister) visited him there, and as they sat together one night under the starry sky Bushnell said, "One of us ought to pray." Twichell asked Bushnell to do so, and Bushnell began his prayer with the words, "I have remembered all the way thou my God hast led me," and then, burying his face in the earth, he poured out his heart "until," said Twichell in recalling the incident, "I was afraid to stretch out my hand in the darkness lest I touch God."—*The Expository Times.*

Silent Before God

Preaching recently in London, the Bishop of Chelmsford suggested that some Christians got into the habit of compiling a list of things they wanted God to give them, and they never knelt in prayer without asking for one of

them. It reminded him of the time when his little girl used to come into his study—knowing that he kept a bag of sweets there, and that she would doubtless get one or two of them. But once she looked in, and when asked what she had come for, she replied: "Nothing; I've just come to see you, daddy." Have you ever knelt down before God with the feeling that you just wanted to be near Him and to see Him and to speak to Him, and to listen for His words to you? If you have, you may be sure you are getting into the spirit of true prayer.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Used His Knees

A Chinaman, who had been a slave to the opium habit for thirty-nine years, was cured, and he remained cured. One day some one asked him how it was he had broken off the terrible habit, and he answered: "I used my two knees."—*The Christian.*

God Talked to Her

They that wait (Isa. 40:31).

Two little girls said their prayers together one night; at the close one jumped right up on her bare feet, but the other knelt quietly by the white bed. "What were you waiting for, sister?" "I was listening for God to answer," said her sister. "Don't you remember Miss Josepha said we musn't hurry over our prayers? She said that it was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me." "Did He say anything to you tonight, sister?" asked the other, looking startled. "You know," was the answer in a low tone, "we said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

How Haydn Found Comfort

"Haydn, the composer, was talking with two friends once on the subject of sorrow and depression. One said, 'When I feel down, I take to my wine, and that cheers me up.' The other said, 'I take to my music, and that cheers me up and comforts me, and I feel lifted out of my sorrow and heaviness.' Haydn said, 'When I feel sad, I take to prayer. It is my Lord that cheers and comforts me as nothing else can do.' And I find that," said Dr. Dixon, "sweeter than any melody that any great composer ever wrote."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Ready for the Answer

There is an old picture that represents an Oriental beggar by a city gate with box or bag held out for dole, but while he waits for alms he falls asleep. He does not see the coin that kindly hands bestow, he does not see when a greedy hand filches away the gift, and he awakes later empty-handed and disappointed. That is the story of many an unanswered prayer; it holds the reason of many an ungranted petition. The angel with the gift, whatever it may have been, came and found us unready.—*Forward.*

Trusted the Praying Baron

The German philosopher Fichte discussed the subject of prayer with Baron von Kottwitz, admitting that it might be well to teach children to pray, but a grown man had no need of prayer. The baron could not agree with him, but maintained his belief in and practise of prayer. When, shortly after, the philosopher died, it was found that he had appointed the baron guardian of his beloved only child. He had known him only in this one interview, but had evidently been convinced that a praying man was one to whom he might safely intrust his child.—*Young Ladies' Weekly.*

Gen. Grant and Prayer

General Howard, the Christian soldier, told a friend a very touching incident of General Grant when he visited him at his death-bed. The great general was nearing the end, the hand of death was on him, his throat was muffled, and he could not speak clearly. General Howard reminded him of his great service. He told him that the country would hold him always in grateful remembrance; then the muffled voice interrupted him, and with eagerness he turned to one of whose piety he was as certain as of his courage—"Howard, tell me more about prayer."—*From "In His Name."*

Answers Not Recognized

Before they call, I will answer (Isa. 65:24).

Sometimes the Lord's answer has really come, but we have not prayed for eyes to see it. It has not come

quite in the dress we expected, and therefore we did not know it. A friend was appointed to meet me at a railway station. He looked for a man in clerical attire, and we wandered about, little knowing that we were brushing shoulders with each other all the time. He thought I had not arrived, but I was there in another dress. And, therefore, it is well to look at our ordinary circumstances when they do not come to us in familiar and expected guise.—*Dr. Jowett, in The Christian Guardian.*

Gen. Jackson Encouraged Praying

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation (Mark 14:38).

An officer once complained to General Jackson that some soldiers were making a noise in their tent. "What are they doing?" asked the general. "They are praying now, but have been singing," was the reply. "And is that a crime?" the general demanded. "The articles of war order punishment for any unusual noise," was the reply. "God forbid that praying should be *an unusual noise* in the camp!" said Jackson.—*The Earnest Christian.*

Not Asking Largely

Whatsoever we ask we receive of him (1 John 3:22).

Theodore Monod was once telling a little friend about Christ healing blind Bartimæus. "And what," said he to the boy, "would you have asked from Jesus if you had been blind?" "Oh," said the child, with glowing face and kindling eyes, "I should have asked Him for a nice little dog with a collar and chain to lead me about." How often do we ask for the blind man's dog instead of the seeing man's eyes!—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Losing Heart in Prayer

No doubt thousands of prayers are never answered because men faint at God's delay. After spending thousands of dollars in drilling for oil, the operator became discouraged and sold out for a trifle. The purchaser started the drill and in six hours found a flowing well. We see what fainting cost the first owner. Many Christians lose heart just when the answer is about to be granted.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Safe When on Our Knees

Some years ago an eminent preacher was climbing an Alpine summit with two guides. After much labour the top was reached, and forgetting the gale that was blowing, the preacher stood up to enjoy the view. Instantly the guide called to him and pulled him down, saying, "On your knees; you are not safe except on your knees." Even at the summit of Christian experience and privilege we are not safe except on our knees. Prayer is as needful on the mountain tops as in the valleys.—*The Cheltenham Examiner.*

Praying and Doubting

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou taken up and cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that what he saith cometh to pass; he shall have it (Mark 11:23).

Too often we are like the woman whose view from her home was obstructed by a hill, and so one night she prayed that the hill might be removed. On looking out of the window the next morning she exclaimed, "There it is, just as I expected!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Asking God's Guidance

A very interesting sketch in the January *Sunday at Home"* of "Thomas Woodrow Wilson: Professor, Presbyterian Elder, and President-Elect," contains the following story: When he was invited to become a candidate for the presidency, his house was full of reporters waiting to hear his decision. To their surprise he withdrew with his wife, and kept them waiting for twenty minutes before he announced his answer. One of them had the impertinence to ask Mrs. Wilson what they were doing all that time. "Well," she said, shyly, "you know we are religious people."—*United Methodist.*

Getting Things from God

It was said of a holy man who was walking down a street in Great Britain, in the eighteenth century, that one said to another as this servant of God passed by: "There goes a man who can get anything he wants from God." Is that true of us? We have been Christians for five, ten, or twenty years. Can we get anything that we want, because we abide with Him?—*Charles Inglis, in Record of Christian Work.*

Where to Find the Bravest Men

It is related of Lord Clyde, states the Rev. E. J. Hardy, chaplain to the

forces, that on one occasion he asked his officers to pick him the bravest men from his small army before Delhi, to form the forlorn hope in a desperate attack. It was on a Sunday evening. "There is a prayer-meeting going on now," they said, "in the camp. If you go there, you will find all the bravest men."—*The Christian Age.*

No Explanation Needed

In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God (Phil. 4:6).

"And how do you explain it?" asked one who had heard an old saint tell of a wonderful answer to prayer. "I don't," she answered simply, "it doesn't need explaining. I just took the Lord at His word, and He took me at mine."—*Forward.*

Not Afraid of Failure

A simple man who carried on business in Manchester, about whose integrity certain rumours were abroad, was asked, "Do you never fear you will break?" "Ay," said the man very emphatically, "I shall break when the 50th Psalm breaks in the 15th verse, 'Call upon mè in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me!'"—*The Christian Herald.*

Waiting for an Answer

To pray, and not to faint
(Luke 18:1).

If I am to talk to my friend on the telephone, after I have rung him up, I must wait for an answer. It is not a bit of use to ring up and then put the instrument down. I must wait until I hear the "Hello!" or "Are you there?" from the other end. Now, it is exactly like that with prayer—we must give God time to reply. It is not a bit of use to offer up a prayer and then ring off. That is a mistake people often make in prayer.—*Dr. J. D. Jones.*

No Time to Pray

Speaking on the point that Daniel, though a very busy man, found time to pray, D. L. Moody said: "I am reminded of the words of an old Methodist minister, 'If you have so much business to attend to that you have no time to pray depend upon it you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have.'"—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

How Loud to Pray

A pastor was once preaching to the children and trying to impress upon them the truth of God's nearness. To see what idea of the divine nearness the children had, he asked this question, "How loud do we need to pray to have God hear us?" A nine-year-old boy replied, "Loud enough so we mean it." That is part of the secret of successful prayer.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Alone with God

It is said that the air of the famous Kentucky cave has a peculiar power of stimulating the senses. After the visitor has been in it for an hour or two, and returns to the open air, he can discern the scents of the flowers, trees, and grasses in an extraordinary manner. So new perceptions of spiritual things will come if you draw aside from the world, and get into the quiet of God's presence.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Knocking and Running

Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of children who knock at their neighbours' houses and then run away. We often knock at Heaven's door and then run off into the spirit of the world; instead of waiting for entrance and answer, we act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.—*From "Thoughts From My Library," by Moody.*

Holding the Gate Open

Few better descriptions of prayer can be found than in George MacDonald's words about Old Janet in "Sir Gibbie": "She never said she prayed; she held the gate open." For the deepest prayer is not found in our words to God. It is rather the keeping the soul open to Him, that He may speak to us, —and work through us.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Luther's Praying Habit

Martin Luther, when once asked by his friends what his plans for the following day were, answered: "Work, work from early until late. In fact, I have so much to do that I shall spend the first three hours in prayer."—*The Sunday School Times.*

How Do We Pray?

"I wonder what are the prayers I pray,
As seen from the other side.
I am still petitioning day by day
For something that is denied.

"Some gift I am certain would make life sweet,
And help me to grow in grace;
Would nerve my heart, and would speed my feet
For running the Christian race.

"I would give some service that is not asked,
I would say what my work should be,
I would not mind how severely tasked,
Did the choice but remain with me.

"So I miss the power that can surely save,
When I pray—as I have begun
So often, 'Give me the thing I crave';
So seldom, 'Thy will be done.'"

—Benjamin George Ambler, in Record of Christian Work.

Becoming Familiar with Good

The president of a bank, when asked by a young clerk how he could distinguish the bad bills from the good, said, "Get familiar with the good bills, and you will recognize the bad bills at sight." By watchfulness and prayer we can so familiarize ourselves with the good that we shall recognize evil the instant it appears, and thus avoid entering into temptation.—*The Expositor.*

Secret of Chinese Conversions

Some years ago my eyes fell on the record of a wonderful work of grace in connection with one of the stations of the China Inland Mission, where both the number and spiritual character of the converts had been far greater than at other stations where the consecration of the missionaries had been just as great as at the more fruitful place.

This rich harvest of souls remained a mystery until Hudson Taylor, on a visit to England, discovered the secret. At the close of one of his addresses a gentleman came forward to make his acquaintance. In the conversation which followed, Mr. Taylor was surprised at the accurate knowledge the man possessed concerning this inland China station. "But how is it," Mr. Taylor asked, "that you are so conversant with the conditions of that work?" "Oh!" he replied, "the missionary there and I are old collegemates; for years we have regularly corresponded; he has sent me names of enquirers and converts, and these I have daily taken to God in prayer." At last the secret is found! A praying man at home, praying definitely, praying daily, for specific cases among the heathen. That is the real intercessory missionary. How different the record of missionary service would be, if each missionary on the field had such an intercessory missionary to hold up his hands!

Insulated Prayers

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father (Matt. 6:6).

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by-and-by said sharply, "If you'll shut the door you can hear." His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice, but the street and store noises too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been shut enough. Man's voice and God's voice get mixed in their ears. They cannot tell between them. The bother is partly with the door. If you'll shut that door you can hear.—*S. D. Gordon, in "Quiet Talks on Prayer."*

A Plank that Bears

He also will hear their cry, and will save them (Psa. 145:19, last clause).

The passengers of two long trains coming from opposite directions faced each other across a fallen bridge. They also faced the fact that if they continued their journey they must pass from one side of the chasm to the other by a plank footpath. A timid little woman gasped, as she saw the water below, "Is there only this one little plank?" "That is all, Madam," said the engineer, holding out his hand,—"but it is a plank that bears." Prayer is ofttimes one single solitary plank over a torrent of trouble that thirsts for our soul—but, thank God, it is a plank that bears.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Would Pray More

I have somewhere read that the Rev. Philip Henry, after praying for two of his children who were dangerously ill, said: "If the Lord will be pleased to grant this, my request, I will not say as the beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask anything of him again'; but, on the contrary, He shall hear oftener from me than ever; and I will love God the better as long as I live." —*Rev. J. T. Whitley.*

How God Answers Prayer

When a man puts a meter on his water-pipe, he is careful to turn on only a small stream of water and to shut it off before dark. But when God makes a fountain, He turns a Niagara over its great, beetling cliffs and lets it pour for unnumbered centuries. When the good Lord fed the hungry people in the wilderness, there was more left over than they had to start with. God Himself would be poor if, when I asked Him for something, He gave me only just what I asked for. I never had a prayer answered in that way in my life. He gives me more than I ask or can ever think of.— *Robert J. Burdette.*

Stead's Prayer List

Dr. Henry Lunn, a lifelong friend and literary co-labourer of the late W. T. Stead, tells this characteristic incident: "I received from him one Christmas one of his little books, and in it was printed, 'To the companion of my Rosary,' and then followed my name and his signature. I asked him what it meant, and he said, 'I keep a list of all the people with whom I have been brought closely in contact, and each of them is down in my calendar for the day when he first crossed my path, and on that day I pray for him." Thus closely did he unite himself with the people he met.—*The Christian Herald.*

Had Forgotten Her Soul

"Mother, you have forgotten my soul," said little Anna, three years old, as her mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother, you have forgotten my soul!" "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why—

"'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.'

We have not said that." The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. How many mothers, busy hour after hour fashioning pretty garments and caring for the bodies of their little ones, forget their souls!— *Sunday at Home.*

PREACHING

John Jankins' Sermon

The minister said, last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use o' livin'?"
And that's what I say to wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds o' cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And a-riggin' out in bows and things
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife; and, says I,
"That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode o' sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself
And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he:
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit on others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin';
And lots a-lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Shooting Low

A minister felt that for some reason the words he spoke from Sunday to Sunday were not bearing the fruit they should. One Saturday morning after he had finished writing his sermon, the thought occurred to him, "Perhaps I shoot too high; I will go down and see if Betty can understand it." Betty was a trusted Christian servant.

He went to the kitchen and called her to come and hear his sermon. She hesitated. He insisted. She came. He read a few sentences and asked, "Do you understand that?" "No," she replied. He repeated the idea in simpler language, and then asked her if she saw it. "I see it a little." He again simplified. She saw it more clearly and showed deep interest, but said to him, "Plane it a little more." And once again he simplified. Then she exclaimed with ecstacy, "Now, I see it; now I understand it."

He returned to his study and rewrote his sermon in the simple style that Betty could understand. On Sabbath morning he went to church, fearing and trembling lest his people should be disgusted with his sermon, but fully resolved to try the experiment. What was his surprise to find that he was given attention as never before, and he saw eyes were filled with tears in the congregation. From that time on he changed his style of language and had no further cause to feel that his work was not successful. — *Baptist Commonwealth.*

A Soul-Winning Preacher

A Christian worker in the West recently said:

"I wish I had the same faith and fearless persistence that my preacher father had. He feared neither man nor devil, official board nor mob. On one of his charges the work languished, and the church was spiritually dead. So he called his official board together and said, 'What shall we do?'

"'Oh,' they said, 'there is nothing to do. Things are as they are.'

"'I want a series of meetings,' he said.

"They replied, 'We are behind in the finances this year. We can't afford what they would cost.'

"'All right,' he said. 'If I can't have a series of services with you, then I'll have a series without you.'

"And he did. On Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, 'Special services will be held in this church every evening this week except Saturday.'

"Monday evening he and the janitor were the only ones present. When he asked the janitor to lead in prayer the man fled, and he was alone. And alone he went every night that week. He built the fire and lit the lamps. Then he read the Scriptures, sang a hymn, prayed and went home.

"The next Sunday morning he announced from the pulpit, 'Special services will be continued in this church five evenings this week.' And they were. On Monday evening a group of young men heard him holding forth.

"'Come on,' said one, 'let's go in. There's an old fool in there who is holding meetings with himself. Let's go in and see how he does it.' They went in. He preached the Gospel. One of those young men arose and came to God. The next night there were twenty there, including some of the official board. The next night the church was filled, and for six consecutive weeks that old man preached Christ, and 150 came to God."

After all, the work of the ministry is not a work at all. It is a holy passion that gives no rest till we see men made new by the grace of God through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Selected.*

Christ Only Should Be Seen

One of Dr. A. Bonar's elders relates how one day at a shop down in Glasgow he saw a crowd. Looking in he found an auctioneer holding up a great picture, quite covering him, and saying: "Now look at this side of the picture, and now at this side," describing every part. "I never saw the speaker," said the elder, "only the picture." "So," he added, "we should speak and work for Christ. He should be all, and ourselves out of sight."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Hand Not Seen

He held the lamp each Sabbath day,
So low that none could miss the way,
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair of Christ the Light,
That, gazing up, the lamp between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint.
They drank; the pitcher them between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

He blew the trumpet, soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear,
And then with louder note and bold,
To storm the walls of Satan's hold;
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it was not seen.

And when our Captain says, "Well done!
Thou good and faithful servant, come!
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp;
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,"
Thy weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in His pierced ones, naught between.—*Anon.*

The Miller and the Squire

Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes (Matt. 11:25).

The squire did not approve of the miller being a local preacher. He thought a man should have a university training and be especially fitted for preaching the gospel; and this is how the miller enlightened him. The miller looked at the wall above the squire's desk, for they were in the squire's library. "Is that the map of your estate, sir?" said he. The squire assented. "I s'pose you do know that map purty well, don't 'ee? Every road, and every pathway, and every waterway?" "Yes, yes." "Well, squire, do you remember the other day you was down to the mill, and you asked my li'l Mary to show you the pathway through the woods? I've been thinkin' 'tis like this 'ere. You knowed that road 'pon the map. If you'd ask li'l Mary what it was called 'pon the map, mind, she wouldn't 'ave been able to tell 'ee. But li'l Mary showed you the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but li'l Mary knowed the way by walkin' in it; and I don't know the way 'pon the map so well as some people, but, bless the Lord! I know the way to heaven by walkin' in it."—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

Supplying the Pulpit

A young clergyman, who was spending a holiday in a small, out-of-the-way town, went to the local barber to get a shave. The barber, like all his fellows, was a more or less loquacious soul. He showed a friendly interest in the stranger, who, by the way, was not dressed in clerical garb. He began to question him. "Stranger here, ain't you?" The parson admitted it. "Traveling man?" said the barber. "No," said the parson. "What are you doing over here?" asked the barber. "I am supplying the pulpit," said the parson. "Supplying the pulpit?" echoed the barber, who had apparently never heard the phrase before. "What with?" That question set the clergyman thinking. He began to ask himself what he actually was supplying that pulpit.—*The Christian Herald.*

Preaching to Common People

At a meeting held at Wittenberg by the leaders of the Reformation it was agreed that Albert Bucer and Luther should be the preachers. At the close of the services Luther requested Bucer to be his guest, to which Bucer readily acceded. In the course of the evening Luther found an opportunity to make his remarks on the sermon delivered by his sage friend. He spoke highly in its praises, but added, "*Bucer, I can preach better than you.*" Such an observation sounded oddly to the ear of his friend, who, however, took it in good part, and readily replied, "*Every person, of course, will agree that Luther should bear the palm.*" Luther immediately changed his tone of voice, and with indescribable seriousness addressed his friend to this effect:—"Do not mistake me, my dear brother, as though I spoke merely in the praise of myself. I am fully aware of my weak-

ness, and am conscious of my inability to deliver a sermon so learned and judicious as the one I have heard from your lips this afternoon. But my method is, when I enter the pulpit, to look at the people that sit in the aisles; because they are principally Vandals (alluding to the circumstance of those parts having been formerly overrun by hordes of savage Vandals). I keep my eye on the Vandals, and endeavour to preach what they can comprehend. But you shot over their heads."—*Rev. Walter Baxendale.*

Demosthenes, a Model for Preachers

"In hearing my orations," says Cicero, "the people admire my intellect and my art, and interrupt me with applause."

Demosthenes replies: "True, indeed! You employ the audience for yourself; I occupy it only with the things of which I speak. Your hearers admire you. My hearers forget me, attentive to my purpose. They praise you; they are too absorbed in what I say to praise me. You are ornate, but there is little ornament in my speeches. They are composed of precise, strong, clear reasons which are irresistible. You make the audience cry out, 'Ah, how eloquently he speaks!' I make my audience exclaim, 'Come on, and let us march against Philip!'"—*Selected.*

Spurgeon's Wonderful Voice

A writer in the *Baptist Times and Freeman* (London) says that Spurgeon's voice lingers in his memory as the most wonderful to which he ever listened, with a bell-like clearness and sweetness. In confirmation, he quotes Augustine Birrell, who spoke of hearing Spurgeon preach in this wise: "All of a sudden, I heard Spurgeon, with that beautiful voice of his and his perfect articulation, quote three lines from Keats. Straightway I forgot my surroundings. Ever since that day I never hear Spurgeon accused of illiteracy but I murmur to myself those three glorious lines, so magnificently rendered, by way of protest."—*Selected.*

Not a Soul-Winning Sermon

I will make you to become fishers of men (Mark 1:17).

A sailor had just returned from a whaling voyage, and he was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. After the sermon he said, "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?" "Yes, it was shipshape," said Jack, "the masts just high enough, the sails and the rigging all right, but I did not see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage, the great thing is to get whales, but they do not come because you have a fine ship; you must go after them and harpoon them. The preacher must be the whaler."—*The King's Business, in a sermon by W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D.*

The Minister and Sign-Post

Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool (Ezek. 34:3).

The story is told of a clergyman who was far more at home on the hunting field than in the pulpit. On the morning of a meet he was much annoyed at having to officiate at a funeral, but this over he mounted his horse and started in pursuit of his friends. On the road he sought information of an old woman with a donkey cart. "Well," she said, "if you ride to the top of the hill, you will come to a 'meenister,' then if you turn to the right you will be likely to come up with them." Handing her a shilling, he said, "My good woman, why do you call the sign-post a 'meenister'?" "Why, you see, sir, it's like this; we used to call them sign-posts, but since you've been in these parts we call them 'meenisters,' 'cos though they point others the way they never go themselves."—*From London Titbits, in Homiletic Review.*

Calling the Best They Could

"Twenty-nine years ago," began Billy Sunday, "I staked everything on Jesus Christ, and I won." Then he told the story of the dumb son of King Croesus, who saw an assassin stealing up behind his father. He tried to cry out, but could not. He tried again, but could make no sound. A third time he strained and struggled to warn his father against the approaching death, and with a dreadful effort burst the bonds of dumbness and cried out in a voice that was hoarse and repellent, but which caught his father's attention and saved his life. "Every day," said Sunday, "I stand and see men and women and little children threatened with worse than death. I see them on their way to hell. I call out to them as best I can. My way may be rough and my words unrefined, but I catch their attention. I call out the only way I can and, God helping me, I will keep on calling, and calling, and calling, so long as I can speak."—*From "A Law-*

yer's Impression of Billy Sunday," in The Sunday School Times.

Jesus Everywhere in the Bible

And Philip . . . beginning from this Scripture, preached unto him Jesus (Acts 8:35).

Some time ago one of my friends went out with a little boy. . . . My friend said to him: "Go to Sunday-school?" "Yes." "What did your teacher talk about last Sunday afternoon?" "Oh, he was talking about Jacob." "And what did he take the Sunday before that?" "He was talking about prayer." "Well, did your teacher talk about Jesus?" "Oh, no," said the little fellow, "that's at the other end of the Book." Now, I hold that Jesus is not at the other end of the Book, but He is all through the Book, and every chapter and every verse and every incident in the Bible may somehow be made a road to Jesus. —*From "A Castaway," by F. B. Meyer.*

Had to Depend on the Lord

A clergyman, having forgotten his notes one Sunday, apologized to his congregation by saying that he would have to depend upon the Lord that morning for what he might say, but in the evening he would come better prepared. This may have been a slip of the tongue, but are there not some who, if they were to speak right out from their inmost souls, would deliberately use the same language?—*The Expositor of Holiness.*

Wanted to See Jesus Only

Dr. J. H. Jowett tells us that one Sunday he went to a camp-meeting outside New York at which he was to speak, when one engaging in prayer said: "O Lord, we thank thee for our brother. Now blot him out. Reveal thyself."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Watching the Trees and Posts

Every congregation is divided into saved people and unsaved. I call them trees and posts. When you put in a tree it begins to grow. When you stick in a post it begins to rot. We pastors have a delightful time watching trees grow. But it is a sad business watching posts decay.—*Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, in The Evangelical Christian.*

Dr. Weston's Retort

Once upon a time a man came to Dr. Henry G. Weston and said, "Mr. Weston, I don't believe you are the kind of preacher I like to hear preach." The keen eyes transfixed him as the minister replied, "My friend, I hope I never will be the kind of preacher you like to hear preach." The man went away puzzled, and told his friends about it, and marveled why they laughed.—*From an address at Northfield by Robert J. Burdette.*

Choked by His "Living"

The care of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word (Matt. 13:22).

George Fox writes in his Journal for 1650, "I was moved to go into Derbyshire, where the mighty power of God was among Friends. And I went to Chesterfield, where one Britland was priest. He saw beyond the common sort of priest, for he had been partly convinced and had spoken much on behalf of Truth, before he was priest there; but when the priest of that town died, he got the parsonage, and choked himself with it."—*The Sunday School Times.*

John Wesley's Questions

And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin (John 16:8).

John Wesley used to ask his young men whom he had sent out on probation to preach two questions: "Has any one been converted?" and "Did any one get mad?" If the answer was "No," he told them he did not think the Lord had called them to preach the Gospel, and he sent them about their business. When the Holy Ghost convicts of sin, people are either converted or—they don't like it and get mad.—*D. L. Moody.*

Accountable for His People

John Brown, of Hamilton, alleges C. H. Spurgeon, said to a young minister who complained of the smallness of his congregation, "It is as large a one as you will want to give account for in the day of judgment."—*The Sunday School Times.*

When Sleepers Are Aroused

And the princes were wroth with Jeremiah and smote him (Jer. 37:15).

I caused a man to get angry once, and he hit me; went at me and knocked me down. It was on the street in Chicago, and the fellow was freezing to death; and just before a man freezes

he is in a woeful condition. I saw the fellow was freezing, and I began to pound him, and when he got mad he went for me, and I ran away and left him. And so with the church-members —they wake up awfully mad.—*From a sermon of D. L. Moody's, in The Christian Herald.*

McCheyne's Preaching

Some one asked an old Scots woman what she thought of Robert Murray McCheyne's preaching; she hesitated a moment, and replied, "He preaches as if he was a-dying to have you saved." Is that our spirit?—*Rev. E. L. Langston, in Keswick Week.*

Hearken:

By Joe the Jew, "the Most Humble Servant of the Lord."

(Posted in the Rescue Society Midnight Mission, New York City.)

"Bleszed is der man who maketh a short szpeach for verily he shall be called on again to shpeak.

"Szome peebles' szilence isz der best szermon they could ever preach.

"Der mercifuls mans destimony isz short, sharp and to der point, but he dot isz cruel, inflicteth a long sermon.

"It isz more blessed to give dot rag to thine brudder than to chew it thineself.

"Blenty wind is a bleszing to der windmill, but a calamity to der goszpel meeding.

"Der supply of dry und long-winded preatshers isz always greater than the demand.

"Der fool hath szaid in his heart, 'Lo, I am der anointed high-flyer in oratory.' Them peebles szaid one to another, 'Behold a balloon filled with hot air.'"—*Selected.*

A Universal Formula

In a recent address to theological students, President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, told of a native Christian evangelist of whom he had heard while traveling in India. The Oriental preacher was being asked as to his methods of presenting the Gospel, when he volunteered the secret of sermonizing:

"When I set out to preach, I always divide the sermon into three parts," said the evangelist. "First, I tell them what I'm going to tell them. Second, I—well, I just tell them. And, third, I tell them what I told them!" —*Selected.*

An Old-Fashioned Preacher

In a pew of a great London church one Sunday evening we found a minister of our acquaintance, who, so he told us, had been having the luxury of two Sundays "off." He had spent them in paying visits to some of the great churches of the metropolis. He had listened to one of the most brilliant and popular men in Nonconformity; he had sat under the spell of a silver-tongued preacher of the Church of England. That afternoon he had also heard a great mission preacher, a man of no learning, of rude eloquence, and, as he expressed it, quite antediluvian in his theological view. That service had left an abiding impression on his mind. "What did you think of him?" we asked. "Well, of course," he replied, "for style and all that, he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with ——, or with ——. But, do you know, that man *made me feel a scamp!*"—*The Sunday at Home.*

To Under-Shepherds

An aged minister, advising a young man who was just entering upon his life-work as a shepherd of God's flock, said: "My son, feed the sheep, do not beat them. If a sheep is well fed, he can endure, and will submit to some harsh treatment, but to starve and beat him at the same time is likely to prove fatal."—*The Evangelical.*

The Prayer That Stirred Scotland

I heard in Edinburgh the illustration of McCheyne, and though I had read his life, this had never before so impressed me. We were standing near the old statue of Knox at the Free Church Assembly Hall entrance. An old Scotchman told me the story of McCheyne in his young manhood, how he stood Sabbath morning in his church; how he leaned over his pulpit and said: "I cannot go on"; how he broke down and wept like a child. Then he lifted his eyes to God and said: "O God, take my people yourself and tell them what I cannot tell them, and fill them with yourself." The old Scotchman who told me the story leaned back against the Knox monument and said: "Do you know, friends, this man Knox did great things for Scotland, but young McCheyne's prayer touched a chord in Scotland and in Scottish hearts that even this great man never touched, with all his power. To think that when he was scarcely over thirty God called him away; but

he called down the power of God upon Scotland and it is with us still."—*Dr. John Timothy Stone.*

Lamp-Lighters for God

The Rev. J. H. Jowett, of London, in a memorial sermon preached for the late Joseph Parker, said, "I have stood upon the Calton Hill in Edinburgh,—stood there in the darkening twilight, and gazed out over the vast, vague, and shadowy city. And I have seen the lamplighter going his rounds, and I have tracked his progress as he kindled lamp after lamp until the lovely Princes Street stood out an unbroken line of golden light. And I have seen this other lamplighter in the spiritual kingdom, Joseph Parker, pass down highways of the truth upon which I have looked with dim uncertainty, and he has lit lamp after lamp, until to many thousands the streets have been bright with wondrous illumination. This is the work of the Christian preacher and teacher,—to hold up God's word as a light to guide fellow-pilgrims."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Attracting the Sinners

Bishop Thoburn, returning to America after twenty-five years spent in India as a missionary, was asked what changes in church life affected him most. He answered: "I no longer see the very poor or the wicked in our churches; they used to come to the church which I knew best in my home town. It is my firm belief that wherever the Friend of sinners is held up, there sinners will come. Next to my church in Calcutta was a Magdalene home. I asked the matron if the inmates might be allowed to come to church. They came, and some of them sat on the side seats where they could look out on the audience. One of them afterwards said to the matron: 'That was the queerest church I ever saw. All the bad people in Calcutta were there.' That was one of the best things ever said about my church. I knew that sinners would not come there if they did not know that the Saviour of whom I spoke was the Friend of sinners."—*The Sunday School Times.*

All Roads Lead to Christ

A young man just starting upon his work in the ministry was one day talking to an aged minister in London who had spent a lifetime in the service. The young man said, according to *The Christian Citizen:* "You have had a great deal of experience; you know many things that I ought to learn. Can't you give me some advice to carry with me in my new duties?" "Yes, I can," was the response. "I will give you a piece of advice. You know that in every town in England, no matter how small; in every village or hamlet, though it be hidden in the folds of the mountains or wrapped around by the far-off sea; in every clump of farm-houses, you can find a road which, if you follow it, will take you to London. Just so every text which you shall choose to preach from in the Bible will have a road which leads to Jesus. Be sure you find that road and follow it; be careful not to miss it once. This is my advice to you."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Helping the Minister

It is but little we know of the man called Hur, but the principal notice we have of him shows him to have been a man of blessed influence. He was one of the men who held up the hands of Moses while he prayed for the Hebrew host during their engagement with the Amalekites. By sustaining his hands, Aaron and Hur helped to turn the tide of battle and made Israel's first conflict to end in victory. Many a pastor cherishes the blessed memory of an Aaron or a Hur (often it is a memory of a "her") who has held up his hands when things seemed to be going against him. You may not be able to do great things, but if you help to hold up your pastor's hands, you will prove a great blessing to many souls.—*The Christian Instructor.*

Wanted the Evidence

They hate him that reproveth in the gate, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly (Amos 5 : 10).

In a hotel recently a traveling man said, "Billy Sunday is a grafter,—that is all." A man stepped up to him and said, "What is that?" The traveling man repeated the statement. "Can you prove that?" was the next question. "Why," said the traveling man, "everybody knows it." "Well," said the other, "that may be true. I will give you $5,000 to prove it, however." "Who are you?" asked the traveling man, "one of Sunday's kind?" "No," was the reply; "I am a salesman for a brewery. Billy Sunday is doing our business great harm, and my people will gladly give $5,000 to show him up if he's a grafter, and

to stop the harm he is doing our business."—*Civic League Record.*

A Spiritual Surgeon

Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be as oil upon the head (Psa. 141 : 5).

In a recent sermon Mr. Sunday uttered the following sentence that reveals the underlying motive for his apparent attacks upon the church: "I am not a spiritual osteopathist," he declared. "I am a surgeon, and when I seek to sink my scalpel deep into the putrefying sores that afflict the church today, some cry out that I am abusing the church. God forbid that I should abuse it. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' Treacherous is the kiss of an enemy."—*The Baltimore Methodist.*

Paying with the Sinners

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only (Jas. 1 : 22).

A story is told of a North Carolina preacher who lived in the days when traveling preachers were entertained at hotels free of charge. This particular preacher put up at a small hotel for a few days, where he was most hospitably entertained by the host; but he was much surprised when, on leaving, he was presented with his bill. "Why," he said, "I thought preachers were entertained free." "Well," said the innkeeper, "you came in and ate your meals without asking the blessing; you went to bed and rose in the morning without ever saying a prayer; while here you talked about everything but religion: pray, how were we to know that you were a preacher? You have lived like a sinner, and now you will have to pay with the sinners."—*From a sermon by the Rev. J. W. H. Brown.*

The Lord Left Out

A Sunday-school teacher had taught her class about David and Goliath. A special text was, "The Lord was with David." One little boy was greatly impressed with the thought. He went home and got out his nursery pictures to find the one of David and Goliath. After studying it for some time, he took it and started for his father's study, for his father was the pastor of the church. The father was busy getting out his evening sermon, but the boy persistently rapped and was finally admitted. Showing the picture to his father, he said, "Papa, they left the Lord out." The father went back to his sermon but he could not finish it. He saw that he had been preaching from the Word of God, but had left the Lord Jesus completely out. He tore up his sermon and fell on his knees. That night he talked about Jesus.—*The Gospel Herald.*

Preaching the Same Sermon

A minister, on taking a new church, was very highly complimented on his first sermon. A number of people told him it was just what that congregation needed. The next sermon he preached well again, but the congregation was greatly puzzled because it was the same sermon as before. The third Sunday, when the same sermon was preached again, the session waited on him for an explanation. He said, "Why, yes, it is the same sermon; you told me the first Sunday how much you needed just that, and I watched all week for some change in your lives, but there was none; so I preached it again. I watched all next week, still no change, and I don't see any yet. Don't you think I'd better prepare to preach it again next Sunday?"—*Dr. W. L. Lingle at Montreat.*

Showing the Way

Dr. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") says: "The man who undertakes to show the way must first himself be certain about the way. I was lost only once on the prairie. That was a very trying experience. I was always so much afraid of being lost that I was continually taking my bearings. But once I was lost; and the reason was that I didn't pay any attention to my bearings, and the reason for that was that I had a fellow with me who thought he knew the way. I followed him, careless of my surroundings, until he discovered first, and then I, that we were both lost. He was lost, and he had lost me. So that I believe the very fact that we have to assume the responsibility for the showing of the way to any man makes it tremendously important that we should see clearly and know definitely certain things about the way." If we follow Christ we cannot go wrong.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Led Them Straight

As the British had to be led by starlight around a dangerous circle, Lord Wolseley chose a young naval officer to do it. He piloted them successfully; and when the enemies' fire opened

young Rawson was the first to fall. When the shout of victory went up he was dying. Lord Wolseley galloped over the plain to speak with him before he died. As he entered the tent where the young hero lay, a smile lit up the pale face of the dying man, and with a last effort of his fading strength he said, "General, didn't I lead them straight?" That story got me. I want to be able to put that question to my Maker with some hope of receiving an affirmative reply. Let's pledge that by God's help we will.—*From Ernest L. Waldorf, D.D., in "Association Men."*

Applying the Sermon

The Christian Endeavour World says that on one very stormy Sunday the famous preacher, Edward Payson, had a congregation made up of only one coloured man. The doctor went through his sermon as earnestly as if hundreds were listening, and some months afterward the coloured man told him that the sermon had converted him. "Whenever, sir," he said, "you talked hard about sin and the sinner, I looked around to see who was being hit, and there was no one there but myself, so I had to take it all." Many a sermon would bear fruit in our lives, if we would only apply it to ourselves.—*Emma C. Campbell.*

Preaching Christ

It is said that in conversation Johnson said one day to Boswell: "Sir, you have but two subjects—*yourself* and *myself*, and I am sick of both." The rebuke of Johnson would not be amiss if administered to many a pulpit today, where the message "yourself and myself," or man and his doings, is occupying far too large a place. Oh, that men would praise the Lord rather than patronize a fallen fellow!—*From an editorial in The Wonderful Word.*

Two Types of Preachers

Two pastors' wives, alleges the *Western Christian Union*, were visiting together. One said: "I don't know what we will do—my husband is so discouraged. Somehow his people do not care to hear him preach, and our salary is far behind. My husband feels so blue that he does not like to visit the people and pray with them, and so he sits around at home nearly all the time." The other sister said: "We are getting along fine. My husband spends much of his time visiting, and the people like to have him kneel and pray with them in their homes. Our congregations are always good, and our salary is paid up promptly." While the two sisters were talking they were mending trousers. One was mending her husband's trousers at the seat, the other was mending her husband's trousers at the knees.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Leaving Out the Resurrection

Jesus, the Nazarene, who hath been crucified: he is risen (Luke 16:6).

A disconsolate farmer, one day during the progress of a political meeting in Cooper Institute, stood on the steps with the air of one who has been surfeited. "Who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger briskly, "or are you just going in?" "No, sir, I've just come out," said the farmer decidedly; "Mr. E. is talking in there." "What about?" asked the stranger. "Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a knotted hand across his forehead. We find a similarity in the sermons of some ministers who do not believe Christ rose from the dead.—*Adapted from the Watchman-Examiner.*

John Wesley's Preaching

There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John (John 1:6).

A story has come down to us from the days of Wesley concerning his work among the miners of Cornwall. Whole villages were transformed from a gambling, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking people to men and women of sobriety and godliness. In every home was to be found a picture of John Wesley, the man whom they all loved. One day a stranger visiting one of those humble homes, seeing John Wesley's picture on the wall, said, "Whose picture is that?" The old miner reverently lifted his hat and said, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."—*The Christian Advocate.*

Christ All Through the Sermon

I have set thee for a light to the Gentiles (Isa. 49:6).

Listening to some men preach Christ is like going through a dark street. There is just light enough at each end (the text and the conclusion) to enable you to stumble along and see objects faintly; but you have to get right close up to persons to recognize them, and strain your eyes to see the numbers on the houses. But what a joy it is to

listen to the White Way preachers! Every thought is sparkling with light. You can see the truth from across the street and recognize sin a block away. The Christ is visible all through their sermons.—*Rev. H. T. Guthrie.*

Trying to Please Only One

A young man had just become pastor of a large church. At a reception given him by his people, one of the gossips, a woman with a dangerous tongue, came up and said: "I do not understand how you dared attempt the task of pleasing seven hundred people." Quick as a flash the Lord gave him the answer. He replied: "I did not come to this city to please seven hundred people. I have to please only One; and if I please Him all will be well."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

Where He Got His Sermons

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber (Matt. 6:6).

A young Welsh minister, whose sermons suddenly seemed to glow with a new spirit and to thrill with a new power, so that they became the talk of the whole countryside, was asked by a friend, "Where do you get those sermons?" He took this friend into his study, and pointed to a threadbare patch in the carpet, where he knelt many hours in prayer, and said, "There I get my sermons." Before we go into the battlefield, we must go into the upper room.—*Dr. R. F. Horton.*

Not Seeking Guidance

A public notice was given in Leamington, England, some years ago, which seemed to indicate that the parish of St. Paul's had some confidence in its own perspicacity as well as trust in the wisdom of Providence. "A special meeting will be held on Saturday next at eleven o'clock, to entreat the Lord to give us a man of His own choosing for the pastor of St. Paul's. Such we believe the Rev. H. L——, of B——, to be."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Acknowledged the Accusation

Dr. Alexander Whyte says in *The British Weekly:* "When the —— [a certain journal] cast up to Spurgeon that there was never anything new in his sermons because he was always saying the same old thing over and over again, the great preacher replied that the charge was quite true. For wherever he took his text in the whole Bible, it was his principle and it was his practise, he said, to make across country as fast as possible to Jesus Christ."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Where Bramwell Learned New Truths

It is related that one of his hearers once asked: "How is it that Mr. Bramwell always has something that is new to tell us when he preaches?" "Why," said the person interrogated, "you see Brother Bramwell lives so near the gates of Heaven that he hears a great many things that we don't get near enough to hear anything about."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Fearless Preaching

It was the keen edge of John the Baptist's own preaching that took his head off.—*From sayings of Billy Sunday, in Onward.*

Tribute to a True Pastor

The story is told of a well-known Welsh preacher who went to deliver the address at the burial of a pious and venerable village minister in South Wales. Hundreds of miners assembled in silence round the grave, and these were the first words which fell upon their ears: "My brethren, the greatest obstacle on your road to hell has been removed."—*The British Weekly.*

Could Preach the Gospel

Billy Sunday modestly says: "There are a lot of preachers in this city who can preach better than I can, but there isn't one that can preach a better Gospel than I can."—*From the Christian Advocate. Sent by W. J. Hart, D.D., Dolgeville, N. Y.*

Knew the Disease and Cure

Gideon Ouseley, telling of his call to preach, would say, as Mr. Hay tells, "The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the gospel!'" But he so felt his ignorance and unworthiness that he pleaded, "Lord, I am a poor ignorant creature. How can I go?" Then it would rush into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "Oh, yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "Oh, yes, glory be to Thy

name! I do." "Go, then, and tell them these two things, the disease and the cure; never mind the rest; the rest is only talk."—*From "Life of Gideon Ouseley," by W. Arthur.*

Tried to Please Everybody

A great Bible teacher was asked about a certain popular preacher, and he replied with searching insight: "The trouble with Dr. —— is that he is too agreeable; he agrees with everybody." Those who agree with God must disagree with those whose positions and teachings God condemns.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Objected to the Invitation

Dr. Len G. Broughton says: "I remember a few years ago, when I had not so much experience as I have now, and when my enthusiasm perhaps was not as well balanced as it is now, I had been invited to preach in the summer for one of the leading churches in one of our great cities. I went into that pulpit on Sunday morning, conscious that God was with us in a very peculiar sense, and when I finished my sermon the one thing on my mind was salvation. I did not know whether they had ever had an invitation given there for the confession of Christ, but I did not stop to ask. I stepped down at the close of the sermon on a little sub-platform and extended an invitation for any one who would accept Jesus Christ then and there to come to the front. And immediately a strong, able-bodied man got up, and with the tears streaming down his face came to the front and took me by the hand; then another man came. Fourteen grown people confessed Christ that morning. As we went out of the church, the wife of one of the officers of the church, who was also a Sunday-school teacher, spoke to another officer of the church. She said: 'I do think that a visiting minister to a church ought to have manners enough at least to conform to the ordinary order of the service.' He asked her what she meant. She said: 'I greatly enjoyed the sermon until the last, but I do not think that a man should disarrange the order of the service of the church for the sake of having a few people come to the front, as he did this morning.' The first man who came forward was an engineer who was killed in a wreck that Sunday night."—*From "The Commonplace in Soul-winning," by Dr. L. G. Broughton.*

One Sermon Leads to 1,000 Conversions

Stephen Grellet was directed by the Spirit of God to take a long journey into the backwoods of America and preach to some wood-cutters. Going direct to the place told him of in his prayers, he found a number of shanties, but to his surprise there was silence. The timber-cutters had gone away deeper into the forest. Finding a large shanty, he entered, and though there appeared no one within sight or hearing yet, following the inward impulse which was strong upon him, he preached the Gospel. Years passed and Grellet heard nothing of his visit. One day, walking across London Bridge, in England, a man somewhat rudely took hold of him. "I have found you at last; I have got you at last, have I?" "Friend," said Stephen Grellet, "I think you are mistaken." "But I am not," said the man. "Did you not preach on a certain day and at a certain place in the backwoods of America?" "Yes," said the good man, "but I saw no one there to listen." "I was there; I was the ganger of the woodmen. We had moved further into the forest. I discovered that I had left my lever; so, setting my men to work, I went back for my instrument. As I approached the old place I heard a voice, and saw you through the chinks of the timber walls, listened to you, and was deeply convinced of sin, but I left and went back to my men. The arrow stuck fast. I had no Bible. I felt more and more wretched. At last I possessed myself of the sacred treasure. I read till I found words whereby I obtained eternal life. I told my men the same blessed news, and they were all converted to God. Three of them became missionaries, and," added the strange man, "I became possessed of a desire to tell you that your sermon had led to the conversion of at least one thousand souls."—*The (British) Christian Herald.*

Love for Souls

When the Rev. George Pentecost had finished a discourse in the city of Edinburgh, Horatio Bonar put his hand upon his shoulder and said, "You love to preach to men, don't you?" And Dr. Pentecost answered, "Yes." And Mr. Bonar said, "Do you love the men you preach to?" That was Christian preaching in the days of Jesus Christ. It was not the sermon which was to Him the great thing, but humanity, and the vital question of how humanity

might be helped. To His divine eye, every upturned face was full of latent pathos. To Him each man and woman and little child was the center of a history. He spoke to hearts in which baffled hope was dying, and He knew it; hearts every one of which either had ached, or were aching, or were to ache tomorrow. And He brought to them not politics, not a mere literary essay, but spiritual help, for, "when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them."—*From "Saturday Night Sermons," by George Thomas Dowling, D.D.*

An Experienced Pilot

In the olden days a Mississippi river steamboat owner advertised for a pilot. A Yankee applied for the position, to whom the owner said, "I suppose you know where all the snags in the river are." "No," replied the man, "I do not." "Do you expect me to trust you with a boat, then?" was the sarcastic rejoinder of the owner. The Yankee whittled for a moment in silence, and then drawled out, "If you are looking for a man who knows where all the snags are I am not your fellow; but, boss, I know the channel where the snags are not, and there's where I calculate to do my sailing." He was hired on the spot.—*From a sermon by Polemus H. Swift, in the Baltimore Sun.*

Ministers as Mirrors of Christ

In looking at a mirror, one does not see the mirror, or think of it, but only of what it reflects. For a mirror never calls attention to itself—except when there are *flaws* in it.—*From Drummond's Addresses.*

PRESUMPTION

Change Hitching Posts

We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them (Neh. 4:9).

We must watch as well as pray. C. R. Ross tells this story of a young Western farmer who used very often to visit the bar-room in the village near him. After he was converted and had signed a temperance pledge he continued to tie his horse to the hotel man's hitching post. A good old deacon noticed this, and said, "George, I am much older than you, and will be pardoned, I know, if I make a suggestion out of my wider Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice and at once change your hitching post."—*Onward.*

PRIDE

False Pride

A group of bankers met for their daily lunch at a club restaurant where it was their habit to discuss various problems. One member related how, among his acquaintances, there were five who owned pianos, but not one could play. These friends, he stated, were in but fair circumstances and to his thinking it was but folly to invest merely for the sake of appearances, says *National Monthly*. Another member of the party stated that he knew a family where they had five shelves of fake books to enlarge the library so that it would have an impressive appearance. Glass doors covered the shelves and whenever a visitor expressed a desire to consult any particular book the key of the doors could not be found. Each banker seemed to have some story to tell, even "Silent Clarke," as one of the members was known because of the few stories he told, startled them all by reciting the methods employed by a man he knew and whose desire was to impress everyone that he was rich.

"Why!" he said, "that man was so crazy to show off that he blacked himself each morning and washed the windows to make people think that he could afford a Negro servant."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Not in His Set

There is no distinction between Jew and Greek (Rom. 10:12).

"No, I don't speak to him," said the convicted banknote counterfeiter. "He's hardly in our set. He is in here for making bogus nickels." At some future time these men may come to fear God, then both shall find that God is no respecter of persons.—*The Coatesville Record.*

PROFANITY

Trying to Divide Himself

My servant Moses is not so; he is faithful in all my house (Num. 12:7).

Canon Wilberforce assures us that we cannot live a double life, with two standards of right and wrong, with two theories of integrity and morality, without suffering for our duplicity. When Talleyrand, the ecclesiastic and statesman of France, was remonstrated with for profane swearing, he replied, "It is not as an ecclesiastic, but as a statesman, that I swear." The answer

he received was, "And when the statesman goes to hell, what will become of the ecclesiastic?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Apologizing for Swearing

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton University, and a leading authority on American jurisprudence, is the son of a Methodist minister. He is fond of recalling an occasion on which his father furnished him with an unforgettable instance of the art of Christian correction. A company of men were arguing hotly about some matter, when one of them, in a moment of excitement, uttered an oath. Instantly recovering himself, he turned to the elder Wilson, and said, with manifest sincerity, "Dr. Wilson, I beg your pardon; I did not notice that you were present." To which the minister replied: "You mistake, sir; it is not to me you owe the apology."—*Good Words.*

No Profanity in Heathenism

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, the celebrated missionary to India, on his return passage, while standing on the deck of the steamer with his son, heard a gentleman using profane language. "My friend," said the doctor, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." What a shame upon a Christian nation!—*From "The God-Man," by Dr. L. T. Townsend.*

PROGRESS

Better Off Not Always Better

Dan Crawford says that in the south of Africa there is a certain kind of civilization advancing, the civilization that brings drink, gambling, and all the rest with it. "It was down that way," he states, "that I was starting out for England, down by the railway head, where I and my black friends bade each other good-bye. Oh, how they looked at that railway! Then they asked me to explain to them about some of the things belonging to your so-called civilization. So I began gushing about all your wonderful civilization. How they looked and listened! As I went on telling them of automobiles, submarines, aeroplanes, and everything else, trying to draw a wonderful look from them, I noticed one man with an uncomfortable look in his eyes. I could see he was waiting for me the way a cat waits for a rat. Finally he said, as I stopped, 'Are you finished?' And then, dear friends, he punctured my tire with a bang. I will never forget it. He said, 'To be better off is not to be better.'"—*From Dan Crawford in Record of Christian Work.*

PROMISES OF GOD

Why He Laughed

Two rabbis observed a fox running upon Mount Zion. Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed. "Wherefore dost thou laugh?" said he who wept. "Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?" asked Eliezer. "I weep," was the answer, "because I see what is written in the Lamentations fulfilled: because of Mount Zion, which is desolate, the foxes walk upon it." "And therefore," said Rabbi Eliezer, "I laugh: for when I see with mine own eyes that God has fulfilled His threatening to the very letter, I have thereby a pledge that not one of His promises shall fail, for He is ever more ready to show mercy than judgment."—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Taking God at His Word

Thou mighty man of valour (Judges 6:12).

Was this irony? Was it cruel satire? No, for it was the Lord God who spake, and He creates by speaking. Let us ever remember that when God says, it is done; and that he whom God addresses as "a mighty man of valour" should instantly realize that he has become so by the power of the word spoken. We all know the story of Napoleon, who, when a private soldier had done a noble deed, said to him, "Captain, that was well done." Immediately the man dropped his musket and other removable marks of his position, and proceeded to take his stand in the front as an officer. When asked what he meant by such conduct, he replied, "The Emperor called me captain, so of course I am one." When the Lord speaks, it is done; and if He gives us a title, it is for us to assume the truth of it, and act like that sodier. —*Prebendary Webb-Peploe, in "The Titles of Jehovah."*

The Uncashed Check

According to your faith be it done unto you (Matt. 9:29).

When General Booth was in this country he told the story of a man who was starving to death, and the man

received a check from a friend, promising to pay a certain amount of money to him. He held it up and danced around the room in glee. "Wife," he said, "I am going to have it framed and hang it up. I will have it set to music, and we'll sing it every day." And General Booth said he could have it framed, and set to music and sing it every day of his life, sing it hour after hour until he died, and it would not do him any good if he did not take the check and demand payment. God's promises are valueless unless we believe and present them to Him.—*The Sunday School Times.*

God's Promises Never Fail

On every package sent out by a certain printer in a large Eastern city is an impressive trade-mark. It is simply a circle, within which is his name and the words, "I never disappoint." Every promise the Lord ever made might well bear that legend.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Proved the Promised

He is faithful that promised (Heb. 10:23).

The story is told of an old man who was visited by the minister. He was held fast to his chair with rheumatism, but he had his Bible open in front of him. The minister noticed that the word "proved" was written continually in the margin. He turned over a few pages and found: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Proved." And so it went on through the book. The dear old man had taken God's book and written his own experience on the margin. Beside each promise as he had found it come true in his own life he had written, "Proved."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cashing a Check

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell of a poor woman who framed a check for twelve thousand dollars, which had been given her by a dying friend. She had no idea that it was of any immediate use, and retained it as a keepsake. Mr. Spurgeon soon turned it into cash for a comfortable competence for her. What a blessing it would be if we would translate God's love and power and promises into present possessions!—*The Christian Herald.*

Why Doubt God's Word?

"It is strange we trust each other,
And only doubt our Lord.
We take the word of mortals,
And yet distrust His word;
But oh, what light and glory
Would shine o'er all our days,
If we always would remember
God means just what He says."

—*Rev. A. B. Simpson.*

Claiming God's Promise

Edward Irving was once called to the bedside of a dying man. Presently he returned and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was, that *he held literally to the Scriptural promise,* "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done."—*Rev. W. Baxendale.*

God's Promises Reliable

Among the curiosities of the Bank of England may be seen some ashes, the remains of some banknotes that were burned in the great fire of Chicago. After the fire they were found and carefully put between boards and brought to the bank. After applying chemical tests, the numbers and value were ascertained, and the Bank of England paid the money to the owners. If a human promise can be worth so much, how much more is the promise of God!—*The Christian Herald.*

Poor Amidst Plenty

A company of men passing through the country in time of war came upon an old woman who was living in the direst poverty. She had scarcely enough food to keep her alive. She told the soldiers that she herself was the mother of a soldier, and that her boy had sent her nothing except "some coloured pictures which are worth nothing." When she took down an old vase to show these "pictures," it was found that her boy was an English soldier who had been regularly sending her five-dollar bills. Yet, not knowing their value, she was on the verge of starvation. This is the picture of many a Christian: all of God's power and strength lie at their command, and still they fail.—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

The Poor Rich Man

Many years ago a poverty-stricken Indian found his way into an American town in search of food to keep him

from starving. A bright-coloured ribbon was seen around his neck, from which hung a small, dirty pouch. On being asked what it was, he said it was a charm given him in his younger days. He opened it and took out a worn and crumpled paper and handed it to the person speaking to him, for inspection. It proved to be a regular discharge from the army, entitling him to a pension for life. Here was a man with a promise duly signed, which, if presented in the right place, would have secured him ample provision; and yet he was wandering about hungry, helpless, and forlorn, and begging for bread to keep him from starving. It is a picture of many Christians, who, with the charter of their inheritance in full possession, are yet starving in the wilderness.—*From Good Company.*

Our Check Book

A prominent evangelist said that on the eve of starting out on a long journey, a wealthy friend said to him: "You are going on a far trip. You may need more money than you have. Here is my check book—take it along with you. The checks are signed, and you can fill out as many as you need." The evangelist was astonished at such confidence, and as he went from city to city, and mixed with well-to-do business men, he said to himself: "You may be rich, but I have more in my pocket than you have. I have at my disposal all that my friend is worth." Each one of us has a Friend, and He has placed at our disposal all the rich store of His promises. They provide for every contingency, every adversity, every difficulty that can happen to us. They are left at our disposal. They are the "exceeding great and precious promises"—our hope and confidence. —*The Sunday Circle.*

Not Like God's Promises

Dr. Guthrie, in his autobiography, describes an old Scotch parishioner at Airbirlot "who died as he lived, a curious mixture of benevolence and folly." The lawyer who drew his will, after writing down several legacies of five hundred pounds to one person, a thousand to another, and so on, at last said: "But, Mr. ——, I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you; but I just want to show them my good will." But God's "good will toward men" is no mere pretence at bestowing gifts; and it means more than wealth and pleasure and position and length of days. It means that while on earth we may have the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*The Christian Herald.*

PROSPERITY

Getting On in the World

Work not for the food which perisheth, but for the food which abideth unto eternal life (John 6:27).

"Yes, I saw considerable of John," said the member of the family who had been away among friends. "John is getting on in the world." There was a moment's pause, and then the gray-haired mother by the fireside asked, "Which world?"—*The Expositor.*

PROVIDENCES OF GOD

An Answer to Prayer

Some years ago a missionary was traveling on foot in a thinly-settled part of one of the Western States.

He was weary in spirit and body and as he tramped along over the prairie road, he lifted up his heart in prayer to God, that He would in His Divine providence bring about such a condition that would permit him to ride part of the journey that yet remained before him. On reaching the summit of a high hill he saw a buggy apparently standing still in the road, and headed the same way that he was going.

The preacher soon came up to it, and found a man sitting on the seat as if waiting for some one. The man spoke to the missionary, saying, "I did not see you the first two times that you called on me to stop, which I did, and looked all around, but, seeing no one, I again drove on; but when you called me the third time, I stopped again, and, looking back, saw you on the top of the hill, and have waited for you." "Well," said the preacher, "I did call, but not on you, but on my Heavenly Father to send me an opportunity to ride, for I was weary. I did not speak above a whisper." The man said, "That is very strange, for I heard a voice, clear and distinct, calling for me to 'stop,' and I did so. Three times this voice spoke to me, saying each time, 'Stop.' What do you think it meant?" "It means," replied the missionary, "that the Holy Spirit called on you to help answer my prayer." The preacher was invited into the buggy, and rode several miles with the man, in whom he found a friend and

helper, in sowing the good seed of the kingdom, in these far Western wilds. How true it is that God still often moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and helps His wayworn children when they call to Him for aid in time of need.—*W. R. S., in Evangelical Visitor.*

Light Provided

There is a story of a shipwreck which tells how the crew and passengers had to leave the broken vessel and take to the boats. The sea was rough, and great care in rowing and steering was necessary in order to guard the heavily-laden boats, not from the ordinary waves which they rode over easily, but from the great cross-seas. Night was approaching, and the hearts of all sank as they asked what they should do in the darkness when they would no longer be able to see those terrible waves. To their great joy, however, when it grew dark they discovered that they were in phosphorescent waters, and that each dangerous wave rolled up crested with light which made it as clearly visible as if it were mid-day.—*Dr. Miller.*

When Shaw Met the Hottentots

It is said that when Barnabas Shaw was forbidden to preach in Cape Town he bought a yoke of oxen and, putting his goods into a wagon, he and his wife started toward the interior, not knowing whither they were going. So they journeyed day by day for three hundred miles. The twenty-seventh day, encamping for the night, they discovered a company of Hottentots stopping near them. They were astonished to learn from the leader of this band of heathen that they were on their way to Cape Town to find a missionary. Had either party started a half day earlier or later they would not have met.—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Peaches or Punkins"

Every woman except one at the Ladies' Aid Society had been complaining that the dry season would ruin the crops, and when they asked her if the drought had not hurt her fruit or garden, she said: "Yes, but I'll tell you what cured me of worrying. I used to fret over everything, and one spring when I sat down to have a good cry because an untimely frost during peach-blossoming threatened to ruin our splendid prospect for fruit, my Aunt Martha came in, and reminded me that she had lived eighty years, and the world's crop of provisions had never failed yet. 'If we don't have peaches, we'll have punkins,' said she. And I've noticed since then that in spite of all the frosts and droughts I've never suffered for food, and I don't believe you have, either." They all smiled rather sheepishly, and the president said, thoughtfully: "That's true. 'Peaches or punkins.' I'll try to remember that."—*The Kansas City Journal.*

How Tissot Painted Christ

James Tissot, an artist famous for his New Testament scenes, has told us how he was led, through obedience to a vision received, to devote his life to portraying Christ. He was planning a series of pictures of "The Parisian Woman," and had gone to a church in Paris to make a study of a fashionable woman posing as a religious devotee. As he sat there a vision came to him. He seemed to see the ruins of a great castle. A weary peasant and his wife were sitting down to rest. On the ground by their side was a bundle that contained all their earthly possessions. As they sat in their despair, the "Man of Sorrows" came and sat beside them, putting His hand in tender protecting care on the peasant's shoulder. "Christ the Consoler," was the artist's interpretation of the vision. He returned to his studio, but the vision would not leave him. In his despair at not being able to continue the work in which he had formerly delighted, he became seriously ill. When he recovered he decided to paint "Christ the Consoler," in order to put it forever from his mind. But as he worked, the grandeur of this theme grew on him, and he determined to devote his life to portraying Christ. He went to Palestine and spent ten years studying. The result was one of the most marvelous series of pictures the world has ever seen.—*The Classmate.*

A Train Disaster Averted

A most remarkable instance happened many years ago on a railway in Eastern Missouri, and was told in a railway paper. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday-school was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. The train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the

terrific downfall might cause a washout or a spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve, and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch just ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. He closed the throttle and put on the brakes in an instant. "Better stick to it," he shouted to his fireman, "hundreds of children on board." "I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all." His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main line rails. The train came to a stop, and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found that the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail, and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer.—*Dr. J. M. Farrar, in The Christian Herald.*

A Korean Providence

It was a time of persecution in Korea, when the native Christians were charged with conspiracy against the government. Among the members of one of the churches that was in the center of the police accusations was a young Korean who had been at home from Waseda University, Tokyo, but a month, when he was put in jail as a suspect. He was placed in a cell by himself, and he grieved because he was restrained from speaking of Christ to the other prisoners, as his fellow-Christians, who were not in solitary confinement, were doing. Soon he was banished to one of the neighbouring islands. When he was released after the breakdown of the accusation, he said with shining face, "Just think, I had been longing for a chance to speak of Christ and mourning because I could not speak in jail. Then God sent me off to an unevangelized island where there was plenty of work to do for Him, and the government paid my fare."—*From "The King's Highway," by Helen Barrett Montgomery.*

Saved by a Robber

The winter of 1874 was a very severe one in Palestine. Snow lay in the streets and on the flat roofs to a depth of several feet, and by its weight many houses were crushed. On the eighth of February a terrible storm raged in Gaza. During the night a robber entered one of the houses. He ransacked the lower apartments, laying his plunder ready to carry away. Then he entered the sleeping apartment occupied by the father and mother. A baby sleeping in a cradle showed signs of waking, and fearing lest he should be betrayed, he carried the cradle outside, laying it down near the door. The child began to cry, and awakened the mother, who proceeded to where the cradle should have been. Not finding it she called the father, who, hearing the cries, replied, "It is crying out of doors. How can that be?" Both of them went outside, but no sooner had they got out than the roof fell in, on account of the pressure of the snow. The robber was found beneath the ruins with the stolen wealth in his possession. Father, mother, and child were unharmed, saved by the robber's greed and craft. He was only carrying out his own evil desires, but God used him for the salvation of that household.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

How the Gospel Entered Japan

Forty years ago Japan was so distrustful of foreigners admitted to her seaport towns that the first missionaries found it almost impossible to get any one to teach them the Japanese language. One man employed a private teacher, and after some time discovered that what he was learning was a dialect of one of the smaller islands, and not the language of the main body of the people at all. In vain he looked about for another teacher. One evening, without thought of personal safety, he drove away robbers who were attacking a man outside his door. The man proved to be a Japanese noble, and in his gratitude to the missionary offered him as a reward anything that he should name. "Teach me your language," cried the missionary. "Anything but that," replied the nobleman, feeling that he had promised what perhaps he had no right to perform. The missionary persisted, and after consideration the nobleman came next day to give the first lesson,—the entering wedge of Christianity in Japan, for that missionary was the translator of the New Testament into Japanese. If the powerful of earth came to us asking what they could do for us, would our answer be as wise and unselfish?—*Compiled from Forward.*

How Leyden Was Saved

The Dutch regarded the raising of the siege of Leyden as a manifest proof of the Almighty Hand. The spring tides were beginning to pass, and the Dutch fleet could not get near the famished city, when a southwest gale began to blow, and piled the waters of the North Sea on the shores of Holland. The water rose fifteen inches above the level of the normal spring tides; the ships sailed through the destroyed dykes across the fields. The naval battle raged amid the branches of orchards and the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses; but Leyden was saved.—*Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, M.A.*

A Caravan Provided

Before they call, I will answer (Isa. 65 : 24).

During the Boxer uprising in China, some missionaries were in imminent danger of their lives in a large city, and knew no way of escape. But their Master had known *long before*. A native Christian came rushing into the compound with the news that a caravan was at the gate of the city, ready to start upon the journey across the Desert of Gobi, but the trader was unexpectedly unable to go, and was anxious to dispose of the caravan. The missionaries hastened to the spot, and "there," as one of them said, "was the caravan which the Lord had provided for us," even servants and provisions. Thus weeks before these servants of the Lord had known or thought of their future need, their Lord had been preparing for them, and after several weary weeks, He brought them all, men and women, in safety "unto the haven of rest" and civilization, "where they would be." "Before they had called," "he was answering them," and "he is the same Lord, yesterday, today, and forever."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Saved from a Prairie Fire

A missionary in the West found that the hatred of many Indians was very bitter against him. This seemed to have its root in the fact that he went boldly and unarmed into places of great danger. A trustful glance to the sky seemed better to him than a quiver bristling with arrows. "He must carry some strong charm, or spell, with him," the braves muttered. "With this he will work us great harm some day. We had better break this power at once." One day when the wind roared through the dry grass they set a line of fires along the missionary's trail. They saw him quietly place his hand over his heart, and look up to the gray sky, as he did when praying. He stooped a moment, and red tongues of fire flashed up about him; he passed unharmed to the great spaces of blackened prairie. A little child at the home where he had last called had slipped some matches into his pocket; he found these when he laid his hand on his heart in prayer. His wonderful saving led many Indians to revere and love him.—*Rev. Charles N. Sinnett.*

Saved from Stealing

Recently I met a man who was an active and efficient Christian worker. During our conversation he gave me a bit of his past life. "When I was a young man," he said, "I fell into bad company, and went from bad to worse. I got into debt, and my creditors began to press me. Then I had an opportunity to steal a large sum of money, with little chance of detection. On the morning of the day I'd set to take the money I found a little card on my desk, placed there I know not how, which read, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.' That little card troubled me all day, and I did not take the money. I became convinced that, however that card might have come to my desk, Christ had sent it to save me; and from that day to this I have worked for His cause."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Providence Won at the Marne

Good, old-fashioned religion was heard the other day, when General Smuts gave his opinion on the battle of the Marne. It was at a public dinner, where Smuts was the guest of honour. After the meal different men were introduced to him. One of these, an eager student of strategy, thought it an opportunity to learn the General's opinion as to why the Germans lost the battle of the Marne. When he put the question, Smuts replied: "It was God's doing." Some of the bystanders marvelled, unaccustomed to the serious introduction of God's name into after-dinner war talk. Smuts turned to them and said simply: "There was no military reason for the German action. It was a pure blunder. God did not mean Paris to fall." A little more of such straightforward testimony to God would be as refreshing as it would be valuable.—*The Toronto Globe.*

God Supplied Her Fare

A missionary resting in a village with a long journey before her thought she would count over her fare which she had put aside, and found, to her dismay, that it was several cents short. She was anxious and troubled, but finally took it to the Lord, and felt at rest about it. In about half an hour a gentleman came to her door and handed her twenty-three cents, just the amount needed. He said he borrowed it from her sometime before, but had forgotten it. But God had not, and when she cried unto Him He reminded the gentleman of it. In departing, a friend who was in poor circumstances gave her a dollar. She accepted it reluctantly, resolved to return it in some way. But when she reached the city she found to her surprise that the fare was eight dollars instead of seven. Without the dollar she would have been alone in a great city without enough money for her journey. She said: "How God's care humbled me! He not only gave me the few cents I thought I needed, but supplied a need which He alone foresaw." —*From "Texts Illuminated," by Mrs. Jennie Fuller.*

Hudson Taylor Rescued

"Well," said the captain to a passenger, "we have done all we can do." "No," said this passenger, who was J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary, on his way to China for the first time, "there is one thing we haven't done. There are four of us who are Christians. Let us ask God to give us a breeze at once." They were close to the reef, but the Lord sent a strong wind that carried them out of danger. —*The Sunday School Illustrator.*

How Paton Was Saved

The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them (Psa. 34:7).

It was during an awful persecution by the natives of the New Hebrides Islands that the Rev. John G. Paton writes as follows: "We committed ourselves in hushed prayer to God and watched them, knowing that they could not see us. Immediately a glare of light fell into the room. Men passed with flaming torches; and first they set fire to the church all round, and then to a reed fence connecting the church and the dwelling-house. In a few minutes the house, too, would be in flames, and armed savages waiting to kill us on attempting an escape." As Mr. Paton started out of the house, his colabourer, Mr. Matthieson, held him back, saying, "Stop here and let us die together! You will never return!" Paton responded, "Be quick! Leave that to God. In a few minutes our house will be in flames, and then nothing can save us." This was his experience among the savages, thirsting for his life: "They yelled in rage, and urged each other to strike the first blow, but the Invisible One restrained them. I stood invulnerable beneath His invisible shield, and succeeded in rolling back the tide of flame from our dwelling-house. At this dread moment occurred an incident which my readers may explain as they like, but which I trace directly to the interposition of my God. A rushing and roaring sound came from the south, like the noise of a mighty engine or of muttering thunder. Every head was instinctively turned in that direction, and they knew from previous hard experience that it was one of their awful tornadoes of wind and rain. The mighty roaring of the wind, the black cloud pouring down unceasing torrents, and the whole surroundings, awed these savages into silence. Some began to withdraw from the scene, all lowered their weapons of war, and several, terror-struck, exclaimed, 'That is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!' A panic seized upon them, they threw away their remaining torches, in a few minutes they had all disappeared in the bush, and I was left alone, praising God for His marvelous works."—*From "The Story of John G. Paton."*

Origin of a Famous Hymn

The origin of the celebrated hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," was a curious incident in the life of its author, William Cowper (1731-1800), the English poet. Cowper, a deeply religious man, was subject to attacks of the blackest melancholy. During one of these attacks he determined to end his life by throwing himself into the Thames River. He hired a cab to take him to the river, but a dense fog so confused the cabman that, after driving about for an hour, he admitted to his passenger that he was lost. Cowper, alighting from the cab in order to give the driver more careful directions for reaching the bridge, found that his wanderings had brought him back to his own door. Strongly affected by what seemed to

him almost a divine interposition, Cowper dismissed the cab, hurried to his room and wrote his famous hymn.

His Fare Paid to Siberia

A missionary in Russia was tried and sentenced to Siberia for preaching and teaching the gospel, and that without his knowing anything about the trial. "All right," he said, when he heard the sentence, "that is where I have been wanting to go for some time. I long to preach Christ there, and I have been studying how I might get there, as I do not have the means, and now the question is providentially solved for me —I am to go at the expense of the government." God's will will be done, even though watchful enemies are the instruments for carrying out His plans. —*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Ambrose Providentially Selected

Many years since the see of Milan was vacant, and the position was eagerly sought by two parties who disputed the election with strong and bitter feelings. The prefect of the town, who was a celebrated young lawyer, was called in to quell disorder and settle the dispute. In very earnest and affectionate language he addressed the excited assembly. But during one of the momentary pauses in his speech a child's voice was heard exclaiming, "Let Ambrose be our bishop!" The tender utterance was accepted like a divine instruction; the youthful lawyer was forthwith chosen to the occupancy of the Episcopal chair, and became a useful servant of the church. Thus a little child led the assembled electors and secured the ministry of St. Ambrose; St. Ambrose became the means of the conversion of St. Augustine and St. Augustine by his writings still speaks to Christendom.—*J. H. Hitchens, D.D.*

Saved by a Child

Little Fred, son of Dr. Paton, escaping from the mission house on Amina, rushed into the midst of a ring of savages who were consulting how to kill Dr. Paton, and, leaping on the knee of the chief, threw his arms about his neck and began coaxing and scolding him as "naughty." The fierce brows relaxed, and the men slunk away from the mission premises, disarmed by a child. As the sling and stone were used of God to slay the giant, so was this little child to the preserving of his father.—*From Welcome Words.*

PRUDENCE

The Necessity of Prudence

Ezra is a fine example of prayer and prudence, piety and practical sagacity. John Wesley tells us that on a certain occasion he was cured by sulphur and supplication, and all men who are as wise as they are good will practise the dual treatment. Trust in God by all means; but let your trust be shown in worldly caution. A marine insurance company at Cadiz once took the Virgin Mary into partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of the profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city, not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had such manifest interest. The infatuated company underwrote ships of all sorts at reduced rates, and forthwith came to grief. The same snare entices spiritually-minded men today. Dispensing with ordinary circumspection, they attempt to conduct their business on what they consider a religious basis, when they ought to know that the most religious basis is the sound commercial basis.—*From "Inspiration of Common Life," by W. L. Watkinson.*

PUNISHMENT

A Providential Punishment

Be sure your sin will find you out (Num. 32:23).

Professor Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, while exploring about thirty-five miles from Cairo discovered a tomb of the Twelfth Dynasty that thieves had broken into thousands of years ago. A tragedy attended the robbery, as Professor Petrie also discovered. *The Sunday School Times* calls it "a tragedy of providential justice." "It appears," says Professor Petrie, "that the plunderers removed only a few bricks, so that a man could crawl into the tomb. One of the men entered, opened the coffin, lifted the mummy out and laid it across the coffin, so that he could easily unwind the bandages. He first found a collar of beads, which he passed out into the shaft, where we found it. Then he came to the jewel (a beautiful work of gold and coloured gems), and took it from the body. Before he could do anything more the roof apparently fell in, and crushed him and the mummy. The other robbers, seeing the fate of their accomplice, abandoned the tomb, and filled in the shaft to hide their guilt." The explorers found the skeleton of the

robber beside that of the mummy.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Prosecuted on the Other Side

On some docks in our great seaboard cities the sign may be seen: "Stowaways prosecuted on the other side." Two months' imprisonment is the penalty. The stowaway is a man who has sneaked in and hidden himself to steal a passage across the water. Is it not true of all who unrepentant leave these mortal shores, that they shall be "prosecuted on the other side"? Sin will find the sinner out in the life beyond, if not fully in this life.—*The New York Christian Advocate.*

Jacob's Punishment

As notable a person as Jacob—third in the line of the covenant, back in the early dawn of humanity,—reaped that which he had sowed. He killed a kid and with its skin and flesh deceived his father and robbed Esau of his birthright. His ten wicked sons sold his favourite boy, Joseph, into slavery, killed a kid, dyed Joseph's coat in the blood, and deceived Jacob for twenty long, wretched years.—*D. L. Moody, in sermon on "Sowing and Reaping."*

Reaping What We Sow

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap (Gal. 6:7).

1. No man sows without expecting to reap.
2. He expects to reap the same kind that he sows.
3. He expects to reap far more than he sows.
4. He will reap in kind and quality as he sows, no matter what he thinks. —*From a sermon by Dwight L. Moody.*

God's Derailing Switches

He delivered them into the hands of spoilers that despoiled them (Judges 2:14).

The railroad from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs drops more than four thousand feet in forty miles. All along the line are signs marked "Derailing Switch." I asked the conductor the meaning. "Why," said he, "if an engine should lose control of itself and come plunging down this fearful grade it might destroy a whole trainload of people below; so we are always ready to wire to the first derailing switch, where the switchman will throw the engine into a ditch or against the rock. It is better to destroy one train than two." All along the track of history God has had "derailing switches" into which individuals, cities, and nations that have lost control of themselves and become menaces to the world have had to be thrown.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

No Reduction in Sin's Wages

In its issue of January 11, the *New York World* said editorially: "There hasn't been any reduction in the wages of sin."

QUARRELING

Avoiding a Quarrel

An organ-grinder, we are told, appeared one day on a city street, accompanied by the usual bright little monkey. A big dog appeared at the same time and seriously objected to the presence of the monkey. The dog broke away from the children with whom he had been playing and made a dash for the stranger, growling furiously.

To the surprise of every one, the monkey did not seem in the least afraid. He stood perfectly still in evident curiosity, waiting for the dog to come up to him. This disconcerted the dog at once, for he would much prefer to chase something that would run, and not stand its ground.

As soon as the dog was close beside the monkey, the funny little scarlet-coated creature courteously doffed his cap. Instantly there was a laugh from all the bystanders. The dog was nonplused. His head drooped, his tail dropped between his legs, he looked like a whipped cur, and not at all like the fine dog that he really was. He turned and ran back home, and the laughing children could not persuade him to return. As for Jocko, he climbed upon his master's organ and went peacefully on his way.

Evidently, although only a monkey, he wanted no disagreement, and he knew instinctively that it took two to make a quarrel.—*Selected.*

Two to Make a Quarrel

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you (Luke 6:27).

"There is a cunning little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in northland or in southland,
Is its meaning true and plain;
Write it deep within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—
'Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.'"

—*The Christian.*

REBUKING FAULTS

Indian Names

The Indians have a queer way of naming their braves. An Indian who was not a fearless rider would be called "The-Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses." One who had very keen eyes might be known as "Eagle-Eye.' Another, whose blanket hung too low, would be very likely to catch the name of "Trailing Blanket."

I wonder how this plan would do for naming children. I wonder if little Sue wouldn't be more tidy in her person if she knew she had to be called "The Girl-With-Dirty-Nails." And what do you suppose Harry would think about telling some things so hard to believe if every one who met him on the street were to say: "Good morning, Mr. Tangle-Tongue?" I am sure that Dick would try harder to be manly if his teacher called his name on the roll, "Richard April-Eyes." And there would be no more books for mamma to pick from the floor for Frank if he were punished with such a name as "Everything-Out-of-Its-Place."—*Selected.*

REDEMPTION

Owned But Not Possessed

Some time ago I owned a good overcoat, but some one came into my study and took it away. I still own it, but I do not possess it. It is possible for God to own us, while the devil possesses us. The ideal Christian is the man who recognizes the ownership of Christ, and realizes full possession through the Holy Spirit.—*A. C. Dixon, in The Christian Herald.*

REFORMS

Regulating the Heart

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God (Matt. 5:8).

There is a story of a coloured man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying, "I wand yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jes' doan' keep no mo' kerrec' time for mo' den six monfs." "Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker. "Out at de house on Injun Creek." "But I must have the clock." "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's? And I done brought 'em to you. You jes' want the clock so you can tinker with it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his caution is very like that of those who try to regulate their life without being made right on the inside. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the coloured man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "We only wish to avoid this or that habit." But the Master Workman says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the heart."—*Way of Faith.*

Safeguarding the Lamb

A father tells this beautiful and instructive incident: "I took my little boy on my knee and told him the story of the lost lamb: how it found a hole in the hedge and crawled through, how glad it was to get away, how it skipped and played in the sunshine until it wandered so far it could not find its way back. And I told him how the wolf chased, and how finally the good shepherd rescued it and carried it back to the fold. The little fellow did not say a word until I got to that part of the story where the shepherd had carried the lamb, all wounded and bleeding, back to the fold, when he exclaimed, "Say, papa, did he nail up the hole where it got out?"—*Onward.*

Reforms Do Not Save

You might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery as to try to save the world by improvement of environment. —*The Christian Observer.*

Where Is Our Citizenship?

D. L. Moody, whose great good sense made his religion an every-day employment, once met a well-known evangelist, and, as the election was coming on, asked him, "What is the political outlook?" "I don't know anything about the political outlook," was the reply; "my citizenship is in heaven." "Better get it down to earth for the next sixty days," was the very emphatic answer of Mr. Moody.—*Hugh. T. Kerr.*

REGENERATION

The Beautified Life

The old wire-covered door stood idly against the wall of a house. It had been the door of a chicken yard, but its usefulness was over. Its wood was brown and warped by the weather, its hinges rusted and broken, and it had been put by as good for nothing. But

the honeysuckle found it, and crept silently up and up, spreading its green fingers lovingly over rusted wire and rough frame-work, until finally the whole door was hidden in a lace-work of green; then the blossoms began to appear, bursting into white and gold sweetness, until the old door was a mass of beauty. They found it on the day before Children's Day, and stood in wonder over it, and with sudden inspiration cut off the vine at the roots and carried the old door into the church, where it leaned its glorified height against the pulpit wall next to the choir. No one looking upon that mass of lovely green and white leaves and blossoms would have dreamed the foundation was an old chicken-house door. It was glorified and made fit for the house of the Lord. That is the way the Christ may come to our lives, and glorify them and beautify them, even in all their ugliness and uselessness. It was not the glory of the wooden frame or the chicken wire, even had they been new and fresh, that shone in the church that day, but the glory of the life that had come to dwell upon it, and twine about it, and interlace every portion of it, and blossom in light upon it. That is what Jesus will be to you and me.—*The Evening Star.*

Regenerated New Guineans

At the Congregational International Council, held in London in 1891, Dr. Lawes, of New Guinea, described how he had seen and heard New Guineans, once cannibals, at the prayer-meeting. "I have heard savages pray," he said, "men with a tattooed mark on their chest, which indicated that they were murderers, that their spears had tasted blood. I have heard them pouring out their hearts in prayer to God as children holding converse with their father; and I knew that they had been taught by the Spirit of God." The outward marks remain. Once they were the man's pride and glory, testimonies to his status among his fellows. Now he would give all he has to remove them. But though they never will be removed, though the outward man remains the same, the inward man is a new man, known and understood of God. To the casual observer he still remains a savage. The Lord, who looks upon the heart, finds there the heart of a son.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

A New Man

A man once testified thus in a Salvation Army meeting: "The man I am doesn't know the man I was." What volumes of Christian evidences are packed in these few words. — *The Methodist Review.*

A Beautiful Stone

When I was at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, I went to the Tiffany exhibit. There was a box there as large as a common-sized Bible, filled with precious stones, sapphires, and diamonds; the beryl and the amethyst; and many others. Right in the center was a common-looking pebble, and a man said to the clerk, "What do you have this pebble here for? If you saw it on the floor you would pick it up and throw it out of the window." The clerk took the stone out of the box and said, "You do not know the beauty of this stone"; he held it, and in two or three minutes you could not see the stone, but, instead, all the colours of the rainbow, moving in such rapid succession they would almost dazzle you; but when the stone got cold the colours would vanish. You might place that stone on the window-sill on the hottest day and it would have no effect on it, but it would respond to the peculiar moisture of the human hand to bring out its beauty. When we are in God's will, just lying passively in His hand, "the people that walk in darkness" will not see us, the unlovely stone, but the "great light" of the Life that abides within.—*S. A. Jameson.*

Developing Christ-Likeness

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred that scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer, and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the bishop returned, and as he saw the picture in its frame on the wall, he was startled. It seemed as if his child were living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists that were there also. In every true disciple there is the image of the Master. It may be very dim. Its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness. This is what He is doing in many of His ways with us.—*From Dr. Miller's Year Book.*

Putting Out the Dark

A bright little chap of three years took me up to his nursery just as the day was darkening. The room was too dim for a full enjoyment of his "puffy trains" and other toys, and so, looking at his nurse, he gave the short command. "Nana, put out the dark." Put out the dark! For my little friend it was easily accomplished, when his nurse touched the electric switch that was just out of his reach, to which he could only point. But how many people there are who are trying in their own way to "put out the dark" in heart and life! It is Christ only that can answer to the needs of the human heart. It is only "the Light of the World" who can "put out the dark." —*Our Own Magazine.*

The Need of Regeneration

Mr. Moody once used the following illustration when speaking of the things that make Christians: First there must be a change of heart. A man buys a farm, and he finds on the farm a pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. A person comes along and says: "Look here, my friend, you don't want to use that water. The man who lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and children." "Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint and paints the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and now he has a fine-looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say, "What a fool to go and paint the pump when the water is bad!" It was a new well the man wanted, and the sinner wants a new heart.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

A "Twice-Born Man"

The intense joy of a converted Bowery "tough" has been well told by Norman Duncan in *The Century Magazine.* The saved man struggles to express his new feeling: "I got up from my knees a new creature in Christ Jesus. I was sober; and from that moment I have never wanted alcohol. And I wanted a clean shirt. I loathed my rags. How I craved a bath! I was offered five cents. I rejected it. I was no beggar. I wanted work; and I got my job, but first I had to rest. They had to lift me into the berth. I had fallen very low; but I could not sleep. I lay awake all night. There were tears of contrition, prayers of rejoicing, and aspiration toward work and service. A wonderful night! And now? My health and faculties have been so restored that my salary is $3,000, and I employ in my department seven 'brothers' who have since been converted."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christians Like Dew-Drops

A Chinese Christian was speaking at a conference at Tatony on Psalm 110:3: "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." He said: "Dewdrops born in the early dawn are like many souls born of the Holy Spirit at this time when the Morning Star is soon to appear. You may take water from a well, but you cannot make a dewdrop —only a drop. Thus a child of the Spirit is born from above, and cannot be imitated. Only at the dawn of the day are all the dewdrops revealed. Till that time they are not beautiful to behold; but at the revelation of the light from heaven you see their glory, because you see a sun in each one of them. When the sun shines forth all the dewdrops disappear. Where? The sun receives them up into the clouds. Thus shall the Sun of Righteousness receive all the Spirit-born children unto Himself."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Dividing Line

The boundary between the United States and Canada is for thousands of miles simply an imaginary line. Two men may occupy farms separated only by this line. But while in daily affairs they may seem to be alike, yet there is a vital difference between them. They are citizens of different countries. They owe allegiance to different governments; they live under different laws. The capital of one is Washington, of the other Ottawa. Much deeper the difference between the Christian and the unregenerate. They have different centers. The one is a child of this world, the other has his citizenship in heaven. They live under different laws, and acknowledge different ideals. The one is a child of the first Adam in whom all died. The other is the child of the second Adam in whom all shall be made alive.—*From "The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism."*

The New Nature

Create in me a clean heart, O God (Psa. 51:10).

I was staying one day at an inn in one of the valleys of Northern Italy,

where the floor was dreadfully dirty. I had it in my mind to advise the landlady to scrub it, but when I perceived it was made of mud, I reflected that the more she scrubbed the worse it would be. The man who knows his own heart soon perceives that his corrupt nature admits of no improvement; there must be a new nature implanted, or the man will be only "washed to deeper stains." "Ye must be born again." Ours is not a case for mending, but for making new.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Transfiguring Lives

It is said that Queen Victoria visited a paper mill, and seeing the heaps of filthy rags asked what they were used for. "To make fine white paper," answered the superintendent. "But they are so discoloured and filthy." "Not after we have had a chance at them," was the answer. Later the queen received a package of beautiful stationery from this very mill, and it was inscribed, "Made from the rag heap which the queen saw." Our Lord so transfigures common duties that they become heavenly service such as the angels might covet. He so transfigures common lives that they become extraordinary, even divine.—*The Classmate.*

Outcast Children

Dr. Guthrie, speaking at a Ragged School gathering, followed a speaker who had referred to poor neglected children as "the scum of society." This roused the indignation of Dr. Guthrie. Taking a clean sheet of notepaper and holding it up, he said, "Yes, this was the scum of society once, only filthy rags, but they can be cleansed and made into spotless white paper, on which you may write the name of God."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Better Than Repairing

Put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man, . . . and put on the new man (Eph. 4:22-24).

God does not deal in second-hand goods. It is "new or nothing" with Him. So when we bring Him our worthless, second-hand lives,—our sin-defeated, wrecked, worthless lives,—for Him to make whatever improvements He is able to, He has a glad surprise in store for us. He does not offer to repair or reform; but He offers to create, "to make all things new." It has been well said that "the only way to mend wicked ways is to end them."—*From editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

Losing Self and Finding Christ

A person who had long practised many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart was once complaining of his state to a certain Bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me where you think I shall learn to leave myself. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the Bishop, "that the place where you lose self will be that where you find your Saviour."—*The Christian Herald.*

When Men Convert Men

Whitefield had just finished preaching one day when a man came reeling up to him, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Whitefield?" Whitefield replied, "I don't know you." "Don't know me!" exclaimed the man, "why, you converted me ten years ago," giving the name of the place. "Ah!" was the unexpected reply, "I shouldn't wonder. You look like one of my conversions! If the Lord had converted you, you would have been a sober man now."—*From Friendly Greetings.*

The X-Ray of the Soul

It is now shown that the X-ray completely detects and exposes false gems. A real stone shows almost no shadow, while a false one is almost opaque to the X-ray. To the eye of man Nicodemus is a diamond character, counted of great value. To the Divine eye, piercing to heart and spirit, his inner nature is revealed, and the X-ray of the soul declares: "Ye must be born anew."—*The Sunday Circle.*

Entering Into Religion

God dwelleth in us (1 John 4:12).

I remember hearing of a French Roman Catholic who went to a Protestant pastor and said, "Oh, sir, I want to enter into religion." "Oh, my friend," said the pastor, "our religion must enter into you."—*Rev. Henry Montgomery, D.D.*

Softening Soil and Souls

Dan Crawford says: "Ten years ago I passed along the edge of a field, and there was the owner toiling at the hard soil, a drought having baked the red earth like a brick. 'From the passing

a passing word' is a local proverb, so I comply with tribal courtesy, bawling across the cornfield a regret that the soil is so onerous and intractable. But the churlish clay has made a churlish cultivator. Back from my gruff friend comes the gruffer blasphemy: 'Yes, a hard God has hardened the soil by denying rain.'" Mr. Crawford passed the same man in the same field ten years later, "after two successive days of rain had soaked the soil soft. The old growler's face is wreathed in smiles. . . . I smile across a remark about the child's play hoeing under such simple conditions. Saved and knows it, what does he now answer—this same man in this same field to this same passer-by? 'Truly soft,' says he, 'is the soil, for the God who softened my heart also softened the hard soil: He has rained on my hard soul as well as on the soil.'"—*From "Thinking Black."*

It Made a Difference

God gave him another heart
(1 Sam. 10:9).

In a recent report of the London City Mission we come across the story of a Paisley drunkard in whom Christ had been formed. He had been a gambler, running a low music hall by way of support. One day after he had cleared out of the business, and was going along the street almost friendless and penniless, a publican bade him good morning and invited him to drink. "No," said the convert, "I've stopped drinking. I've signed the pledge." "Oh! you'll not keep that long." "I think I shall," replied the man; "I've got converted." "Converted!" said the publican; "well, that does make a difference."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Environment Does Not Save

The Christian Observer alleges that you might as well try to cure smallpox by scenery as to try to save the world by improving environment.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Divine Artist

An artist takes a piece of stone worth one hundred dollars and out of it carves a statue worth a thousand dollars—that is art. Jesus Christ takes a human life that is morally worthless, and out of it makes a priceless character, of surpassing beauty in its godliness—that is salvation.—*Zion's Herald.*

REJECTING CHRIST

His Lost Opportunity

About the year 1886 I was holding evangelistic services in a town in New York state. The meetings had been much blessed of God and not a few souls had been saved. Among those who were not yet saved, but were interested, was a very bright young man about eighteen years of age. It was evident that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. On the last evening of the meetings I had a long conversation with him, in which I expected to see him surrender to Christ. Hence I prayed earnestly and expectantly as I talked. But suddenly a chill and numbness fell upon my heart. The young man had perceived the cost and I saw that he had drawn back. From that time on I found myself unable to hope, or pray, or speak. A conscious separation had come between us, and there followed this separation a silence. Presently the young man arose. I bade him good-night, and watched him go out into the darkness of the night and into the deeper darkness of a Christless life. As I learned the next day, he went from the meeting to the station and thence to his hotel. At midnight the hotel caught fire, and in but a short space the young man's body lay in its ruins a charred and blackened corpse. His last convenient season had passed.—*Henry W. Frost, in The Sunday School Times.*

Rejected His Country

I went to West Point not long ago, and we had an evening meeting in the old chapel. As we passed under the rear gallery to go out, one of the students stopped and said, "I wish you would look at that shield on the wall there; that is the most striking thing at the academy to me." I looked at the wall; all around there were marble shields set in the wall, and on each shield was the name of one of our Revolutionary generals. Then I looked up at the particular shield to which attention had been called, and that shield was blank. It was there in form just as the others, but with no name on it; simply the words Major-General, and the date of the unnamed general's birth. "What does it mean?" I asked. "Well," said the cadet, "that is the shield for Benedict Arnold. There is a shield for every Revolutionary general, and one for him too, but the nation would not cut his name on it nor the date of his death. He denied his country; his country has denied him."—

Robert E. Speer, in Record of Christian Work.

Sold Himself, Not Christ

"Still, as of old,
Man by himself is priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ."

—*Hester Cholmondeley.*

Scourging Christ

He had scourged him (Mark 15:15).

Dr. Alexander Whyte tells the story of a man who dreamed that he saw Jesus tied to a whipping-post, and a soldier was scourging Him. He saw the whip in the soldier's hand, with its thick lashes studded here and there with bits of lead, which were intended to cut into the flesh. And as the soldier brought the whip down on the bare shoulders of Jesus, the dreamer shuddered when he saw the marks and blood-stains it left behind. And when the soldier raised his hand to strike again the dreamer rushed forward intending to stop him. As he did so the soldier turned round and the dreamer recognized—himself. We often think how cruel those men must have been who scourged and crucified Jesus. But remember that whenever we do wrong we, too, cause the heart of Jesus to bleed with sorrow and pain.—*Rev. E. E. Lark, in The United Methodist.*

Fighting Their Friends

"For your lives!" cried the Portuguese captain of a Spanish slave ship to a band of naked negroes, as he pointed to an English ship which had been in hot chase of him for some hours. "Fight for your lives!" he cried out, as he gave each man a weapon. And the deluded and terrified negroes did as they were told, and in doing so, they killed and wounded their best friends, who had come to deliver them. So Jesus came to set the captives of sin free; but the Pharisees rose against Jesus, and the very men He loved and came to free they urged on to kill Him.—*Rev. B. Waugh, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Ears and Tongues Saved

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (James 1:22).

There is a Japanese legend which says that once upon a time a peasant went to heaven and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it. "What is that?" he asked. "Those are ears," was the reply. "They belong to persons who when they lived on earth heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they did not pay any attention to it; so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not." After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it. "What is that?" he asked again. "These are tongues," was the answer. "They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."—*The Classmate.*

Cost of Rejecting Christ

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said: "I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me. I do wish that you would enlist in His army." "I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things; in fact, I am counting the cost." An officer passing at that moment heard the remark, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said: "Young friend, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following Him?" For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought and found it at the foot of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been for twenty-seven years.—*Christian Witness.*

Rejecting Christ

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, is the following inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us;
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and seek me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honour me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not;
If I condemn you, blame me not."

—*The Christian Herald.*

Disregarded the Warning

At the entrance of the St. John's River in Florida lies a fine steamship on the rocks. It is not a battered and shattered wreck. It stands well out of the water, seemingly with scarcely its paint scratched. It looks full of usefulness and service yet. But, nevertheless, it is a wreck. Passengers of passing boats view it with interest. It is pathetic, so big, so strong, so helpless. But the most pathetic part of it all is that there in the water, but a few hundred yards from it, bobs an unpretentious little black buoy. The ship is on the wrong side of the buoy. Many a life has gone to smash on the rocks because it has gone on the wrong side of some buoy that was put out to warn. It hasn't deviated far, nevertheless, it is a wreck.—*The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Searing the Conscience

Thus do men treat the promptings of conscience, which are servants sent by God. In southern Russia a farmer had a beautiful dog. A minister said in admiration, "What a beautiful dog; how much is he worth?" "Nothing," said the farmer, "you may have him, for he is no use to me; he does not bark." The farmer then told that when the dog was young a nervous servant who could not stand the noise would whack the dog over the head every time he barked. How many a conscience has been silenced by that sort of treatment!—*The Expositor.*

Rejecting the Light

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven (Matt. 7:21).

I read the other day in a paper that a Hindoo will pass an examination in science; he understands sanitary laws perfectly, but some way or other he never seems to understand how to apply them. He will go complacently into his own dirty compound and break every sanitary law of which he is theoretically master. But you need not go to India to find a thing of that kind. You will find many men in this country who know the Lord's will, but who never dream of doing it.—*Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in The Christian World Pulpit.*

Turned His Back to Christ

G. F. Watts' famous picture illustrating "For he had great possessions" is familiar to every one. The artist gave this account of the rich young ruler: "I am doing a man's back—little else but his back—to explain 'He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.' Fancy a man turning his back on Christ rather than give away his goods! They say his back looks sorry. I don't know. It is what I meant his back to express."—*The Quiver.*

Getting Rid of the Trouble

A missionary in India showed a Brahmin a drop of water through a microscope. When the Brahmin beheld the myriads of creeping things in the water, and was told he drank just such, he became very uneasy. After a time he came and offered an immense sum for the microscope. The missionary at last sold it to him. As soon as he had got it he cast it down vehemently on the pavement, and dashed it to pieces.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Appealing to the Dead

In a certain district of Germany a custom prevails, based on the assumption that the dead are not really so, and that if only they can be aroused to make an effort the deep lethargy will be thrown off, and they will again take their place with the living. To this end a surviving friend whispers into the ear of the corpse beseeching words, entreating the sleeper to bestir himself and come forth. But there is no response; the eye remains glazed, the limbs frozen, the lips silent. It is much the same when we appeal to men and women who have lived the worldly life. It is like appealing to the dead, twice dead.—*W. L. Watkinson's "Studies in Life and Experience."*

Did Not Want to Hear

A small boy, seeing his mother come to the door to call him in from his play, clapped both hands over his ears, and, when she called him, replied, "I can't hear you, mamma." How often we cover our ears when we know the voice of duty is calling.—*F. L. Hallock.*

Determined Not to Hear

Miss Slattery, at Northfield, told of hearing an older sister calling to the little sister, and the little girl had her hands over her ears. The older girl called louder and louder. Finally the little girl shouted: "Don't call any louder, I can't hear you anyway." Is not this the way we often treat God?

We make up our minds we will not obey, no matter how long and how loud He may call us.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ Not on Trial

In the famous Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, a tourist, armed with his guide-book, went up to the curator. "Are these your masterpieces?" he asked. "I certainly don't see much in them myself." "Sir," said the curator, "these pictures are not on trial; it is the visitors who are on trial." It was not Jesus who was on His trial, but Pilate.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Hardened His Heart

Pilate saith unto them, What then shall I do unto Jesus who is called Christ? (Matt. 27:22).

"You must either crown Jesus or crucify Him." — Dr. G. Campbell Morgan.

"I stood alone at the bar of God,
In the hush of the twilight dim,
And faced the question that pierced my heart:
'What will you do with Him?'
'Crowned or crucified? Which shall it be?'
No other choice was offered to me.

"I looked on the face so marred with tears
That were shed in His agony.
The look in His kind eyes broke my heart,—
'Twas full of love for me.
'The crown or the cross' it seemed to say;
'For or against me,—choose thou today.'

"He held out His loving hands to me,
While He pleadingly said, 'Obey!
Make Me thy choice, for I love thee so,'—
And I could not say Him nay.
Crowned, not crucified,—this must it be;
No other way was open to me.

"I knelt in tears at the feet of Christ,
In the hush of the twilight dim,
And all that I was, or hoped, or sought,
Surrendered unto Him.
Crowned, not crucified,—my heart shall know
No King but Christ who loveth me so."

—*From Florence E. Johnson, in Record of Christian Work.*

Hardened His Heart

At Cairo, Bishop Gobat entertained high hopes of the conversion of a learned Mohammedan teacher, Sheik Ahmed, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. After many interviews, in which he appeared deeply impressed and ready to receive Christ as his Saviour, Gobat lost sight of him. Three months later he says, "I met him one day in the street. I asked him why he had not called for so long a time, to which he naïvely replied, 'The last time I was with you I felt that if I went to you again I should be convinced of the truths of Christianity, and be consequently obliged to avow myself a Christian, for which I should have been killed. I therefore resolved to see you no more until my heart should be hardened against your arguments.'"—*From the memoirs of Bishop Gobat.*

RESURRECTION

Nature and the Resurrection

Some years ago I kept a marine aquarium. As I stood looking at it one hot summer day, I saw on the surface of the water a tiny creature,—half-fish, half-snake, not an inch long, writhing as in mortal agony. With convulsive efforts it bent its head to tail, now on this side, now on that, springing its circles with a force simply wonderful in a creature so small. I was stretching out my hand to remove it lest it should sink and die and pollute the clear waters, when lo, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, its skin split from end to end, and there sprang out a delicate fly, with slender black legs and pale lavender wings. Balancing itself for an instant on its discarded skin, it preened its gossamer wings and then flew out of an open window. The impression made upon me was deep and overpowering. I learned that nature was everywhere hinting at the truth of the resurrection.—*From "The Resurrection," by the Rev. S. Cox.*

Victory Over Death

It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead (Rom. 8:34).

A brutal warrior, having taken a city, announced his intention of burning it. The surviving soldiers of the garrison were thrust into prison, where they lay expecting a horrible death. But their king, whom they believed dead, had es-

caped the conqueror's clutches, and was gathering forces for their deliverance. One day sounds of a fierce conflict penetrated the prison walls. Silence followed, then the sound of marching. Then the prisoners heard the townsfolk shouting, "God save the king!" Imagine their joy! Their king lived. He was entering the city in triumph. That meant life for them. Because Christ lives, we shall live also. —*Rev. J. A. Clark.*

Christ's Resurrection

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all, "Here lies." Then follows the name with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of the good qualities of the deceased. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus! It is not written in gold nor cut in stone, it is spoken by the mouth of an angel; and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."—*Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in The Expositor.*

REPENTANCE

Penitence and Pardon

And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached (Luke 24:47).

Across the river Zambesi, below the Victoria Falls, is a bridge which spans the widest chasm and overlooks the most terrific turmoil of waters to be seen on any river in the world. That bridge was made by building out an arm from either shore, and uniting the two outstretched arms in the center over the roaring stream. Neither arm could have reached the opposite bank by itself; the two were needed to meet each other. Such are penitence and pardon, which form the bridge across that tumultuous stream and those stupendous falls which seem to separate the soul from God. At first one is inclined to say, "Why cannot the bridge of pardon be thrown over exclusively from the side of God?" Perhaps others are tempted to say, "Surely the bridge of penitence will span the chasm and bring the soul to the unregarding God." But no; the truth lies here: pardon without penitence is impossible, and penitence without pardon is useless.—*From the Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., in The Christian Endeavour World.*

Sorry Enough to Quit

Two little boys met to play together for the afternoon, and had not been thus engaged long when the larger boy transgressed the rights of his weaker playmate. The latter, too proud to make complaint, withdrew some distance and sat by himself, manfully winking back the too ready tears. After a little the larger boy grew tired of solitary play, and called, "Say, Georgie, come back. I'm sorry." Georgie, warned by previous experience, did not respond to the invitation at once. "Yes," he replied cautiously, "but what kind of sorry? the kind so you won't do it again?" It is poor repentance that does not interfere with a repetition. Repentance was once defined by a small girl: "It's to be sorry enough to quit."—*Rev. C. H. Kilmer.*

Turn to the Right

Asked the way to heaven, Bishop Wilberforce said, "Take the first turn to the right, and go straight forward." —*Rev. Tileston F. Chambers.*

RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS

Called to Service

A youth who by faithful work in a small country store had secured a larger place in a city, reached a hotel at night on his way and asked the clerk to call him at six o'clock in the morning. An overwhelming sense of timidity and unfitness kept him at the point of deciding to give up his new position. In the morning the clerk called him and he answered. On dressing he discovered a card under the door on which was written: "Mr. Mallory, you were called at six o'clock *and you answered.*" In a moment he saw the whole situation in regard to his work. He had been called and he had answered. How many times we forget we have been called and that we answered.—*The Young People's Weekly.*

Chinese Punishment

For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself (Rom. 14:7).

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first president of the Chinese republic, tells this story of the way in which China punishes a young man who killed his father. The young man himself was put to death, his uncle suffered the same penalty, and the six nearest neighbours were exiled to places more than a thousand miles from the village in which the crime occurred. It is the Chinese

theory that not only the parents of a boy, but also his other relatives, his teacher and his neighbours, are in some degree accountable for his character and conduct. Behind all this lies a fundamental truth that we too often ignore—that our human society is so interrelated that we are all responsible, in greater or less degree, for one another.—*The Youth's Companion.*

RESTITUTION

A Pause in the Prayer

"If I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee; "'f I should die 'fore I wake"—

"'I pray,'" prompted the gentle voice. 'Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again and, dropping down in his place, took up his petition where he had left off. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was saying, grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear around in the mornin'. ''f I should die 'fore I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way; so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commented the voice with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers would not be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."—*Wellspring.*

Before the Revival

During a revival a leading old elder arose, and said, "Pastor, I don't think there is going to be a revival here so long as Brother Jones and I don't speak to each other." He went to Jones, and said, "Brother, you and I have not spoken to each other for five years. Let's bury the hatchet. Here's my hand!" A sob broke from the audience. Soon another elder arose, and said, "Pastor, I think there will be no revival here while I say fair things to your face and mean things behind your back. I want you to forgive me." Soon many arose and settled old scores. Then God began to visit them. The meetings were crowded, and a revival broke out that swept to and fro over the district for three years.—*From "Back to Bethel," by F. B. Meyer.*

When the Sin Was Confessed

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance (Luke 3:8).

A fine native preacher of India once had stolen some valuables from a rajah and buried them in the rajah's grounds, and then left that part of the country. Later he was brought under conviction at a revival, and confessed his sins, and said: "Though the rajah should cut off my head, I must go back and tell him." On the train he could not get admission to the rajah's carriage; but later, seeing the door open, he went in, and falling at the rajah's feet told him all. On arriving at the village the rajah sent for him, and sent also for a man to go and dig up the treasure. "Now," said he, "what made you come and tell me this?" "I am a Christian, sir." "Then go, and send from your mission some one to come and make my people like you." This man won not one soul in six years with his sin unconfessed; now there are about six hundred converts in two or three years.—*The Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

Finney's Sermon on Borrowing

Dr. G. Frederick Wright's new book, "Story of My Life and Works," tells this story of Charles G. Finney. In his sermon, "Sins of a Seared Conscience," wherein one of the sins enumerated was that of borrowing tools and not returning them, it is said that Finney stood up in the old Oberlin meeting-house before his neighbours and fellow-professors and preached thus: "When I went to my tool-house yesterday with the men on hand to do my work I found it practically empty. President Mahan had borrowed my plow and never sent it back. Professor Morgan had sent for my spade, and I don't know where it is. Deacon Beecher has had a monkey-wrench for so long a time that the memory of man cannot recall how long ago it was. What does it mean that among the best of us there is such a carelessness concerning our fundamental obligations?" And the sermon was effective. The next morning before rosy-fingered dawn peeked over the prairie, one conscience-stricken neighbour, attempting to restore a saw horse which belonged to Dr. Finney, was attacked by the Finney watch dog and had to be rescued, and

all the rest of the morning there was a stream of neighbours' boys bearing borrowed tools, only part of which could Dr. Finney recognize as his property.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Burned the False Measure

A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon in which the use of dishonest weights and measures was condemned. Under the preaching she was affected. Next day her minister, while visiting in the village, called upon the woman and asked what she remembered about the sermon. She admitted having a very poor memory; "but," she said, "I remembered to burn my bushel-basket."—*The Home Herald.*

Picking Out Crooked Stitches

Betty, aged six, is something of a philosopher. The other day, as she slowly and painstakingly worked at the strip of hemming which was her first attempt at needlework, she thoughtfully remarked: "The best thing about not putting in crooked stitches is that you don't have to pick them out again." The truth seems obvious enough; and yet how long it takes many of us to learn it, and how many bitter hours we spend in picking out life's crooked stitches that we never should have put in.—*J. R. Miller, in Northfield Calendar.*

REVENGE

His Philosophy of Life

It was in the smoking room of a Pullman. Several of us were washing and shaving, when a genial-faced man, seemingly about sixty-five years of age, entered and said: "Boys, when you go to the diner, don't order griddle cakes this morning; they aren't very good. I have traveled many years and know good cakes." In response to a question as to his age, he astonished us by saying: "I am eighty-four years old, and can turn a hand-spring with any of you." The writer made bold to ask: "What is your philosophy of life?" The reply was instant:

"It is essential to give due consideration to diet, bathing, and that sort of thing, but the major factor in the reckoning is this: *Never have it in for anybody, never try to get even; for you always hurt yourself more than the other fellow.* A vengeful spirit is destructive to longevity."—*Selected.*

Kindness for Brutality

Forgive . . . every one his brother from your hearts (Matt. 18:35).

When in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among soldiers, the Rev. J. Stuart Holden states that he asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ. His answer was this: "There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one night, a terribly wet night, he came in from sentry-go. He was very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Won by Kindness

In our faith home we had a garden and a beautiful patch of tomatoes. But a neighbour's chickens threatened to ruin it. My husband drove them home a number of times, and asked her to shut them up, but she would not; one day they totally destroyed half a bushel. He drove them home, and carried a basket of the finest fruit to our neighbour, saying, "Do you like tomatoes?" "I should say we do," she responded joyfully, and added, "Do the hens trouble you much?" He replied, "They have destroyed half a bushel." "I'll shut them up," she said, and she did. By forgiving and loving and giving he saved his tomatoes and won his Catholic neighbour.—*Abbie C. Morrow Brown.*

A Farmyard Revenge

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you (Matt. 6:14).

A lady once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern: "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses waiting to

drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbour, whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said: 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farmyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble.'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

A Soft Answer

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men (Rom. 12:18).

C. H. Spurgeon, while still a young man and a village pastor, was passing the house of a woman known as the village termagant, who greeted him with a volley of words the reverse of polite. Smiling, the young man said, "Yes, thank you; I am quite well." She burst into another string of expletives. "Yes, it does look as if it's going to rain," he replied. Surprised as well as exasperated, the woman exclaimed, "Bless the man, he's as deaf as a post! What's the use of talking to him?"—*The Christian Herald.*

Plotting Moriarty's Ruin

"Do you know that fellow Moriarty that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest, and shoutin', 'How are ye?'" "I know him, Pat." "He's made me ache more than once—but I'll get even with him now!" "How will you do it?" "I'll tell ye. He always hits me over my right vest-pocket. He'll hit me just once more. I've put a stick o' dynamite, d'ye mind, in that vest-pocket!" The story is good for a laugh; but behind the fun there's a tremendous truth in it. No revenge was ever planned and carried out that did not react upon the perpetrator and injure him more than his victim.—*The Way.*

On the Lord's Business

A traveling salesman was telling a friend the story of the treatment received in a certain business house at the hands of a member of the establishment with whom he had come in contact. The rudeness and injustice recited stirred the listener to protest. "And you did nothing about it afterwards? You let it go too easily. A fellow like that deserves to be taught a lesson." "Yes, but—I'm not here to avenge personal wrongs, you know; I'm on business for the firm," answered the salesman.—*The Christian Age.*

A Japanese Proverb

How different from Stephen's spirit is the Japanese idea of vengeance. In the perfection of feudalism, says William Elliot Griffis, the Japanese taught vengeance as a part of ethics and the vendetta as a fine art. Yet even they, out of long experience, coined also the proverb, "If you would revenge yourself, dig two graves." The plotter usually fell into his own pit.—*The Sunday School Times.*

REVERENCE

Reverence for God

Some years ago Mr. Gladstone, the great English statesman, was cutting a tree down; the relic hunters were standing thickly around waiting for a chance to get the chips as relics. One of them succeeded in getting a large chip, and was so delighted that he said to the crowd, "Hey, lads, when I die, this shall go in my coffin!" This was too much for his sensible wife to hear and keep quiet, so she said at once, "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where the chips would not burn."—*Our Young People.*

REVIVALS

A Great Korean Revival

The Korean pastor of the Pyeng Yang Church that has had a prayer-meeting with an average attendance of over a thousand for the past three years, felt that his church was growing cold and a bit indifferent. So each morning at four he went to the church to pray till six. A few of his members observed what he was doing and joined him. On Sunday morning the pastor told his people what he was doing and asked any who wished to join him. Monday morning over a hundred were present, and by Saturday morning nearly six hundred, many of them busy business men, were spending the time from four to six at the church in

prayer, getting right with each other and with God. The next month more than three thousand souls were added to the Pyeng Yang churches.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Stove Between Heaven and Hell

Billy Sunday's sawdust trail has a novel predecessor in John Lewis Dyer's stoveline route to salvation.

Dyer was a Methodist missionary working in the Middle West about 1840. The story goes that he had been preaching steadily for two weeks without any sign of response from the people. He was discouraged. He must do something to arouse their interest. They liked games. That gave him an idea.

Calling them together one night in the little meeting room, he pointed out the stove in the center of it. "That stove," he said with terrible solemnity, "is the dividing line between heaven and hell. Those who wish to be saved must come forward, passing on this side of the stove (indicating)—those who care not if they perish must pass on that side."

The "saints" arose with alacrity. The "sinners" rather shamefacedly followed suit. Both sides started passing one another to their respective places.

The peculiar psychology of the movement got hold of the crowd. It was as if the Day of Judgment were at hand. In three minutes wild confusion reigned. Sinners, in fear, rushed over to join the saints. Saints, suddenly conscience-stricken, slunk over weeping to the sinners' ranks. That night was the beginning of the most successful revival that Dyer had ever had.—*Century Bulletin.*

New Evangelist in England

A Baptist pastor in one of London's suburbs read a stirring plea from the venerable Dr. John Clifford saying that above all things else England needed an evangelistic revival. The minister, Rev. A. Douglas Brown, prayed about the matter earnestly, and then got up and traveled down to a seaside resort northeast of London, a place named Lowestoft. He preached in the streets there for four days. He went back and filled his own pulpit, and the following week he preached the same way in the open air of the larger town of Ipswich near by. Later he visited Yarmouth and Colchester. Conversions within a few weeks mounted above a thousand, and that whole region, known to Englishmen as East Anglia, was afire with religious fervour. The churches began to unite in inviting Mr. Brown to come under their dedicated roofs and both Established Church men and nonconformists joined in supporting the meetings.

At length the ancient and proud university town of Cambridge asked Mr. Brown to come and hold meetings there, and all names and kinds of Christians came together to hear his messages as well as a host of those not yet committed to Christ. Gypsy Smith attended, assisted and was glad when he saw the grace of God in the new evangelist. Mr. Brown is receiving invitations from all over England, and many rejoice to believe that a great revival is impending.—*The Continent.*

RICHES

Too Many Good Things

Flowers are delightful things, yet you may easily have them too thick and fast. In the South of France they grow acres of the sweetest and most glorious blooms. These blooms are bought up by the distillers, and it is a strange fact that when the fragrant things are gathered into mounds they occasion serious complaints in those who have to handle them; the scent produces an exasperating form of hay-fever, the pollen of the flowers acting as a poison to the nervous system, and hardly a season passes without some orange-blossom picker succumbing to syncope. Flowers are delightful when sprinkled with a wise economy, their loveliness having plenty of background, their scent delicately haunting the air; but gather them into heaps, and they poison,—you die in aromatic pain. And so with the rich and splendid things of our civilization—they are precious and delightful if not overcrowded; they must have intervals, margins, interspaces—backgrounds of high thinking, noble work, social sympathy, humble duty, divine worship, loving sacrifice; the moral, humane, the spiritual must have full recognition, or the flowers of civilization will destroy us.—*From Dr. W. L. Watkinson, in "The Blind Spot."*

Only Held the Money

S. D. Gordon tells the following story of a man who reckoned without God in the accumulation of his treasures. He says: "The wealthy owner of a large business concern in Sweden had been a poor boy in a country district tending cattle. One day he

wanted to be away, and asked his sister to tend the cattle for the day, promising to let her hold for the day a small coin, current there, worth less than two annas, to be returned at night. She consented. The very sight of money was a great rarity to her. So she spent a long, hard day tending his cattle, and holding the bright coin, and returned it again at night, quite content with the day's pay. Long years afterward the brother was telling the story. He had grown very wealthy. He had allowed the love of money to crowd out the Christ passion, to which he was not a stranger. He told the story to my friend with great glee, laughing at his sister's childish simplicity. My friend said quietly, 'That is all *you* get; you hold your wealth to the end of the day of your life, then you give it up and have as little as before, and the whole of your life is gone!' And the man's startled face showed that he quite understood."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Dr. Johnson's Warning

The famous tragedian, Garrick, showed his friend, Dr. Johnson, round his beautiful mansion and grounds one day. The great moralist looked at the valuable property, but was filled with sad forebodings. He laid his hand kindly on the player's shoulder, and said, "Ah, David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible."—*Rev. J. A. Clapperton, in the Preachers' Magazine.*

Getting Through the Gate

Tall was my camel and laden high,
And small the gate as a needle's eye.

The city within was very fair,
And I and my camel would enter there.

"You must lower your load," the porter cried;
"You must throw away that bundle of pride."

"Now," said the porter, "to make it less,
Discard that bundle of selfishness."

I obeyed, though with much ado,
Yet still not camel nor I got through.

"Ah," said the porter, "your load must hold
Some little package of trust-in-gold."

The merest handful was all I had,
Yet "Throw it away," the porter bade.
Then lo, a marvel! the camel tall
Shrank to the size of the portal small.

And all my riches, a vast estate,
Easily passed through the narrow gate.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

After the Riches Were Lost

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (Luke 12:15).

The children of a certain family, during its prosperity, were left in the nursery in charge of servants. When adversity came the servants were discharged, and the parents lived with the little ones. One evening, when the father had returned home after a day of anxiety and business worry, his little girl clambered upon his knee, and, twining her arms around his neck, said: "Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Praying for the Rich

How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God! (Mark 10:24).

A note was found by a minister upon his pulpit one morning which read: "The prayers of this congregation are requested for a man who is growing rich." The prayers of congregations are always needed for those who are growing into riches, leisure, culture, opportunity for travel, or intellectual brilliancy.—*From "Loyalty," by J. G. K. McClure.*

A New Standard of Wealth

One of Thoreau's quaint sayings was: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone."—*The Congregationalist.*

A Definition of Money

Money is the god of the material world, and there its power ends. A London newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of money, and it was awarded to a young man whose definition was, "An article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Riches and Laughter

A business man overtook a negro trudging through the snow, humming to himself. He talked with him and found that he was very poor. Finally he asked him if he didn't think he'd be happier if he were rich. "No, boss, all the rich men I work for nebber laugh."—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Only His Casket

Rev. H. H. Rottmann tells this story: A young man came to him asking him to officiate at his brother's funeral. "Let me see," said Mr. Rottmann. "Your brother was thirty-two years old?" "Yes." "He worked hard for twenty years, didn't he?" "Yes." "Well, what did he get out of it?" "He left eighty acres of fine land, money in the bank, and $3,000 in insurance." "Yes, that's what *you* get out of it; but what did *he* get out of it?" "We are going to get him a $115 oak casket."—*Christian Endeavour World.*

Preferred the Poor Man

Themistocles, the victor of Salamis, preferred an honest, hard working young man who wooed his daughter, to an idle rich man who contended for her hand. "I would rather have a man who lacks money," he said, "than money that lacks a man."—*Selected.*

How Much Did He Leave?

The things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? (Luke 12:20).

"How much did he leave?" asked one, referring to a millionaire who had just died. "Every cent," was the reply.—*From "Come Ye Apart," by J. R. Miller.*

Worshipping the Golden Calf

An American millionaire, after showing his palatial mansion and beautiful grounds to a Quaker, said: "The almighty dollar has done it all! What cannot money do!" "Ah, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou remindest me of the Israelites, who worshipped the golden calf, saying it brought them out of Egypt. It hindered them during their journey to the Promised Land. Maybe thy dollars will do the same for thee."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

RICHES OF GOD

A Great Inheritance

Billy Sunday says: One day in Chicago I stood in front of a bank. Up dashed an auto—I suppose it cost $10,000 or $15,000—a magnificent French car. Out stepped a frail sort of a man, a large, fair head, tapering chin, large, lustrous blue eyes set apart in that intelligent forehead, straight nose. I said, "Who is that?" They said, "That is J. Ogden Armour. He is head of the pork-packing trust." In he walked. I stood and looked. I saw a frail, weak young fellow that looked as though he might fall with the winter's blasts as they swished around the corner of one of our huge skyscrapers. I said, "Who is that young fellow?" "That is Marshall Field, Jr. That is the son of the merchant prince, heir to $155,000,000." Down the street went a man, corpulent, weighing 300 pounds, heavy of jowl, heavy of frame. I said, "Who is that?" "That is Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., son of the great opponent of Abraham Lincoln. One of the keenest men in the United States Senate." I looked and saw a keen-looking man with Van Dyke beard, lustrous eyes, dressed in the height of fashion; a man you would turn to look at as he walked the street. I said, "Who is that?" "That is Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln." Would it not be great to be a son of a great man? Great, yes, but I stand here an heir to the kingdom of God. I'm a son of God through faith in Jesus Christ.—*Billy Sunday, in the North American.*

Principal and Interest Ours

"I go to prepare a place." "He dwelleth with you." A confidential clerk in Wall Street, New York, had an agreeable surprise a few days ago, according to the *Times.* One of the large stock operators called his confidential clerk into his private room and said to him: "I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now, I am in good health, and don't intend to die soon, and so I will help in the meantime by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a check for $600, to pay the first year's interest." The clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand rendered the prospect a reality. This is, in a far higher sense, the believer's position. He does not have to wait for death to receive his inheritance, though the principal does come then, but daily grace is the interest and promise of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*Sabbath Reading.*

The Riches of God's Grace

"When I have ridden through London, I have been overwhelmed with the greatness of the supply which must daily be necessary to feed its millions, and have wondered that a famine has not at once set in. But when I have seen the markets and storehouses, and have thought of the whole earth as eager to obtain a sale for its produce in our vast metropolis, I have rested in content. I see whence the almost illimitable supplies are drawn. Thus, when I behold man's spiritual need, I marvel that it should ever be met; but when I behold the person and work of the Lord Jesus, my marvel ceases, and a new wonder begins. I wonder rather at the infinity of grace than at the power of sin."—*C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon Notes.*

Always More to Follow

Rowland Hill used to tell a story of a rich man and a poor man in his congregation. The rich man desired to do an act of benevolence, and so he sent a sum of money to a friend to be given to this poor man as he thought best. The friend just sent him five pounds, and said in the note: "This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow." After a while he sent another five pounds, and said, "More to follow." Again and again he sent the money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, "More to follow." How this illustrates the giving of our "gracious" Provider, whose gifts are always accompanied with promises that cover and guarantee the future of His children!—*From an old paper.*

Counting His Blessings

I was going home one winter's evening with my little maiden at my side, when she looked up into the sky and said: "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," I said, "do." And soon I heard her whispering to herself: "Two hundred and twenty-one, two hundred and twenty-two, two hundred and twenty-three"; and then she stopped and sighed: "Oh, dear! I had no idea there were so many!" Like that little maiden, I have often tried to count my mercies; but right soon have I had to say: "I had no idea they were so many!"—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in The United Methodist.*

Rich, But Dying Poor

William Allen Cunningham, art critic, writer and traveler, died January 3 in the Philadelphia almshouse, although he owned a collection of paintings worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. He left only $11 in cash.

A noted collector recently offered Mr. Cunningham $100,000 for one picture by Rubens, but he refused to sell. It is also said he refused $40,000 for a Rembrandt.—*Chicago Herald and Examiner, March 27, 1919.*

His Wealthy Partner

A story is told of the late W. T. Stead, who perished on the "Titanic": Towards the end of his life he abandoned a lucrative position on the press for conscientious reasons. "Can you afford to do this?" a friend asked him. "Well," he said, "you see, I have a very wealthy partner." "Who is he?" "God Almighty!" was the reply—*The Christian Herald.*

SABBATH

Sunday Sweetness

There is somethin' about Sunday—what it is I can't jest say,
But somehow it's allus sweeter than most any other day;
I know no special reason, unless possibly it be
That th' Lord takes special pains to make it so, especially.
It has no longer hours, but it allus seems as though
They are fuller of real sweetness, an' I hate to see 'em go;
An' I know there is no difference, but it allus seems, I say,
There is somethin' about Sunday sweeter'n any other day.

—*J. M. Foley, in the New York Tribune.*

Value of the Sabbath

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath (Mark 2:27).

In one of Dr. Miller's helpful anecdotes we are told of a Christian woman, a busy editorial writer, whose eyes began to trouble her, until she was obliged to go to an oculist to see what was the matter with them. She told him she thought she needed a new pair of glasses. The oculist told her what she needed was not new glasses, but rest for the eyes. That, she told him, was impossible. Her work compelled her to sit all day bending over a desk, reading and writing. The wise oculist asked her where she lived, and found it was in full sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Alleghenies. "Go home," he said, "and do your work as

usual, but every hour or so leave your desk, and go stand on your porch and look at the mountains. The far-away look will rest your eyes after the long strain of reading manuscripts and proof-sheets." That is what sabbaths are for—the far-away looks. We all need them—an hour or two on Sunday, if no more. Then—and here is the lesson for many a busy house-mother who must prepare meals even on Sunday for her hungry children, who must often nurse the sick ones or stay at home with the little ones—if anything calls one away from the rest of soul and body, remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said that God wants mercy (kindness, goodness, helpfulness) even more than sacrifice.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Wilbur Wright's Answer

The Wright brothers, the famous aviators [of whom one died in 1913], are clean-limbed and clean-minded. From their father, good old Bishop Wright, they inherit two sterling traits —character and a shrewd business sense. When Wilbur was at the high tide of his first foreign success, and was acclaimed everywhere as "the emperor of the air," the king of Spain came to see his machine. An orderly approached and said, "His majesty would like to see you fly." "I am very sorry," was the reply, "but we never fly on Sunday."—*Sunday at Home.*

What He Had Crushed

One morning a gentleman was going to church. He was a singular man, and would sometimes do and say what children are apt to call "funny things." As he was going along he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. When this gentleman got right opposite the wagoner, he stopped, turned around, and, lifting up both hands as if in horror, exclaimed as he gazed under the wagon: "There, there, you are going over it. There, you have gone right over it." The driver was frightened. He drew up his reins in an instant, crying, "Whoa! whoa!" and brought his horses to a stand. Then he looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog, or pig, that had been crushed to death. But he saw nothing. So, after gazing about, he looked up at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "Pray, sir, what have I gone over?" "The fourth commandment," was the quiet but earnest reply. "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."—*The Ram's Horn.*

President Harrison and the Sabbath

President Harrison on one of his western tours stopped in Denver over Sunday because he was unwilling to travel on that day. The citizens wanted him to speak in their opera house on Sunday, and sent a deputation to invite him. They told him that Denver was accustomed to liberal views of Sunday, and there could be no possible harm in it. To their delight President Harrison accepted their invitation, and they declared to each other that they had dissipated his Puritanic ideas to some extent by their superior breadth. When Sunday evening came, every seat in the Tabor Opera House was full. But when the President began to speak, a great awakening awaited them. From beginning to end his eloquent address was a plea for the Christian Sabbath. Its divine institution, its benefits, its binding sacredness, were set forth in logical and convincing fashion. And the people of Denver heard the truth about Sabbath-breaking that night, and no one resented the earnest speech, though its warnings were pointed and powerful.—*The Classmate.*

Offending His Lord

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy (Exod. 20:8).

A minister having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman came to him, and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord today." The minister replied, "I should not have offended your lord except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord, and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."—*Rev. J. J. Wray, in Good Company.*

The Consuls and Missionaries

To sanctify the sabbath day (Neh. 13:22).

In the relations that missionaries have with foreign residents and government officials, they are sometimes called upon to refuse to take part in social functions on Sunday. Their courteous refusal is always respected.

In Lahore, India, dinners were being given by the Lieutenant-Governor in honour of the Viceroy. Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, who was then Vice Chancellor of the Punjab University, received an invitation for himself and his wife to dine with the Viceroy of India on Sunday evening. They sent their regrets and were immediately asked to come on Monday evening. Since I have been in Persia, the Russian Consulate "At Homes" have been on Sunday afternoons. The American missionaries have taken pains to pay their respects to the Russian Consulate on all other occasions, but have been particular not to do so on Sundays. A few weeks ago a notice reached us that the Russian Consulate "At Homes" were to be changed to Saturday afternoons, "so that the American missionaries could also come."—*Dwight M. Donaldson, Meshed, Persia.*

Keeping the Sabbath in Japan

In it thou shalt not do any work (Deut. 5 : 14).

A Japanese widow was making a meager living for herself and her two little girls by making bean-paste in the forenoons and peddling it around the town in the afternoons. One day she heard of Jesus, and ere long, by baptism, publicly confessed her allegiance to the living God. Thereupon she decided to observe the Sabbath according to His law. "You are a fool," said her relatives and neighbours. "When you worked for seven days a week, you could not earn enough rice. How do you expect to live working only six days?" "I am a Christian now," replied the woman, "and it is my business to obey God's commands. It is His part to see that my needs are supplied." God honoured her obedient faith, and she earned more in six days' work than she had previously done in seven. Moreover, in His providence she was led to a Christian mission school where she became cook to the students, and where her two daughters received a Christian education, fitting them for happy and responsible positions later in life.—*M. B. G. (missionary to Japan).*

Gloomy Sabbath Observance

"A Scotchman, returning home after long absence, was shocked at the changes he found. 'The people,' he said, 'used to be reserved and solemn on the Sabbath, but now they look as happy on that day as on any other!'" —*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

The French Revolutionary Sabbath

During the French Revolution it was resolved to banish the remaining remnants of Christianity from the State, and with it the Christian Sunday. One day in ten, accordingly, was ordered to be substituted for one day in seven, with the result that even the horses in the streets broke down under the continuous strain. One skeptical writer, indeed, was so impressed by the fact of the proportion ordained in the Jewish law, one day in seven for rest, that he wrote: "So transcendent is the harmony of the proportion that sooner than believe Moses pitched upon it by chance I would believe some revelation had been made to him, or accept the fable that the Iliad was written by a sow with its snout. Diminish," he continues, "the week by a single day, the work is too small for the rest; increase it by a single day, it is too great."—*Christian World Pulpit.*

Wilson's Observance of the Sabbath

The following statement from the Capital City relating to the first Sunday of the new administration is one of interest and hope: "Washington observed the Sabbath today, and to the amazement of old-timers not an executive office of the departments was open. Secretary Tumulty told every one connected with the administration at the White House to 'spend Sunday at home.' Had a bomb exploded it would not have caused more astonishment. President Wilson sent word to the executive offices that unless messages of the first importance came he did not want to see them until Monday morning. Secretary of State Bryan gave the same order in his department. Society, taking its cue from the White House, foreswore morning paper chases, afternoon bridge parties and dinner dances to form unusual additions to Washington's church congregations."—*The Northern Christian Advocate.*

Gained by Sabbath Observance

The Archimedes is a steam drifter of Yarmouth, and she keeps the Sabbath. Her owner and commander, Mr. Harry George, has made it a rule that, wherever he and his steamer may be, Sunday shall be strictly observed. Whether on the high seas or in dock, the Archimedes ceases her labours on the first day of the week. Not the least interesting fact is that Captain

George is by no means a loser financially by his "whim," as some other owners are apt to term it. In a given twelve months his vessel earned $2,500 above the average! When he determined that the Archimedes should be a Sunday-observing ship, he little thought that both he and his crew would gain other than in a spiritual way.—*The Lord's Day Advocate.*

Stopping to Rest

"Lots of telegraph poles are going up," said Willie. "They are just so far apart from each other, and every time I go from our house to yours, grandpa, I stop and rest at each pole." "There are lots of Sundays in my life," said grandpa, "and they are the same distance apart, and they are on the way to my Father's house. Every time I come to one I stop and rest, too."—*The Ram's Horn.*

Healing on the Sabbath

Is it lawful on the sabbath day to do good? (Mark 3:4).

Dr. George M. Mackie in his article in *The Sunday School Times* some time ago, told the following: "Some time ago when studying this incident in the Hebrew New Testament with a class of Jewish school-boys, I asked them what they thought about Christ's action. One boy said that as the man's infirmity had likely been of long standing, he could easily have waited one day more. Another said that it would have saved trouble if Jesus had deferred the cure until the next day. A third maintained that there had been no infringement of the sabbath law because the act of healing had not involved any manual operation. Finally, the discussion was broken up by the question of a blind boy in the class, 'What would you have preferred if you had had the withered hand?'"—*Mary E. Watson.*

The "Loving Day"

"Mamma," said a little boy one Sunday afternoon, "I s'pose they call this day a holy day because it's such a loving day." "Why, every day is a loving day," said his mother. "I love papa, he loves me, and we both love you and baby every day as well as on the Sabbath day." "I know it, mamma, but other days you haven't time to say so, and father can't take me to hear the singing, and he can't 'muse me on his knee, and tell me stories 'bout good boys 'cept on Sunday. Oh, yes, mamma, it is a loving day." A large part of every Sunday should be spent at home cherishing the domestic relationship. Next to public worship no other Sunday duty can be more important.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

The Seventh Day Law

He who gives his mind no rest, brings up in the madhouse or in the grave. . . . And a man who habitually overworks, at last comes down with typhoid fever, and that fever runs seven, fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight days, changing every seventh day, as do other diseases which result from physical exhaustion. Why is this? It is because man is built on that plan. His pulse changes every seventh day. He needs a weekly rest as much as an eight-day clock needs a weekly winding. . . . Man cannot escape the universal law, nor the eye of the one Lawgiver. This law of sevens is inwrought in our very nature, and holds us in health and sickness, from life's earliest origin to its end. Neither Jew nor Christian, skeptic nor heathen, can escape its power.—*From "The Monthly Message," by H. L. Hastings.*

Mules Needed the Rest

A gentleman who was passing some mines in Pennsylvania asked a little boy why the field was so full of mules. "These mules are worked in the mines through the week," replied the boy, "and they are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind." The application is apparent.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

A Jewish Parable

A Jewish rabbi's parable tells of seven brothers who lived together. Six worked and the seventh cared for the house, having the meals ready and the house bright for his brothers in the evening. But the six said that the seventh must work, too. So in the evening they returned home and found the house dark and no meal prepared. Then they saw how foolish they had been, and quickly restored the old way. The Sabbath is a day among the seven which provides light, comfort, and good for the others. If it is driven out to work, the other days will all miss its blessing.—*Dr. J. R. Miller, in the British Weekly.*

Pulling the Ox Out of the Ditch

But the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates (Exod. 20:10).

Some one tells us the story of a man who was trying to get his negro servant to do some unnecessary work on Sunday. He reminded the servant that Jesus had said it was lawful to pull an ass or an ox out of a pit on the Sabbath. "Yes, massa," was the ready reply, "but not if it fell in on Saturday."—*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

An Extreme Sabbatarian

Wherefore it is lawful to do good on the sabbath day (Matt. 12:12).

A devout Scottish minister has told of a house at which he stopped and spent the Sabbath when he was in northern Scotland. The day was rainy and close, and he finally suggested to the woman of the house that the window of the little parlor might be raised to admit some fresh air. "Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sawbeth?"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Patience of God

A farmer once wrote to an editor: "Dear Sir: I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of corn which I plowed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I cultivated it on Sunday. I cut it and hauled it to the barn on Sunday. And I find that I have more corn to the acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbours this October." The farmer sent his letter, sure that the editor could have no answer to the sneer implied in it. But imagine his feelings when, in the next issue of the paper, he read his own letter in print, and at the end of it this one sentence: "God does not make full settlement in October."—*The Expositor.*

Too Noisy a Violation

Speaking in London, Canon Ottley told the following story as illustrating some folks' idea of keeping the Sabbath: A Scotchman, one Sunday, went into his back yard to mend a barrow. The loud banging which accompanied the driving in of the nails brought his wife to the door. "Donald, Donald," she cried, "what are ye about on the Sabbath?" "I tell ye, I must mend the barrow. I want to use it," answered her husband. "Ye must not," was the reply. "What'll the neighbours say? Or, if ye do, ye must use screws. It's the Lord's Day."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Flowers and Potatoes

Lord Napier was discussing the question of Sabbath observance with a friend. Said his friend: "I don't see any harm in a man's spending a few hours at work in his flower-garden on Sunday; it seems to me that he might gain great good from it." His lordship replied, "Yes, but when a man begins in his flower-garden, he is likely to end in his potato-patch." Let us beware lest, like Esau, we barter the boundless spiritual blessings which the Sabbath brings, for a mess of earthly pottage.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

A Time for Devotion

Every seventh day is a Sunday. Consequently every seven years one has lived a full year of Sundays. A person of 21 years has had three years of Sundays for his spiritual improvement. One of 35 has had five, one of 70, ten years of Sundays. They are times when grace is freely offered, seasons of spiritual feasting for those who hunger and thirst after God's good gifts. What use have these times of grace been to you? Will they accuse you on the day of judgment?—*The Expositor.*

Did Not Feel Tired

What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the sabbath day? . . . And I commanded the Levites that they should purify themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the sabbath day (Neh. 13:17, 22).

"A minister," says the Rev. Edwin S. Stacker, of Ottawa, Kan., "observing a lad starting for the river on a Sunday morning, said, 'My boy, the Sabbath day was given you for rest.' The boy quickly replied, 'I ain't tired!'" We must find other reasons for Sabbath observance, especially for folks who are "not tired."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Blessed Day for Him

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homewards after

service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant, "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make good use of the day, for you are always seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Losing His Job

Jehovah thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day (Deut. 5:15).

Dr. Van Doren said that years ago a young man came to him and said, "I must lose my place or break the Sabbath." The preacher said to him, "Let the place go. If you think that God cannot open a door as quick as mere man can shut one, then you might hesitate."—*From "Experience."*

SAFETY

Victory Through Faith

They blew the . . . trumpets . . . and the host fled (Judges 7:22).

In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, with an army of 18,000 men, suddenly appeared on the heights above the little town of Feldkirk, on the frontier of Austria. It was Easter Day, and as the morning sun glittered upon the weapons of the French, the town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and an entreaty for mercy, or should they attempt resistance? Then the old dean of the church stood up, and said: "This is Easter Day. We have been counting on our own strength, and that fails. This is the day of our Lord's resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands. *We know only our weakness and not the power of God.*" Then all at once from the three or four church towers the bells began to chime joyous peals in honour of the resurrection, and the streets were filled with the worshipers hastening to the house of God. The French heard with alarm the sudden clangor of joy bells, and concluded that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place. Massena soon broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen. "Not by an army, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."—*Rev. W. J. Moore, in the Christian World Pulpit.*

A Miraculous Deliverance

But an angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them out (Acts 5:19).

The angel of the Lord is still miraculously delivering God's servants. No one can read our missionary literature and doubt that. Dr. Paton, the well-known missionary to the New Hebrides, awoke one night to find the natives firing the church right by his home. Committing himself to God, he went out to face the savages. He says: "They yelled in rage, and urged each other to strike the first blow, but the Invisible One restrained them. I stood invulnerably beneath His invisible shield. At this dread moment occurred an incident which my readers may explain as they like, but which I trace directly to the interposition of my God. A rushing and roaring sound came from the south like the noise of a mighty engine or of muttering thunder. Every head was instinctively turned in that direction, and they knew from previous hard experience that it was one of their awful tornadoes of wind and rain. The mighty roaring of the wind, the black cloud pouring down unceasing torrents, and the whole surroundings, awed those savages into silence. Some began to withdraw from the scene, all lowered their weapons of war, and several, terror-struck, exclaimed, 'That is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!'"—*From "The Story of John G. Paton."*

Refuge Beneath the Cross

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his history of the Boer War, tells us how on one occasion a comparatively small detachment of the British army was surprised by a force of the enemy twice its strength. The British were driven back upon their camp, and the Boers occupied a commanding position from which they were enabled to pour volley after volley into the English lines. The British wounded in the earlier part of the action found themselves in a terrible position, laid out in the open under a withering fire. One of this number, a corporal in the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, tells the story himself: "We must get a red flag up or we shall be blown off the face of the

earth." He says: "We had a pillow, but no red paint. Then we saw what would do instead. So they made the upright with my blood and the horizontal with Paul's." This grim flag, the blood-red cross upon the white background, was respected by the Boers. Those lying beneath it were safe. Even so, beneath the blood-stained cross of Christ we find our safe refuge.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Doing God's Will Safest

There is great safety in the perils God chooses for us. "Is it safe to work among the lepers?" was asked of Sam Higginbottom, of India, whose missionary service has been so blessed to the outcasts whom Christ asked us specially to remember and heal. "Yes," was the answer; "it is safer to work among the lepers, if it's my job, than to work anywhere else." Higginbottom, like many another of God's children, is not willing to expose himself to the peril of dodging the dangers that God has called him into. A place of safety outside of God's will is too risky a place for any child of God to contemplate.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Better Than Presence of Mind

And they have no hurt; and the aspect of the fourth is like a son of the gods (Dan. 3:25).

Dan Crawford tells a vivid incident of the hunter who "swapped yarns" with him. "He had been in Africa, and, of course, he trotted out a lion. I trotted out twelve I had tackled. He trotted out a snake, and I trotted out a few more. He trotted out his elephant story, and I trotted out a few of mine. Most men have a little phrase, a little characteristic trick, that gives the game away. His little phrase was 'presence of mind,' and my little phrase was 'presence of God.' Let me put it fair and square; you are jaded and tired and done out, and you dump down on some grass. And just as you dump down out shoots a big snake or a leopard. Now, you could not positively have searched for that snake. No amount of mere mediocre 'presence of mind' could have averted that contingency, but, blessed be His name, there is such a thing as the 'presence of God.'"—*From "The Many-Sided David," by Philip E. Howard.*

Safe Without Knowing It

When I was in England, during one of the conferences, a lady said she was awakened by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up, she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in a great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to get the butterfly, yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been millions of miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians. Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.—*Pearsall Smith, in The Free Methodist Magazine.*

The Place of Safety

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble (Psa. 46:1).

There is a plant called samphire which grows only on cliffs near the sea. But, though it grows near the salt waves, yet it is never found on any part of the cliff which is not above the reach of the tide. On one occasion a party of shipwrecked sailors flung ashore were struggling up the face of precipitous rocks, afraid of the advancing tide overtaking them, when one of their number lighted upon a plant of samphire growing luxuriantly. Instantly he raised a shout of joy, assuring his companions that they were now in safety. The sea might come near this spot, and perhaps cast up its spray, but would never be found reaching it. Such is the position of a soul in Christ; and, united to Him, one may be in full sight still of the world's threatening and angry waves, but he is perfectly safe and cannot be overwhelmed.—*Andrew Bonar.*

"Safety First" and "God First"

Is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee? (Dan. 6:20).

A worker from New York who was visiting Eliada Orphanage was one day telling the children how in that great city they had "Safety First" put up everywhere to keep people from danger. On hearing this, one little fellow spoke up and said: "Down here we have 'God First.'" Perhaps the boy did not fully realize how true it is that the greater includes the lesser. He who puts God first in his life is assured of safety. The Most High be-

comes his habitation, and no evil shall befall him.—*Adapted from an address by one of the Eliada Orphanage workers.*

Believed God's Word

Little Jean Glasscock was told by a playmate that the moon was going to fall on her and mash her up. But she said, "No, it won't, for I have learned at Sabbath School that the sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night." Told by her mother.—*Rev. J. M. Bigham.*

A Trinity of Forts

My fortress (Psa. 91:2).

I went to an old army general and asked him the difference between a fort and a fortress. He said a fort is one fort and a fortress is two or more forts. I came back to the Ninety-first Psalm with an entirely new light upon its meaning. I read in it what I had not seen before, "He is my fortress"—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, a Trinity of forts so placed at every angle as to protect me from the enemy. God is a triune fortress.—*L. G. Broughton, D.D., in Christian Herald.*

Safe in the Lions' Den

And they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions (Dan. 6:16).

If a man for conscience sake, for Christ's sake, defies the world, there seems to be nothing for it but the den of lions. That appears to be the issue; but it is not. Whenever the world throws a man to the lions, he always falls into the hands of the living God. And whatever happens, he is safe there. As far as Daniel was concerned, these lions had no teeth and no claws. They could not raise a growl between them. The world cannot breed a lion that God cannot tame. —*From "The Pilgrim Church," by P. C. Ainsworth.*

The Rock Did Not Tremble

Mr. Moody once said: "We want more Christians like the Irishman who, when asked if he did not tremble during a certain storm when he was standing on a rocky eminence, said, 'Yes, my legs trembled, but the rock didn't, and because my feet were on the rock I felt safe.'"—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Scattering of the Armada

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them (Exod. 15:10).

It was this very text that Queen Elizabeth had inscribed upon the coins that were struck in her reign to commemorate the remarkable defeat of the Spanish Armada. She struck on her commemorative medals, "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them."—*The Sunday School Times.*

SALVATION

Salvation Free to All

A collier came to me at the close of one of my sermons and said: "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you said tonight."

I asked him why not.

He replied: "I would give everything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that He will forgive them if I just turn to Him. It is too cheap."

I looked at him and said: "My dear friend, have you been working today?"

He looked at me slightly astonished and said, "Yes, I was down in the pit, as usual."

"How did you get out of the pit?" I asked.

"The way I usually do. I got into the cage and was pulled to the top."

"How much did you pay to come out of the pit?"

He looked at me astonished and said: "Pay! Of course I didn't pay anything."

I asked him: "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in the cage? Was it not too cheap?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

And without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.—*Dr. G. Campbell Morgan.*

One of the "All"

After the evening service at the mission, says *The Christian Herald,* the preacher was hurrying away to a late train. He had just three minutes in which to catch it. Fortunately the station was close at hand. A gentleman came running after him. "Oh, sir," said he breathlessly as he came up, "can you speak to me? I am very anxious about my soul." "Well," replied the missioner, "my train is just

here, and it is the last one; but look up Isaiah 53:6. Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' Good night." The gentleman stood staring after him until he disappeared into the station, and then he muttered, "Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' What does it mean?" When he arrived home he got down a Bible. He turned to the text and read these words: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "Go in at the first 'all,'" he repeated. "All we like sheep have gone astray. I am to go in with that 'all.' Yes, I see. It just means that I am one of those who have gone astray. And go out with the last 'all.' 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' I see. Yes, I am to go out free with those whose iniquity has been laid on Christ." That short, pithy comment brought, by the Holy Spirit, light and peace to that man's conscience and heart, and he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour.

A Free Ticket for All

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady, a few days ago, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation. "Simply for this cause," answered one: "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of amusement, where the admission was a dollar; you have half a dollar and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?" "Neither." "Just so; and, therefore, the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreaking sinner. But now suppose a kind rich person, who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense, what then?" "Well, then, we could both go in alike; that is clear." "Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity, He came, He died, and thus obtained eternal redemption for us, and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your half a dollar does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."—*Sabbath Reading.*

Trusting Christ for Salvation

One day, by request, I visited a lady whom I had never seen. Her son was on his death-bed, and greatly afraid. She implored me to guide him. "Would I save you if I could?" I asked him. "Yes," he replied at once. "Is Christ less willing than I am?" The question startled him. He was silent for two or three minutes while his eyes wandered over the ceiling. He then said: "Well, no." I then said: "You were quite sure that I would save you if I could; but you were not so sure that Christ was willing to save you. Is that reasonable?" "I see, now," he replied, "that my doubts are very unreasonable." I quoted texts to show how unreasonable they were, especially this, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." His fears all vanished, and he suffered and died in the full and avowed assurance that Christ would not cast him out.—*The Christian.*

Gospel Bells

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price (Isa. 55:1).

These Gospel bells, like those around the high-priest's garments, are bells of *invitation.* When the Jews heard the clash of those bells in the hem of the priest's robe, they knew it was an invitation to worship. That is the meaning of every church tower, from San Francisco to New York, and from London to St. Petersburg. It is "Come, come!" The word "come" occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is "Come to the supper"; "Come to the waters"; "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out—"Come! Come! COME!" —*Taken from Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage.*

Trusting Mary for Salvation

A worker in connection with the Irish Church Missions spoke to an old man, over eighty years of age, about the Saviour's willingness to save. The man listened respectfully, and replied, "I like what you say, but my Bible says, 'When the sinner meets God, his sins will be so heavy that the scale will be against him. His only hope is that the blessed Mother of God will come and place her hand upon the other side of the scales and balance them. She will save us just when we are despairing. She is the sinner's hope.'" The visitor asked to see the book which contained this story. A copy of the

famous "Glories of Mary" was produced. This was the old man's Bible. The visitor did not leave till the man had bought John's Gospel and other Scriptures. Eighty years of age, and till then the Bible utterly unknown!—*The Christian Herald.*

Paying for the Pitchers

Dr. Adam Clark was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland; and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the gospel, and telling that the water of life could be had "without money, and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon, a person announced that a collection would be made to support the gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the preacher, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, Doctor," replied the hostess: "the water of life is free,—'without money, and without price;' but we must pay for pitchers to carry it in."—*The Christian Herald.*

Salvation Free as Air

Air is universal, but unless each individual pair of lungs operates upon it, and puts in its claim for supplies, it might as well be in a vacuum. Here, for example, we rescue a drowning man, and we begin to induce artificial respiration. "What is wrong?" a bystander asks. We say, "The man cannot breathe." "Is there not enough air?" he asks. "Yes," we reply, "plenty of air, miles of air, but unless he can be made to draw upon it his life will be a vanishing spark." So with salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. Unless your faith takes hold of Him there is but death for you.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Thirsty Invited

The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely (Rev. 22:17).

In the deserts, when caravans are in want of water, they send a rider some distance ahead; then, after a little space, another follows; and then at a short distance another. As soon as the first finds water, before he stoops to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one repeats the word, "Come!" So the shout is passed along until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!"—*The Expositor.*

Came to Save the Lost

I came not to call the righteous, but sinners (Mark 2:17).

The brother of Whitefield, the great evangelist, was deeply despondent at times, and felt his utter worthlessness and helplessness. On such an occasion Lady Huntingdon availed herself of the opportunity to speak with him about his soul's salvation, and tried to induce him to come to Christ. To all her pleas he answered, "Oh, it is of no use! I am lost! I am lost!" "Thank God for that!" said she. "Why?" asked the man in astonishment. "Because," said Lady Huntingdon, "Christ came to save the lost, and if you are lost, He is just the one that can save you."—*The Classmate.*

Salvation is for All

That were sick (Matt. 8:16).

I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened, during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men tonight, be ready to look after them," and from my church went thirty men and women to look after the wounded. No one asked from whence they came; there was a wounded man, and the only question was, how to treat him the most gently. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where he came from. Healing is there for all his wounds, pardon for all his guilt.—*Dr. Talmage.*

Drawing Souls Heavenward

A very striking method is now successfully employed for raising the cargoes of sunken vessels. A huge electromagnet, operated from the deck of the vessel, is lowered to the submerged cargo, and if it be of a character subject to the influence of magnetism, it is attracted and lifted by this power, and thus easily saved. There is a power from on high which came to seek and save that which was lost. Down in the murky depths of the waters of sin this magnet of love draws to itself sinful souls, and lifts them by its power to the bright sunlight and pure air above. —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

"Come On," the Gospel Invites

A little boy who saw for the first time the sign, "Common," in Boston, at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully: "It don't say 'Keep Off the Grass'; it says, 'Come on'!" And

this is the gospel invitation. Not "Keep off," but "Come on"! An interested listener said to Mr. Moody, "One might think that the word 'Come' was your pet text." "I have two; one is 'Come' and the other is 'Go,'" was his answer. "Come for cleansing and acceptance. Go into service. Go and get others to come." —*The Sunday School Times.*

No "If" About Christ's Power

I like the story of the little boy whom his mother, on entering the room, found seated at the table with a big knife and a big Bible, and she, awfully shocked, said to him, "My boy, what are you doing?" And he said, "Mother, I have been reading of that poor father who came to Jesus and said, 'If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us'; and I thought he ought not to say 'if' to Jesus, and so I have scratched it out." If the devil whispers "if" as he did to Jesus, let us remember there is no "if" in regard to the willingness and ability of our Lord to heal and save. The disciples may be baffled; Jesus never.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Call to the Water

Spurgeon related the following: I have heard that in the desert, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with its rider, some distance in advance; then after a little space, another. As soon as the first finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one hearing the voice repeats the word, "Come!" The nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" —*The Sunday School Times.*

Searching for Salvation

Strive to enter in by the narrow door (Luke 13:24).

A farmer lost a five-pound note in the barn. He was not a wealthy man, and the loss of this note was a serious matter to him. He resolved to turn over every straw until he found it. After some days' search he discovered the precious bank-note, and went home greatly rejoicing. A little later he was brought under deep conviction of sin, and said to his wife, "I wish I could believe in the Saviour, but, alas! I cannot find Him." She replied, "If you look for Him as you looked for that note in the barn, you will find Him." Acting upon that advice, he was soon rejoicing in the possession of Christ. We must *strive* to enter in by the narrow door.—*The Christ Church Visitor.*

When Two Are Seeking

I remember, years ago, after one of Mr. Moody's meetings in London, as the multitude was dispersing, a gentleman who had been at the meeting stumbled accidentally against an old Scotch body. At once he apologized. She looked up into his face. It seemed a hungry sort of face, as if it wanted something, and she said to him, "Have you found the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Well, friend," he said, "I have not found Him, but I am seeking Him." "If you are seeking Him," she said, "He is seeking you; and when there's twa seeking, there's sure to be a finding."—*Canon Barnes Lawrence.*

Translating the Word "Saviour"

Willis Hotchkiss, the African missionary, during his recent furlough, spoke about the difficulty of the work of Christ where the language has not been reduced to writing. He said: "There was one word that took me two years and a half of persistent effort to find, one little word,—the word Saviour. I shall never forget the thrill of joy that came to me when I discovered the key. My head man was telling a story as we sat around the camp-fire. He was telling how he had rescued a brother missionary of mine from the attack of a lion. He went through the whole story without using the word I thought he might use, and which I could construe to be the one I was longing for. I was about to turn away sick at heart when he remarked casually, in his own language: 'The master was saved by Bachovi.' I could have shouted for joy. I said: 'Bachovi, this is the word I have been wanting you to give me for a long time, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus, the Son of God, died for you.' I can see the black face now as it lit up, and he interrupted me in the midst of my sentence, exclaiming: 'Master, I see it now! I understand. This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons, that Jesus died to save us from the power of sin.' Never did sweeter word fall from mortal lips than when the word Saviour for the first time fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa."—*Condensed from an address by Willis Hotchkiss.*

What Kind of Sinners?

The church of which Mr. Samuel Colgate was a member entered into an agreement to make special prayer for the conversion of sinners. For some days they prayed earnestly. One day applicants for church-membership were invited to present themselves. A woman came forward. Heartbroken, she told her story of what a sinner she had been, and how God had forgiven her for Christ's sake, and she wished to slip into a corner of the church and have the fellowship of God's people as she made the start for heaven. The silence was oppressive. Then a member arose and moved that action on the application be postponed. Mr. Colgate arose and said in substance: "I guess we made a blunder when we asked the Lord to save sinners. We did not specify what kind. I think we had better all ask God to forgive us for not specifying what kind of sinners we want saved. He probably did not understand what we wanted." They all saw the point. The woman was received into fellowship.—*B. W. Spilman, D.D., in The Sunday School Times.*

Not a Question of Worthiness

A young woman, who was a regular attendant at church services, was present one week-day evening, when a neighbouring pastor preached an awakening sermon. After the sermon the pastor of the church went down the aisle to ask the young woman if she did not wish to profess faith in the Lord. She modestly replied that she was afraid she was not *worthy* to make such a profession. The pastor, prompted as he believes by the Holy Spirit, answered, "Miss H., it is not a question of your *worthiness,* but of your *welcome.*" That contrasted alliteration opened the eyes of the inquirer. She professed her faith in the Lord at the next communion, and lives a consistent Christian life.—*Rev. J. W. Hunting.*

SATAN

Blaming Satan for Sin

Mr. Thomas, one of the missionary brethren of Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of the natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer punishment." While the countenances of many of the natives discovered their approbation of the Brahmin's interference, Mr. Thomas, observing a boat, with several men on board, descending the river, with that facility of instructive retort for which he was so much distinguished, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat,—who ought to suffer punishment? —*I* for instructing them, or *they* for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin, with emotion, "you ought *all* to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. T., "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Luther and the Devil

And the tempter came (Matt. 4:3).

"If you go to Wartburg they will show you a dark spot on the old walls which they say was caused by the breaking of the ink-bottle that Martin Luther threw at the devil. Now, I know that people say it was not the devil, but rats in the wall that Luther heard. But this thing I know: Luther *thought it was the devil,* and he just *let it drive.* I wish there were more men today who would fling their ink at the devil, whether by the bottleful or in drops from the pen's point."—*Dr. Charles L. Goodell.*

A New Kind of Devil

How can Satan cast out Satan? (Mark 3:23).

A Roman Catholic peasant boy in Ireland is reported to have listened attentively to a priest earnestly denouncing the "revival," and warning the people against it as the work of the devil. "Ah, thin, your riverince," replied the lad, "it must be a new divil; for that's not the way the ould divil used to make the people behave themselves."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

How to Believe in the Devil

D. W. Whittle tells of a man who came to Mr. Finney and said: "I don't believe in the existence of a devil." "Don't you?" said the old man. "Well, you resist him for a while, and you will believe in it."—*The Sunday School Times.*

SATISFACTION

Had Found Real Happiness

The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit (Rom. 14:17).

A poor Methodist woman of the eighteenth century made the following statement: "I do not know when I have had happier times in my soul than when I have been sitting at work, with nothing before me but a candle and a white cloth, and hearing no sound but that of my own breath, with God in my soul and heaven in my eye. . . . I rejoice in being exactly what I am—a creature capable of loving God, and who, as long as God lives, must be happy. I get up and look for a while out of the window, and gaze at the moon and stars, the work of an Almighty hand. I think of the grandeur of the universe, and then sit down and think myself one of the happiest beings in it." Those are not the ravings of a religious fanatic, crazed by her hyper-enthusiasms. They are the words of truth and soberness. They are the exultant cry of one who has entered into that which satisfies every yearning of the heart and makes one owner of the universe itself—the possession of God.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Christ Alone Can Satisfy

In one of his books Archdeacon Wilson tells a significant story: Some of the best and ablest of the students at a woman's college opened a class for teaching the poorest of the men in a neglected suburb. They were fired by the noblest impulse—to give themselves to work for their unfortunate brothers. They read to them, they taught them reading and writing, they sang to them, and the men gathered to them in increasing numbers. After some months they asked the men whether there was anything in particular they wanted to hear more about. There was silence, and then a low whisper was heard from among them. One of the women went up to the speaker. "What was it you wished especially to hear about?" "Could you tell us," he replied, "something about the Lord Jesus Christ?" Men and women who pray and work for the advent of the Golden Age, the coming of the kingdom of God, remember that nothing will meet the soul's needs and satisfy the soul's longings but Jesus Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Had Tried Vain Pleasures

"I am now an old man, and not far from the eternal world. You may tell any one you like that the first forty-five years of my life I never had a whim or wish ungratified. I have seen life under many circumstances and in many countries. Whatever pleasures there may be in sporting life, in political life, in military life, I have tried them all, and till I was forty-nine years of age *I never knew what peace meant.* Rest and true joy were unknown to my experience; whereas for twenty-two years since my conversion to God my peace has been like a river." —*From Marcus Wright, quoted in "Footsteps of Truth."*

Narrow, But High

A story is told by Mr. Silvester Horne of a college professor who often told in the class-room of thoughts that had come to him in the garden. The thoughts were often so beautiful, and opened up such vistas to the imagination, that the students, none of whom had visited the professor at his home, pictured the garden a very Eden—spacious, and a glory of trees and flowers. One day two of the students made a pretext to visit the professor and get a glimpse, if possible, of the garden. They were received and taken into the garden, which, to their surprise, they found was the narrowest strip shut in by high brick walls. "But, professor," they said in their pained disillusion, "surely this is not the garden you are always talking about, in which such fine thoughts come to you?" "Oh, yes, it is," he said with a smile. "But it is so small." We had imagined quite a large garden." "But," replied the professor, pointing to the clear sky studded with stars, "see how *high* it is!"—*Rev. W. T. Dorward.*

Spiritual Blessings

History tells that an ancient king granted pardon to some criminals under sentence of death, but when they applied for relief at the palace gates the king refused them, protesting: "I granted you life, but did not promise you bread." This is not the theory of the gospel; Christ not only saves from destruction, but opens to the soul sources of rich, strengthening, and endless satisfaction. In fact, saints feel that the riches of grace go beyond their largest thought and desire. "Blessed be the God and Father

of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—*From "Mistaken Signs," by W. L. Watkinson.*

Molasses and Honey

I have read of a little coloured boy down in Mississippi who was converted to God, and he was so happy he did not know what to do with himself. He laughed, and finally he cried out, "Oh, it is sweet, it is sweet as molasses!" Yes, you laugh at that; but twenty-eight hundred years before that, Israel's royal singer said: "It is sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb." One lived in a honey country, and the other in a molasses country; but the sentiment is exactly the same.—*Dr. Meredith.*

Had Found Satisfaction

A young woman lived under very discordant conditions at home. She was dissatisfied, and her discontent was manifest in her face, her manner, and the tone of her voice. Trifles irritated her, and, had it been possible, she would gladly have traveled to the end of the earth to get away from her disagreeable environment. Some time after, a friend met her and saw in her smiling face that a change had taken place. "How are things at home?" he inquired. "Just the same," was the reply, "*but I am different.*"—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Satan Has No Happy Old Men

Dr. A. J. Gordon met an old man singing. "Friend," said Dr. Gordon, "why should an old man be so cheerful?" "Not all are." "Well, then, why are you?" "Because I belong to the Lord." "And are none others happy at your time of life?" "No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he, and his form straightened. "Listen to the truth from one who knows. And no man of threescore and ten shall be found to deny it. The devil has no happy old men!"—*The Epworth Herald.*

Satisfaction Only in Whole-Heartedness

A dear brother, who has been struggling with a life of compromises, writes me: "The Christian life is a sad and hard life, until one *gets wholly in.*" I am sure this is so. One cannot know the best of it until he has wholly turned his back on the world.—*From "Bible Readings on the Book of Exodus," by Dr. George F. Pentecost.*

Phillips Brooks' Happiness

A Boston paper once contained this item: "Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row yesterday at lunch-time, nodding to acquaintances here and there. And, though the heavens and the pavements were moist, the street seemed filled with sunshine."—*The Christian Herald.*

Miss Havergal's Satisfaction

A young girl met Frances Ridley Havergal on a brief railway journey, and said long afterward: "I am so glad that I saw, just once, that God-satisfied face!"—*From "The Sunday-Night Evangel," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

A God-Satisfied Blind Korean

The story of Whang, the blind sorcerer of Korea, is the history of redeeming grace. At three years of age Whang had smallpox and became blind. At ten his father and mother died of cholera; his uncle took the little lad and trained him to be a sorcerer. At twenty-five he was brought to Christ. He learned to read by the Braille system of writing. He invented a system for his blind countrymen. He has opened a school for the blind in his native city. "I wish you could see him smile," writes a missionary. "In repose, his face is thoughtful, wistful, seeing things, not close by, . . . in another world. It was so I saw him first, dusty, tired, at the end of a three-hundred-mile walk. Thus he came to our back door, and I saw on his tired, pock-marked face the vision of another world. Strange, isn't it, to find a deeper, sweeter happiness on a blind Korean face than I ever saw on a human face at home?"—*From the Rev. A. Woodruff Halsey, D.D., in "All the World."*

Every Day a Blessing

"Every day is a Thanksgiving Day, every morning a blessing of strength, every evening a bundle of mercies, every night a benediction of peace, for each of God's children."—*Selected.*

SAVING FAITH

What Christ Would Say

A man once said to a servant of the Lord, "I am such a helpless, miser-

able sinner, there is no hope for me. I have prayed, and resolved, and tried, and vowed until I am sick of my unavailing efforts." "Do you believe that Christ died for our sins, and rose again?" was the reply. "Of course I do." "If He were here on the earth in bodily and visible form, what would you do?" "I would go to Him at once." "What would you say to Him?" "I would tell Him that I am a lost sinner." "What would you ask Him?" The man was silent. "What would He answer?" The man was silent. "What would He answer?" At last the light came into his eyes, and a smile of peace stole over his face as he whispered, "He would answer, 'I will.'" And the man went away believing, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and since that time has been working faithfully for the Christ who saved him for nothing. —*The Truth.*

The Insult of Unbelief

A faithful Christian neighbour was telling over again to a friend the truth of Christ's completed work, and the friend always replied, "Yes, but I've got to do my part." The latter had just delivered a gate that he had made to the order of the former. The Christian said: "Well, John, I will fix up the gate and make it all right. It needs some additional work that I shall have to do. Leave it. I'll work on it." But the gate-builder remonstrated. "I never heard the like! You never treated my work like that before. I finished the gate. I defy any man to prove that it's not finished." And then the believing neighbour took up the word and said: "Well, John, I was only trying to point out to you about the 'finished work of Christ.' You must now see how He feels because you do not believe Him that His work for you is 'Done and forever done.' You can't add to it. It dishonours Him even to think of that." "Oh, I see it!" cried the other. "The Lord forgive me. I'll not disbelieve any more. I do not dare add a bit to what He has done. I am now happy."—*From a Gospel tract.*

Not Struggling But Believing

Spurgeon once set the way of salvation very simply before a young woman. She was a long time in grasping the truth, but when she did, and joy filled her heart, she exclaimed, "I never thought that people could find peace in this way! I always believed that one must almost go to hell to get to heaven."—*The United Methodist.*

Not Feeling That Saves

I was preaching in Manchester some years ago, and many were inquiring about the way of life. I said to a gentleman: "My friend, are you not a Christian?" "No, but I wish I was," he answered. After I had used one or two illustrations, I said, "Now, do you see it?" "No, it is not clear." I gave a number of other passages. "Does that make it plain?" "No, that doesn't help my case." I gave another and another illustration. Then he said, "The fact is that I can't feel that I am saved." I said, "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him, or the ark?" "Good evening, Mr. Moody; it is all settled." And away he went. One afternoon later on a man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Do you remember the man in the ark? That settled it all at once. I had been trying to save myself by my feelings, but the moment you spoke of the ark, that settled it."—*D. L. Moody.*

An Example of Faith

Some time ago I read of a Sunday-school teacher who was endeavouring to impress upon his class the true meaning of "believe." He took a watch from his pocket and said, "I will give this watch to the boy that will come and take it." The boys looked doubtfully at him, not believing he could really mean it. Finally a small boy walked up and took the watch, to the consternation of the rest of the class. Why say "small boy"? Because the smaller we are in our own estimation, the quicker we are to believe. In this case only one boy could reap the benefit of the offer; but Christ's invitation is to "Whosoever will." All may believe, accept His offer, and "have life in his name."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Believed His Foreman

During a religious awakening in a manufacturing village in New England, a foreman was awakened; but he could not find peace. His superior sent him a letter, requesting him to call at six o'clock. Punctually at the hour specified he came. "I see you believe me," said the master. The foreman assented. "Well, see, here is another letter, which one still more in earnest, and far more to be trusted, sends for you," said the master, handing him a

slip of paper on which were written a few texts of Scripture, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," etc. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and he joyfully exclaimed: "I see it! I see it! I am to believe that in the same way that I believed your letter."—*The Expository Times.*

A Definition of Faith

A good explanation of faith:

F orsaking
A ll
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T ake
H im.

—*Mary E. Watson, in the Sunday School Times.*

Phillips Brooks' Definition of Faith

Phillips Brooks' oft-quoted definition of faith has been most helpful to many. He said, "F-A-I-T-H means, Forsaking All I Take Him." Is not this the essense of faith? Not an intellectual acceptance of what the Bible says about Jesus, but a receiving of Him, and a daring abandonment to Him that permits Him to save and guide and rule us.—*The Sunday School Times.*

God Like Mount Pilatus

Once when staying at Lucerne I looked out of my bedroom window in the morning and found that Mount Pilatus, which had been so prominent a feature of the landscape the day before, was completely hidden behind a thick veil of mist. But I never supposed that Pilatus had ceased to exist because it was hidden from my sight. The mists might come or go, but through darkness and light the mountain stood firm. The facts upon which faith lays hold are unchanging facts, and are absolutely independent of all the ups and downs of our experience. "Whosoever believeth on him should . . . have eternal life. These great words of promise are not blotted out because for a time they are concealed by dark clouds."—*The Scottish Monthly Visitor.*

Waiting for Feeling

We find that people in seeking Christ often wait for feeling instead of believing Him. Sam Jones says the man who is waiting for feeling reminds him of a woodman on a frosty morning who stands with his ax resting against his knee. "I walk up to him, and say: 'Good morning, my friend; what are you going to do?' He replies: 'I am going to cut down this tree.' 'Why don't you get at it?' I ask him. 'I'm waiting till I begin to sweat.'" God's Word says, "Believe."—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

Moody and Chapman

When J. Wilbur Chapman, years ago, was having difficulty with the question as to whether or not he was saved, and came to Mr. Moody with the statement that, while he wanted to be sure of his salvation, nevertheless somehow he could not seem to believe, Moody turned on him sharply and asked, "*Whom* can't you believe?" Instantly Chapman saw the light. Was he daring to say that he could not believe *God?* Of course not; he could always believe *God.* He saw that that was all that is necessary.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Rescued by Christ

One night an inquirer, long under deep conviction but still unsaved, dreamed that he was walking along the edge of a terrible precipice and fell over it into a horrible abyss. As he was falling, he grasped a little branch of some bush that was growing halfway down. There he hung, and cried for help. He could feel the branch giving away. He looked into the dark chasm yawning beneath, and again cried out for help. Looking up he saw in his dream Christ standing on the edge and saying, "Let go the twig and I will save you." Looking at the terrible abyss below he could not. He cried again; and again came the same answer. At length he felt the branch slipping, and in the utter desperateness of his despair, he let go the branch, when lo! in an instant, the arms of Jesus were about him, and he was safe. He awoke. It was but a dream of the night. Yet from the vividness and instructiveness of its imagery he was enabled to let go every false confidence, and rely only on the true.—*From a Preacher's Scrap Book.*

What Saving Faith Is

A doctor was once visiting a Christian patient. He had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to find peace. On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said: "I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happi-

ness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing that brings peace." His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing in this sickness of mine, and I have put my case into your hands. I am trusting to you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus." A new light broke upon the physician's soul. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus? I see it as I never did before. *He* has done the work."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Didn't Feel Any Different

Christian workers often hear a man or woman say, "But I don't feel any different." General McClellan, when he had been appointed Major-General of the Union Army, wrote to his wife: "I do not feel any different from what I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not yet donned my new uniform. I am sure that I am in command of the army, however, for the President's order to that effect now lies before me." It is exactly the same with us who are "justified by faith." It is not a question of feeling, but of fact.—*The Life of Faith.*

Did Not Truly Believe

The belief which is mere intellectual conviction has never saved a man yet, but the belief which means the surrender of the whole life to Christ is the belief which brings life and salvation. Two boys stood on the edge of a frozen pond. One of them said to the other, "Billy, I believe it will bear." "Do you?" said the other. "Yes." "Then get on." "No," said he; "no, I don't want to." "Then," said the other, "you don't believe it will bear." He was right. If a man stands outside the finished work of Christ, and says, "I believe that; I believe its philosophy; I believe that is enough to save a man," that man is never saved.—*Northfield Echoes.*

Like Learning to Float

A young man distressed about his soul had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heart-felt desires" for salvation, but continually lamented that he did not "feel any different in spite of all." His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry, 'W——, did you ever learn to float?' 'Yes, I did," was the surprised reply. "And did you find it easy to learn?" "Not at first," he answered. "What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued. "Well, the fact was, I could not lie still. I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once." "And then?" "Then I found I must give up all the struggle, and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that." And is not God's Word more worthy than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings. He commands you just to wait on Him, to believe His words and accept His gifts.—*The Classmate.*

Need Not Unlock Door

A party of friends went to pay a visit to an old parish church which was of great interest. They applied for permission, and the sexton gave them the key, saying, "You can unlock the door and go in, and I will come to you directly. They went to the door, put the key into the lock, and tried to open it, but they could not turn the key. They turned and twisted, but to no effect, and had just given up in despair when the sexton arrived. "We cannot make this lock open," said one of the party. "I beg your pardon," said the sexton, "for giving you so much trouble. I quite forgot to tell you that the door is not locked at all. All you need to do is just to lift the latch and walk in." Many people are like that. They try by their own efforts to unlock the door of salvation. But all their efforts are so much waste of time. Christ long ago unlocked the door, and all we need to do is just to lift the latch and by faith walk in.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Saw Christ in His Beauty

I have read somewhere of a Scotch lassie who came before the elders of the kirk to be questioned as to her fitness for membership. Some of the grave seniors were not satisfied with her answers to their test questions. The answers seemed hazy and indefinite. At last one of the elders asked her if she could tell them how she came to be saved. And the brave lassie replied: "Weel, sir, it was like this: the guid book said, 'Look unto me and be saved'; and I just looked and looked and looked until Jesus became bonnie to my soul." There was no more questioning. The girl to whose soul Jesus

was bonny had had a vision of the King in His beauty. The candidate for membership was accepted.—*Rev. W. Hetherington.*

SCANDAL

Old Zero

"The real harm which an idle tongue does," said Colonel Roosevelt on his return to the United States, "is against the owner of that tongue. Gossip does work mischief for innocent people, but it invariably strikes back at the person who started it." He was talking with a group of newspaper men, whom he knew, about such malicious reports set afloat in regard to people. "This idle, unfounded gossip," he said, "reminds me of the old coloured man who, coming down a dusty road one day, was asked how he was doing, and how his neighbours were." "I'm doin' tol'able well," he said, "an' so is my neighbours, 'cept Old Zero. He don' git along nohow." "Zero, Uncle? Didn't know you had any neighbour by that name." "Well, sir, Zero mayn't be his real name, but dat's what we call him, 'cause whatever he says don't count." "I'm willing to believe," continued the Colonel, "with the old man, that when people can't speak the truth, when they can't use their tongue for good alone, they get into the zero column. That column doesn't count, up or down."—*Christian Home.*

What to Forget

"If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would mean that his head must in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

—*The Expositor.*

Forgetting the Scandal

Dr. Lawson, a minister of Selkirk, Scotland, and a wise and godly man, was once approached by a busybody who wanted, with an air of great solemnity, to tell him of the wrong-doing of a brother in the church. The good minister turned to him and asked, "Does anybody else know this but you?" "No, sir," was the answer. "Have you told it to anybody else?" Again the answer was "No." "Then," said the good man, "go home and hide it away at the feet of Jesus, and never speak of it again unless God leads you to speak to the man himself. If the Lord wants to bring a scandal upon His church, let Him do it; but don't you be the instrument to cause it."—*The Christian.*

Curing a Scandal-Monger

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble (Prov. 21 : 23).

The worst thing about a lie is that it can never be obliterated. An evil word cannot be overtaken and rectified. The mind of the hearer or reader has been poisoned. Lies can never be called back. Moody once gave the following very apt illustration of the inability to call back a lie. He said: "A woman who was well known as a scandal-monger went and confessed to the priest. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out and scatter the seeds one by one. She wondered at the penance, but obeyed; then she came and told the priest. He next told her to go again and gather the scattered seeds. Of course she saw that it was impossible. The priest used it as an object lesson to cure her of the sin of scandalous talk."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Good Way of Peace-Making

Keep the door of my lips (Psa. 141 : 3).

"I was a peacemaker today," said little Amy happily on her return from school. "What makes you think so," asked some one. "'Cause there was something I didn't tell," replied Amy serenely.—*The American Messenger.*

SCEPTICISM

Why He Was Not An Infidel

I once met a thoughtful scholar who said he had read every book he could which assailed Christianity, and he said he would have become an infidel but for three things:

First. I am a man; I am going somewhere; tonight I am a day nearer that somewhere than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone blind.

Second. I had a mother; I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream.

Third. I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them to this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel.—*Bishop Whipple, in "Daily Bible."*

How Doubts Were Overcome

A boy came to his pastor speaking of his doubts. The pastor listened to it all, while his own heart beat with the tenderest pity for the lad. "It is a most serious hour for you, my lad," the pastor said; "will you do me a favour this afternoon?" "I will, with pleasure; tell me at once what you would have me do." "Go for a visit this afternoon to the old blind man," whose name he called, "and read to him several chapters from the Word of God." The lad is pale; how can he do it; what should he read? The pastor tells him what to read, and asks that again at seven that day he join him in the study and tell how went his visit. The day goes by. At seven the pastor is waiting eagerly in his study for the lad. The lad is at the door. There are tears upon his face. He is alternately sobbing and laughing like a little child. What does it mean? His words explain: "Say not a word about my giving up the church—about my doubts and fears. When I read to the old blind man, he became so happy that he shouted for joy, and I think I shouted, too; oh, pastor, I have learned my lesson!—henceforth I will be busy for my Lord."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Man's Rights and God's

"The rights of God"—who thinks of them? You can get any number of mass meetings to discuss the rights of men, but God, has *He* no rights? Lacordaire, when preaching in Lyons Cathedral, once broke off in the middle of a sentence, and passionately exclaimed, "O Christ, *poor* Christ, who thinks of Thee? All may obtain a hearing, be the subject never so trivial; but Thy pleading voice remains unheeded, and Thy rights utterly disregarded."—*Rev. F. C. Spurr, in "Divine Life."*

A Sceptic's Challenge

There was an infidel soldier of the Middle Ages who hated the Bible and all sacred things. He grew so fierce and mad in his defiance that he determined to test the power of the Christians' God. So he went out into a field, armed as if for battle. He threw his glove down on the ground as a challenge. Then he looked up into the heavens and angrily cried: "God, if there be a God, I defy Thee here and now to mortal combat. If Thou indeed art, put forth Thy power of which Thy pretended priests make such boast." As he spoke he saw a piece of paper fluttering in the air just above his head. It fell at his feet. He took it up, and on it read these words: "God is love." This was the message that came wafted down on the still air, in the angels' song, that night when Christ was born.—*J. R. Miller, in "Glimpses Through Life's Windows."*

Fighting Against Religion

It is told of one of our early American evangelists that in the course of an address he made the broad statement that all infidels are fools, and that he could prove it in any given case in ten minutes. A man in the audience asked if he might interrupt, and remarked that he must take exception to the statement, since he was himself an infidel and thought he was no fool. The preacher looked him over rather curiously and said, "So you are an infidel? Will you tell me just how much of an infidel?" "Certainly, sir; I deny that there is anything at all in religion." "Nothing at all in religion? Are you willing to go on record as saying that?" "Go on record?" the infidel replied. "Why, I have been writing and lecturing against religion for these twenty years." The evangelist glanced at his watch and said, "Well, I said I could prove an infidel a fool in ten minutes, and I have seven minutes left. I'll leave it to the audience if a man isn't a fool to write and

lecture for twenty years against a thing that has nothing whatever in it!" There is more than a sharp retort here. There is the exposure of the infidel's recognition that Christianity represents something that he must fight,—for it condemns him.—*From "The Growing Church," by C. B. McAfee.*

His Questions All Answered

A man once came to Mr. Moody, and said, "If you will answer this list of questions, then I will become a Christian." Mr. Moody said, "If you will become a Christian and start tonight, and then come to me tomorrow morning, I will answer every question in your list." The man said, "Sir, I will come." That night he accepted Christ as his Saviour. The next morning he came back to Mr. Moody's house, his face shining, and said, "Mr. Moody, I will not have to put you to the trouble of answering the questions; they have all been answered."—*Onward.*

The Gospels Not Contradictory

A favourite ground for denying the Resurrection is the alleged conflicting nature of the records. In describing the discussion after a lecture to working men in defense of the faith in London, the *Church Times* says: A man rose on the other side of the hall and said, 'I should like to ask the lecturer if the narratives of the Resurrection would not be more convincing if they agreed?' The lecturer answered, 'I don't know: I was once serving on a jury when we had three witnesses who told exactly the same tale in very similar words. They stood cross-examination quite well, but the judge told us to receive their evidence with caution, just because it was so uniform. Independent witnesses who are telling the truth, he said, almost always disagree about some details, because of their different points of view. No, I don't think the Gospels would be more convincing if they agreed exactly. *Seeming* discrepancies only tend to confirm the accuracy of the narrative.—*Bible League Quarterly.*

The Anvil and the Hammers

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished (Matt. 5:18).

The tablet on the Bible House in San Francisco passed through the earthquake and fire unharmed, bearing this message: "The Word of the Lord Endureth Forever." That is a symbol of the "indestructibility" of the Bible.

"Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"'How many anvils have you had,' said I,
'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'

'Just one,' he answered, then, with twinkling eye—
'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

"And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows were heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammer gone."

—*The Sunday School Times.*

Explaining Bible Difficulties

In his great address, "The Making of a Man," the Hon. William J. Bryan advises young men, when challenged by unbelievers to explain the mysteries of the Bible, to ask them in turn to explain the everyday occurrence on the farm, how "a red cow can eat green grass, and give white milk which can be made into yellow butter." A thing may be true, even though you cannot explain how, nor understand why.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

A Sceptic Silenced

At a Christian Evidence meeting in Hyde Park, London, an opponent tried to show that the writers of the Gospels had contradicted each other. He said: "One of the writers said the women saw the angels outside the sepulchre; while another says they were inside. Which are we to believe?" "Both," said the Christian Evidence lecturer. "When the women saw the two angels *outside* they were told to go and tell the disciples and Peter. Well, it would take at least half an hour to go to Peter's house and return, and when they got back Mary saw two angels *inside* the tomb." "Why, man," added the lecturer, "a tortoise could have

gone from the outside to the inside of the tomb in that time, let alone an angel!" And the crowd laughed heartily.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Went to Ridicule

An infidel Swiss artist was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield. He went there on the errand and scanned the faces of the people. With his heart like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin, he looked on the assembled worshipers and saw peace written on their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not and what he needed, and their faces were the means of leading him to Christ and the peace which Christ alone can give. The Risen Christ is still visible in His people, filled with hope and cheer.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Discerning God

A man interested in Japan showed a friend of his a Japanese metal mirror. The friend looked at his own face in it, then remarked on the skilled workmanship, the engraved back, and the metal polished with such clearness. "But," said the owner, "that mirror was not made to see one's face in. Take it to the window, let the sun shine upon it, and note the reflection on the wall." His friend did so, and saw, clearly outlined on the wall, the face of Gautama Buddha, who is worshiped by many Japanese. The skilled workman had hammered in the face of his god so deftly that it could be detected only in the reflected sunlight. God is so hammered into His universe, into its material nature and into the moral history of mankind, that if we hold it in the sunlight of His wisdom and love we can see His face in it all.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Germany's Scepticism

Billy Sunday aptly characterized Germany with his famous epigram, "She called the Bible a 'scrap of paper' before she tore up her treaty with Belgium."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Acquainted with the Author

A young lady once laid down a book which she had just finished with the remark that it was the dullest story she had ever read. In the course of time she became engaged to a young man, and one night she said to him: "I have a book in my library whose author's name, and even initials, are precisely the same as yours. Isn't that a singular coincidence?" "I do not think so," he replied. "Why not, pray?" "For the simple reason that I wrote the book." That night the young lady sat up until two o'clock reading the book again. And this time it seemed the most interesting story she had ever read. The once dull book was now fairly fascinating because she knew and loved the author. So a child of God finds the Bible interesting because he knows and loves the Author. It is his Father's message, addressed to him.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Rebuked His Scepticism

A gentleman of large means and atheistic beliefs, says the *Scottish American,* built a handsome mausoleum for himself in the parish churchyard. It was a massive piece of masonry, and presented an aspect of considerable strength. One day the gentleman met one of the church elders coming out of the churchyard. "Weel," said the owner of the mausoleum, with an air of pride, "ye've been up seein' that erection o' mine?" "'Deed I hae," replied the elder. "It'll tak a mon a' his time tae rise oot o' yon on the day o' judgment," said the atheist, mockingly. "My mon," said the elder, "dinna bother yer head aboot that. When that day comes, they'll juist tak the bottom oot o' yer concern and let ye slide doon."—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Powerful Notion

Dr. Wayland Hoyt related this incident in the *Homiletic Review.* One said: "I met a man who asked me where I was going. 'To the prayer-meeting,' I said. 'The Christian religion is a mere notion,' he replied. Said I: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there? The time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going and getting a drink. But God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink. There is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there. Stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, good food on our

table, and has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God.'"—*Rev. Thorburn Clark.*

The Bible Not Out of Date

A trader, passing a converted cannibal in Africa, asked him what he was doing. "Oh, I am reading the Bible," was the reply. "That book is out of date in my country," said the foreigner. "If it had been out of date here," said the African to the European, "you'd have been eaten long ago."—*The Baptist Commonwealth.*

Not a Chance Universe

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth (Gen. 1:1).

The *American Magazine* recently published an article giving a business man's statement of why he knows there is a God. He had been frankly facing the wonders of the stars and planets, their system and order; then he said: "It takes a girl in our factory about two days to learn to put the seventeen parts of a meat chopper together. It may be that these millions of worlds, each with its separate orbit, all balanced so wonderfully in space—it may be that they just happened; it may be that by a billion years of tumbling about they finally arranged themselves. I don't know. I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I do know, that you can shake the seventeen parts of a meat chopper around in a washtub for the next seventeen billion years and you'll never make a meat chopper."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Going to the Devil

It is reported that the Finnish courts have upheld the title of the will of an atheist that bequeathed his farm, on his death, to the devil. In accordance with the finding of the court, the wish of the deceased is to be carried out by leaving the land absolutely untouched by human hands and allowing it to revert to the wilderness condition. We confess to being somewhat startled by the question that arose in our mind as we read the account. Do things that are left to themselves naturally and of necessity go to the devil? A great many things seem to. To let farms, and some much more valuable things, go to the devil, all that is needed to be done is to let them run wild.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Argument and Experience

The story is told of a young swallow, not a year old, who proved conclusively that his father and mother were wrong in migrating South for the winter. Having proved this, he remained North, to see what Christmas weather was like. Long before Christmas the poor little swallow was found dead on the ground. He had had the better of the argument, and the worst of the experience. If we are arguing, conclusively to ourselves, against something that God offers us and that the Word of God says is true, it may enrich our experience to turn away from our arguments and, without even attempting to understand everything, just *believe* God.—*From an editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

Why Christianity Stands

An old Roman said, when the Christian system was being introduced: "This system cannot stand because it is founded upon a cross, upon the death of its own Leader, upon a catastrophe; it cannot stand." That is just why it does stand.—*From "A Book of Devotions.*

Beecher and Ingersoll

The kindness and generosity of Robert G. Ingersoll won for him many friends who deeply regretted his opinions. Among these was Henry Ward Beecher. In the study of the famous preacher was an elaborate celestial globe, which had been sent him with the compliments of some manufacturer. On the surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures on the constellations and the stars which composed them. The globe struck Ingersoll's fancy. He turned it around and around with admiration. "That is just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" "Who made it, do you say, colonel?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Ingersoll Defying God

Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness (Neh. 9:17).

When Robert Ingersoll was lecturing in this country, he once took out his watch and said, "I will give God five minutes to strike me dead for the things I have said." The minutes ticked off as he held his watch and waited. At about four and one-half minutes some women began to faint,

but nothing happened. When the five minutes were up, he snapped his watch shut and put it in his pocket. That story went across the Atlantic and reached the ears of Joseph Parker. When the great man heard it, he said, "And did the gentleman think he could exhaust the patience of eternal God in five minutes?"—*From an address by James A. Francis, D.D., in the Record of Christian Work.*

Christianity Not on Trial

Some tourists were visiting one of the great galleries in Europe, and as they looked at those wonderful, priceless masterpieces on the wall, one of them said somewhat contemptuously to his friends and in the hearing of the curator, "I do not think much of these pictures." The curator said, "Excuse me, sir, but it is not the pictures here which are on trial. It is the visitors."—*Rev. J. Stuart Holden, in Record of Christian Work.*

Talmage's Conversion from Scepticism

Lay all unsolvable questions aside. Dr. Talmage, when a young man, was skeptical. One day, after he had asked an old minister, "*Why* this, and *how* that," the aged man said, "Talmage, you must let God Almighty know some things you don't know." He wisely acted on the advice, got out of his sceptical questions, became a Christian, and soon after a minister. Have as much sense as he had. You will have eternity, with more intelligence and better environment, to solve the questions that are now unsolvable.—*From "Practical Talks," by Crossley and Hunter.*

Danish Sceptic's Conversion

The amazing experiences of an agnostic are recorded in "God's Smile." Here Julius Magnussen, a Danish dramatist, tells how in spite of himself there was revealed to him as in a vision the truth that man may live eternally and be with God. He demonstrates that man's real being is spirit, that spirit is divine and that God smiles upon it. It is a strange book and its purpose is to disavow the previous unbelief of the author and to convey to the world added evidence of the joys of eternity. The book ran through ten editions in the first month of its publication in Denmark and has caused a profound sensation in Europe. The American translation is by Daniel Kilham Dodge and it is published by D. Appleton and Company, New York City.

Hard on the Critic

The word of our God shall stand for ever (Isa. 40:8).

Dr. A. C. Dixon tells a story of a man who, going down a street in Chicago, came to a taxidermist's shop, and stopped long enough to criticize some things. In the window was an owl, and he said: "That owl is not stuffed right; its head is not on right, the body is not poised right, the feathers are not fixed right; and if I could not stuff an owl better than that I would go out of the taxidermist business." And when he got through his criticism the owl turned around and winked at him. Then he walked down the street feeling that he was the biggest fool in Chicago, for he had criticized a live owl. When that owl showed life it was beyond his criticism or that of anybody else. The Word of God lives.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Unbelievers Humbugged Most

P. T. Barnum said: "I have seen a great many people humbugged during my life, and I have been humbugged myself, but I have noticed that more persons, on the whole, are humbugged by believing in nothing than in believing in too much."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Inherited Religious Blessings

"Oh, yes, my folks are all religious—all the family away back," said a young man in one of the hospital wards. "I don't take much stock in that sort of thing myself," he added carelessly. "You have inherited stock in it, and very valuable stock," gravely answered the surgeon attending him. "Do you know why you are recovering so rapidly from your accident,—why the bones knit and the wounds heal so rapidly? It is because those ancestors of yours have bequeathed to you good, clean blood and a sound constitution—the physical make-up of those who have kept God's law. The heritage of those that fear His name is a precious one in many ways. I wouldn't speak lightly of such a birthright."—*Forward.*

Coleridge and the Sceptic

Thehoall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion, and be able to

choose for itself. "I showed him my garden," says Coleridge, "and told him it was my botanical garden." "How so," said he, "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds you see have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries." —*The Golden Treasury.*

Led by a Little Child

There was an infidel, an invalid, too, who sent his little daughter to live with friends, and they taught her to read. She proudly told her father when she came home, "I have learned to read." "Well," said he, "let me hear you read that," pointing to a board at the foot of the bed on which he had printed in large letters, "God is nowhere." Carefully she spelled out the words in the way that seemed best to her, "God is now here." The unbelieving father was startled and arrested, and God blessed that new reading to the salvation of his soul.—*From "The Lord's Prayer," by the Rev. J. H. Wilson.*

Spiritually Discerned

A sculptor wrought a beautiful statue, and a man who saw it said, "I do not understand your statue. You can carve, I know, but your statue is all out of proportion. Can't you see it?" "You cannot see it as I see it," remarked the sculptor. "You will find at the foot of the statue a place to kneel, and when you kneel at the foot of my image of Christ, you will see it in its true proportion." The man knelt there, and he saw at once the statue in its true proportion and glory. There are things in Christ which you can never learn or see until you have knelt at His feet.—*Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A.*

Could Not Trust Sceptics

A New England sea-captain made a voyage to India. While in port there a wealthy Malay merchant came on board, who asked him if he had any tracts he could part with. "What do you want with English tracts? You cannot read them." "True; but I have use for them nevertheless," said the Malay through his interpreter. "Whenever one of your country or of England calls on me to trade I put a tract in his way, and watch him. If he reads it with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me. If he throws it aside with contempt, or with an oath of profanity, I have no more to do with him. I cannot trust him."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Saw the Gospel at Work

This fact was and always has been the seal for the truth of the gospel. Recently two young men were arguing about the claims of Christianity. "I have studied in Germany," said the one who did not believe. "But *I* have been in Korea!" said the one who believed.

The Doubter

Listen!

The clock is ticking.

With every monotonous tick you are falling, drop by drop, into eternity. What will the next tick bring you? It may be heart failure. In the next tick after, you "are" no more; you "were."

Yet *you* little, insignificant fellow, are bold in saying that there never has been a revelation of a divine Being; there never was a miracle; it is an utter impossibility that the laws of nature should ever vary; there is no heaven; there is no hell, etc., etc.! It is as if a company of little ephemeræ—little animals that only live an hour or so—had assembled on the broad leaf of a water-lily to listen to an orator who *proves* that the pond in which they are living was never dry.

You can not put one little star in motion,
You can not shape one single forest leaf,
Nor fling a mountain up, nor sink an ocean,
Presumptuous pigmy, large with unbelief!
You can not bring one dawn of regal splendour,
Nor bid the day to shadowy twilight fall,
Nor send the pale moon forth with radiance tender;
And dare you doubt the One who has done all?

—*S. A. Nagel.*

Sceptic's Misplaced Pity

A little East London boy was having his first country outing. It was the occasion of his Sunday-school treat. He lay on the grass in the orchard making a chain of daisies. Across the blue sky a line of swallows dipped. "Look up, Jimmy! See the pretty

birds flying through the air," said his teacher. Jimmy looked up quickly. "Poor little fellows," he said pityingly, "they haven't got no cages, have they?" Jimmy could not see things straight. East London had dwarfed his ideas. What a picture of many a life! They are so occupied with the muck-rake, or the pleasures of earth, that they can have nothing but pity, and sometimes scorn, for those who set their minds on things above and soar in the pure air of a divine being.—*The Expositor.*

Newton's Rebuke to Halley

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamourous infidel; but, on examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When Dr. Halley was talking infidelity before Sir Isaac Newton, he said, "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand: but you should not talk of Christianity; for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain you know nothing about the matter."

Faith and Sight

Two children were playing on a hillside, when they noticed that the hour was nearing sunset, and one said wonderingly, "See how far the sun has gone! A little while ago it was right over that tree, and now it is low down in the sky." "Only it isn't the sun that moves, it's the earth. You know, father told us," answered the other. The first one shook his head. The sun did move, for he had seen it; and the earth did not move, for he had been standing on it all the time. "I know what I see," he said triumphantly. "And I believe father," said his brother. So mankind divides still—some accepting only what their senses reveal to them, the others believing the Word of God.—*The Christian Herald.*

Centenarian Infidel Converted

An evangelist traveling in a western state visited a home where the family included an old man. "Won't you go in and see grandpa?" asked the head of the house. The evangelist consented, and this is the story the old gentleman told. "I am nearly a hundred years old, and nearly all these years have been spent in sin. I was taught infidelity, and brought up my children to be infidels. In my youth I came to this western country where we never had church services. But lately I came to my son's home. He is a Christian, and his wife is a Christian; and in my hundredth year I have sought the Lord and found pardon for my sins."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Worst Scepticism

This is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light; for their works were evil (John 3:19).

Over in France we are told that there are those who so hate all religion that they have tattooed upon their arms two letters that stand for "Against God." That is shocking to the Christian mind. Yet there are many who are "against God" who do not proclaim it in that way. The worst atheism to be found anywhere is not that which vaunts itself of the fact, but it is the atheism of life—the atheism that leads a man to live as if there were no God. This, after all has been said, is the important test, whether we live for God or against God. It is an awful thing to tattoo one's self to proclaim one's irreligion, but it is worse to tattoo the soul and to have one's life say, "I am against God."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Rejecting Blessings

When the first locomotive drawing a train came thundering along, the Chinese piled their most sacred crockery upon the track, attempting to stop its progress. Oh, what a mistaken idea! The advent of the railway has been the opening up of the Celestial Kingdom. So we, in our lack of vision, try to shut out the light with its great blessings.—*From "Gems from Phillips Brooks."*

Dr. Pentecost and the Sceptic

In an argument being carried on between Dr. Pentecost and an atheist, the latter declared that the reason he did not believe the Bible was because he did not know the Author. "Do you know the author of the multiplication table?" asked Dr. Pentecost. "No." "Then I suppose, being a scientific man and a conscientious skeptic, you never use the multiplication table." "Oh, yes," was the reply, "that proves itself to be true by its works." "Then may we not also know that the Bible is a work of absolute authority, because its works in its own sphere prove itself true?"

Progressing Backwards

An ignorant slave had been given the helm of a boat while his master slept, and he was instructed to sail straight toward a certain star. Under his unskilful handling the boat wabbled until the star was behind instead of in front. Thereupon the man woke the captain with, "Massa! Massa! Come, gimme 'nuther star! I'se done sailed a-past that one!" Perhaps it is not courteous to liken this progressive age to the darkey helmsman, but is not a great deal of our crying that we have got past certain old standards—the Bible, for instance—due to our own ignorant shiftings rather than to any real progress? The star and the standards are fixed, and they are still far, far ahead.—*J. R. Miller, D.D., in Forward.*

Christians Not Imbeciles

A Swiss paper tells of a young student on an express train between Frankfort and Basel who sneered when he saw a church in course of construction in a village. "It's only imbeciles who attend church," he insisted. "Then I'm an imbecile," quietly answered one of the men in the same coach. "I, too," broke in a third traveler. "I go every Sunday to church, and although an imbecile, am nevertheless professor in the University of Leipsic." Another traveler added, "I am chief counsellor in the city government of Strassburg, and a churchgoer." And still another chimed in, "I'm head of the Berne gymnasium, and a convinced Christian." —*Dr. John T. Faris, in "The Christian According to Paul."*

A Sceptic Silenced

"You really don't know what you believe," said a sneering voice, summing up theological difficulties in a manner that the speaker considered unanswerable. "But I know whom I have believed," replied the little woman quietly.—*J. R. Miller, in the Northfield Calendar for 1913.*

Nothing Better to Offer

A young man in Massachusetts who was recently offered a package of infidel publications, replied: "If you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan, or if you have any better code of morals than the Ten Commandments, or anything more consoling and beautiful than the twenty-third Psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament, please send it along."—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Deceived by the Noise

A man came to a hotel-keeper and asked him if he would buy two carloads of frog legs. "Two carloads!" exclaimed the astonished landlord. "Why, I couldn't use them in twenty years." "Well, will you buy a half-carload?" "No." "Twenty or thirty dozen?" "No." "Two dozen." "Yes." A few days later the man returned with three pairs of legs. "Is that all?" said the landlord. "Yes. The fact is I live near a pond, and the frogs made so much noise that I thought there were millions of them; but I dragged and raked the pond, and there were only three frogs in the whole thing." Do not be alarmed at the noise of the Philistines. The future of God's kingdom is secure.—*Bishop Joseph F. Berry, in Young People's Weekly.*

Made No Reply to Him

A young man sat chattering with some giddy girls. Among them was a sweet, quiet young woman known as a Christian. The young man, thinking to tease her, bantered her about her religion. The silly girls tittered, but the object of his mirth remained silent. Then, with the folly of youth, and recklessness of impiety, he uttered many infidel objections to Christianity. She did not smile, nor seem to notice him. Then he continued his harangue, hoping to force her to refute something. But she maintained the same dignified silence. A vision of his own stupidity broke over the young man, and convicted him of sin. He said afterward, "That silence saved me."—*The Christian Herald.*

Churches Not Dying Out

Bishop Frank M. Bristol recalls the day when Chaplain McCabe read in a newspaper, when on the train, that Ingersoll had said to a free-thinkers' convention: "The churches are dying out all over the land; they are struck with death." McCabe, taking out his pencil, wrote the following telegram, and sent it to Ingersoll when the next station was reached: "Dear Robert! All hail the power of Jesus' name! We are building more than one Methodist church for every day in the year, and

propose to make it two a day. C. C. McCabe." The church was electrified by this incident.—*"Bristol's Life of Chaplain McCabe."*

Sceptic City Not Fit to Live In

A young lawyer, an infidel, going to the West to settle for life, made his boast that he would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday-schools, or Bibles. Before the year was out he wrote to a former classmate, a young minister, begging him to come and bring plenty of Bibles, and preach, and start a Sunday-school, "For," said he, "I have become convinced that a place without Christians and Sabbaths and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in."—*"The Battles of Heaven."*

Did Not Need Explaining

Dr. Pentecost, telling about his first experience with the telephone, says, "I was told that through it I could speak to my friend a mile and a half away and receive an immediate answer. I believed what my scientific friend by my side told me, but it took him about two hours to explain it to me. I used the telephone long before I understood its construction. In a similar way sinners may believe God's good news of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved, though they do not fully understand it. I thank God that the Bible does not say, 'Every one that understandeth shall have eternal life,' but 'Every one that believeth.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Women in Church, Men in Jail

Gipsy Smith, while recently conducting meetings in New York City, one evening accosted a crowd of young fellows near the church, and invited them to come in and attend the service. One gay young man remarked, "Oh, no! they're all women in there." "Well," said Gipsy Smith, "come with me to the jail; they're all men there."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Obeyed Without Question

A man employed by a railroad as switchman was at his post to turn the switch so that a fast train might pass on the instant into the station. Suddenly he saw running toward him, twenty paces away, his five-year-old son, who was crossing the track without noticing the train. If the man left his post, he would cause a collision that would kill many people; but if he stayed his child would be killed. In that fearful extremity he cried to the child with all his might, "Lie down on the ground!" Instantly the child obeyed, and the express passed over him without harming a hair. He was saved; had he asked why, he would have been lost.—*From "On Life's Threshold," by Charles Wagner.*

Why Parliament Tolerated Religion

Lord Chesterfield, when at Brussels, was invited by Voltaire to sup with him at the house of an infidel lady. The conversation happened to turn upon the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said Madame C——, "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed and the most sensible men in the kingdom." "True, madam, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madam," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to establish anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt that in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."—*The Ram's Horn.*

A Poor Creed to Die By

Mocking is not always a discouraging symptom—it may indicate resistance to the striving of the Holy Spirit. A minister, calling one day in a home where the mother was a Christian, invited the husband to church. "Go to church?" he replied; "I would sooner go to the penitentiary!" Only a few weeks after he sent for that same minister to come to him in his sickness, to read the Bible and pray with him. He greeted him with this statement: "I have professed to live an infidel; but I now see that it is a very poor creed to die by."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Sceptic Rebuked by a Blind Man

Faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen (Heb. 11:1).

A minister was preaching on Glasgow Green a few years ago when some one asked permission to speak, and made his way to the platform.

"Friends," he exclaimed, "I do not believe what this man has been talking about. I do not believe in a hell, in a judgment, or in a God, for I never saw any of them."

He continued talking in this way for a while, when another voice was heard from the crowd, "May I speak?" The infidel sat down; the next man began.

"Friends, you say there is a river running not far from this place, the River Clyde. There is no such thing; it is not true. You tell me that there are grass and trees growing around me where I now stand; there is no such thing; that also is untrue. You tell me that there are a great many people standing here. Again, I say that is not true; there is no person standing here save myself. I suppose you wonder what I am talking about; but, friends, I was born blind. I never have seen one of you, and while I talk it only shows that I am blind or I would not say such things. And you," he said, turning to the infidel, "the more you talk the more it exposes your own ignorance, because you are spiritually blind, and cannot see. Dear friends, 'by faith ye are saved.' Try the life that Christ lived. There you will find life and love and everlasting joy."—*Life of Faith.*

A Sceptic's Conversion

And it shall be, that every soul that shall not hearken to that prophet, shall be utterly destroyed from among the people (Acts 3:23).

A fierce discussion was overheard on a railway train between an infidel and a Christian by the late Rev. Mr. S——, of —— city, as to the divinity of Christ. As the minister was leaving the train, the infidel angrily exclaimed, "Jesus Christ is only a prophet." Upon which Mr. S——, looking fixedly at the speaker, said: "'And it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people'" and passed out. A few months later he was laid in the grave. At the first service of his church after his death, a stranger asked permission to speak, and related the foregoing, adding in husky tones, "I was that infidel, and traveled many miles to tell your pastor that his words under God were the means of bringing to a lost soul peace and pardon. I deeply grieve that I am too late to thank him, but gladly give this tribute and rejoice that I am now a new man in Christ Jesus."—*The Sunday School Times.*

No Substitute to Offer

I cannot forget the confusion into which I saw a conceited young fellow thrown once, when he turned to an aged minister, and as if challenging discussion said, "I am told you believe in the inspiration of the whole Bible." The good man answered quietly, "Oh, yes, my friend; what do you believe in?" A little laugh covered the defeat, but he continued, "But you certainly know what the great scholars say about it?" when again the calm answer met him, "Somewhat; but what did they say to you about your soul?" Now the inquirer grew restive. "They say you are leading men along with a farthing taper in your lantern." To this the aged preacher only said, "Do they say men would see any better if we would *let them put the taper out?*" —*The Christian Age.*

Wedgewood's Rebuke to a Sceptic

Josiah Wedgewood was on one occasion showing a nobleman of dissolute habits and atheistic belief through his famous pottery and explaining the intricate and delicate process of vase-making. The nobleman stopped beside a young man who was giving the finishing touches to a copy of the celebrated Portland vase. The nobleman rarely allowed an opportunity to speak disparagingly of religion to go by, and did not this time. The young man seemed shocked at first, then listened with interest, and when the nobleman closed his remarks burst into a jeering laugh. Mr. Wedgewood made no comment, but, taking the vase from the hand of the workman, threw it to the pavement, shattering it into a thousand pieces. "That was unpardonable carelessness," said the nobleman angrily, "I wished to take that vase home for my collection." "Yet you forget, my Lord," said Mr. Wedgewood, "that the soul of that youth came pure into the world. That his parents, friends, all good influences have been at work to make him a vessel fit for the Master's use, and that you, with your impious touch, have undone the work of years. No human hand can bind together again what you have broken."—*Our Young People.*

Only Christ Can Save Outcasts

"Sometime ago," said the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, at Westminster Chapel, "a mission was being held in Leeds, and one night, when the missioner rested, I undertook to conduct the service. There were in the meeting a number of the most notorious Socialists, atheists, and agnostics in the city, whose attention and enmity the missioner had somehow attracted to him-

self. I was known to some of them, and when I ascended to the pulpit they sent a note up, requesting that, instead of preaching a sermon, I should give them my reasons for believing in Jesus Christ. As simply and plainly as I could I stated the reason of my belief; then I added, 'I know what some of you are thinking. If discussion were allowed, what a chance you would have of picking me to pieces. Well, if you will come with me into the room behind the chapel, I will allow you to cross-examine me as much as you like.' Some twelve of them accepted the invitation, and we stayed there till two o'clock in the morning. As they were leaving I said to their leader, 'You have asked me a great many questions. Will you allow me to ask you one? You propound a philosophy for a cult. You presuppose a certain standard of humanity. There are hundreds of men in this city who have lost their manhood. What do you propose to do with them?' He hesitated for a moment, then, with a cynical smile, he said, 'Oh, I'll make you a present of that lot.' 'But why me?' I asked. 'Because,' he replied, 'I'm free to confess that if there is any hope for such people, it is to be found in the Christ you preach.'"—*The British Weekly.*

A Heathen Town

Norah had a "model village," and she never tired of setting it up. "What kind of a town is that, Norah?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian or a heathen town?" "Oh, a Christian town," Norah answered quickly. "Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested; "what must we take out?" "The church," said Norah, setting it to one side. "Is that all?" "I suppose so." "No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go; there are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too," her father directed. "Anything else?" Norah asked, sadly. "Isn't there a hospital over there?" "But, father, don't they have hospitals?" "Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old." "Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Norah, very soberly. "Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of town." "Why, father," Norah exclaimed, "there is not a good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?"—*The Children's Missionary Friend.*

The Laboratory Test

An illustration from Dr. W. H. Fichett's book, "The Beliefs of Unbelief," affirms the value of experience to the Christian. He writes: "Over the symbols which make up a chemical formula it might be possible to wrangle indefinitely; but science accepts the test of the laboratory as final. If every chemist who puts together the elements named in the formula produces the same desired solution, what room is left for doubt as to the correctness of the formula? And the test of the validity and truth of Christ's teaching lies within every man's reach.—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

Did Not Need Ingersoll's Advice

I heard this incident recently in a sermon: Colonel Ingersoll was announced to lecture in Chicago. His subject was: "What must I do to be saved?" The Y. M. C. A. of that city prepared a card to be handed to each individual entering the hall. On that card was inscribed: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." One person, taking a card and reading it, said: "That answer is sufficient. I do not care to hear any other." And he turned away.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Don't Argue With God

I remember seeing somewhere "Don'ts for machinists." I have forgotten all but this one: "Don't argue with your boss." It is a good rule for every shop and office. It is a good rule in religion.—*Rev. E. B. Bagby.*

Could Not See His Brains

A sceptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe the Bible. The Quaker said: "Dost thou believe in France?" "Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country exists." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?" "No, to be sure I won't." "Did ever see thine own brains?" "No." "Ever see anybody that did?" "No." "Does thee believe thee has any?"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Atheism Poor to Die By

A veteran soldier of the cross was once informed by a friend that a young man of his acquaintance had imbibed

atheistical notions, and was "prepared to live by them." "Aye, aye, but will he die by them?" was the quick rejoinder. Christianity is good to die by. It is equally good to live by. The true Christian can say what no worldly man can say, that to *live* is Christ; "to *die* is gain" (Phil. 1:21).—*From "New Truths," by Henry Pickering.*

Sceptics Ignorant of Bible

Dr. Johnson observed, "that no honest man could be an atheist; for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity." The name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he: "Hume owned to a clergyman of the bishoprick of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention."—*Rev. Elon Foster, D.D.*

How to Believe in a Devil

D. W. Whittle tells of a man who came to Mr. Finney and said: "I don't believe in the existence of a devil." "Don't you?" said the old man. "Well, you resist him for a while, and you will believe in it."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Never Saw Electricity

It was from an editorial in one of our daily papers that I clipped the following: "Edison never saw a soul, and so does not believe in a soul. He believes in electricity, however. When did he see it?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Couldn't Say He Didn't Care

A certain student during his student days lost his faith and became an infidel. He lived a life notorious for its wickedness. Once in a spirit of levity he went to his old pastor and asked him about God in relation to a wicked life. He mentioned the sins that he had committed, and said after each one, "But I don't care about that." His pastor knew that it was said in a spirit of levity, and he replied, "Promise me to do one thing." The man promised. "Every night for one week bow down and say, 'Oh, Jesus Christ, Thou hast died for my sin, but I don't care about that.'" That night the man tried to say it, but he could not say the last part of the sentence. On the fourth night he went to his pastor with a white face and said, "I couldn't say it."—*From a sermon by Rev. M. MacArthur.*

A Sceptic's Conversion

Two years ago Rev. F. B. Meyer, when crossing the Atlantic, spoke on "Answered Prayer." An agnostic present said he did "not believe a word of it." In the afternoon Mr. Meyer went to speak to the steerage passengers. The saloon passengers went also to hear him. Putting two oranges in his pocket, the agnostic went also. As he passed among the steerage passengers there sat an old woman, fast asleep. He put the two oranges in her hands and passed on. When he returned the old woman was munching one of the oranges. He said, "You seem to be enjoying that orange." "Yes, sir," she said, "my Father is very good to me." "Your Father! Why, he can't be living." "Praise God," she said, "He is very much alive." "What do you mean?" "I'll tell you, sir. I have been seasick for days. I was asking God to send me an orange. I suppose I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes He not only had sent me one, but two, oranges." "You don't mean that?" "Yes," she said; and the agnosticism was gone, and that man was sentenced to eternal life on that very spot.—*Condensed from sermon, "How to Receive Power," by Rev. Charles Inglis.*

Gen. Lew Wallace's Conversion

Two infidels once sat in a railway car discussing Christ's wonderful life. One of them said, "I think an interesting romance could be written about Him." The other replied, "And you are just the man to write it. Set forth the correct view of His life and character. Tear down the prevailing sentiment as to His divineness and paint Him as He was—a man among men." The suggestion was acted on and the romance was written. The man who made the suggestion was Colonel Ingersoll; the author was General Lew Wallace; and the book was "Ben-Hur." In the process of constructing it he found himself facing the unaccountable Man. The more he studied His life and character the more profoundly he was convinced that He was more than a man among men; until at length, like the centurion under the cross, he was constrained to cry, "Verily, this was the Son of God."—*Dr. D. J. Burrell, in "The Laughter of God."*

Only Believers Can Discern

A friend of mine was traveling on the continent. They told him of a lit-

tle chapel up among the Spanish hills with rare paintings and marvelous acoustics. He left the beaten path of travel that he might visit the place. His first view was most disappointing. The pictures seemed to be masses of daub, and the sounds were discordant. The guide led him on until he had reached a certain point, then bade him look; and, lo, every painting was a masterpiece, and when he spoke it seemed as though the angelic choirs had come down to sing. Then the guide pointed to the floor, and he discovered that he was standing on a crimson image of the cross. This is a parable. We cannot see the beauty of life as God planned it; we shall not hear the voices of peace and power until we stand in reverent trust before the cross of Christ.—*Edwin F. Hallenbeck, D.D., in The Expositor.*

Not Acquainted with Christ

An infidel was lecturing to a great audience and, having finished his address, he invited any who had questions to ask to come on the platform. After a short interval a man who had been well-known in the town as a notorious drunkard, but who had lately been converted, stepped forward, and, taking an orange from his pocket, coolly began to peel it. The lecturer asked him to propound his question, but without replying to him the man finished peeling his orange, and then ate it. When he had finished his orange, he turned to the lecturer and asked him if it was a sweet one. Very angry, the man said, "Idiot, how can I know whether it was sweet or sour, when I never tasted it?" To this the converted drunkard retorted, "And how can you know anything about Christ if you have not tried Him?"—*From the Christian Herald.*

Gipsy Smith and W. T. Stead

Gipsy Smith tells a beautiful story about W. T. Stead. It is a side-glimpse at his character, which is very touching. He tells how on one occasion Mr. Stead went down to the Rhondda Valley to spend a Sunday with him during a mission he was holding at Pontypridd. At the close of the evening service Mr. Stead entered the inquiry room, where the missioner was engaged with from 200 to 300 men and women; and, as he sat there, a young collier went up and spoke to him. "Mr. Stead," he said, "I represent six of my chums—young colliers—who are all at work now down in the pit. They have sent me to bring you a message. We had made up our minds to be infidels, and we thought we were. But we worshipped you, Mr. Stead; you have been our hero. We read everything we could get hold of written by you. A few months ago, however, we read one of your articles which knocked the infidelity out of us and made us all give our hearts to God. My companions asked me to come and thank you for that article," added the young collier. Mr. Stead could make no reply. He gripped the young fellow's hand and sobbed with joy. When he was alone with Gipsy Smith, Mr. Stead told him that he had shaken hands with many of the crowned heads of Europe, but nothing had given him such supreme joy as he experienced when he gripped the hand of the young collier. "I feel," he said, "as if I want to leave the editorial chair and become an evangelist."—*The Southern Cross.*

Marking the Errors

The old captain of the Merrimac was an inmate of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Home. He was a sceptic. For long the chaplain tried to get him to read the Bible, but he would not. At last he said to the captain, "Read it, and mark in red anything that you don't believe. Begin with the Gospel of John." The captain, with a glitter in his eye, took up the challenge. He was sick at the time, confined to bed. Every few hours the chaplain, passing his door, would call in and say, "Captain, have you marked anything yet?" The old captain would grin, but say nothing. After a day or two, when the chaplain stepped in, there lay the old captain dead, with his Bible open. The chaplain leafed through the Gospel of John. Nothing marked in all the first chapter, nor all the second chapter, nor all the third, until he came to John 3:16, and in red was written, "I have cast my anchor in a safe harbour, thank God!" He'd found the only anchor that could grip and the only rock that could hold. —*Rev. Elmer Ellsworth Helms, D.D., in the Northern Christian Advocate.*

Laugh Against the Scoffer

At a discussion in London, a working man was showing what Christ had done to enlighten the world. The Christian nations were the most progressive, the most advanced, the most enlightened. An infidel rose, and said, "It is all nonsense. Gas has done more to enlighten the world than the Bible." "Well, then," replied the

Christian, "when you are dying send for the gas man." The laugh was turned against the scoffer.—*Dr. J. Wells, in Expository Times.*

Difficulty Was With the Heart

A brilliant lawyer in New York City some time ago spoke to a prominent minister of that city, asking him if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead. The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took the material, offered in proof, away and studied it. He returned to the minister and said: "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But—," he then added, "I'm no nearer being a Christian than I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really with my heart."—*From the Fundamentals.*

Sees More Than the Philosopher

The Christian on his knees sees more than the philosopher on tiptoe.—*From "Thoughts from My Library," by D. L. Moody.*

Shooting at God

We have read of Cæsar having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends. It happened that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honour of the meeting, whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as if in defiance of him for that rainy weather. When they did this their arrows fell short of heaven and struck their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wounded. So our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God, will return upon our own heads; they hurt not Him, but will wound us.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Getting on the Platform

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion. "None," was the reply; "you must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Out West they have a plan for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the trough. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Allowing God to Know Something

The story is told of a young theological student who one day came to Mr. Spurgeon, telling him that the Bible contained some verses which he could not understand, and about which he was very much worried. To this the great man of God replied, "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice. You must expect to let God know some things which you do not understand." The student took the words of wisdom to heart.—*The Christian Herald.*

Experimental Proof

Two irreligious young men were discussing the resurrection, telling each other why it was impossible for them to accept the doctrine. Then Deacon Myers came passing by, and in a joking way one of the young fellows called to him, "Say, Deacon, tell us why you believe that Jesus rose again!" "Well," he replied, "one reason is that I was talking with Him for half an hour this very morning." We all may have experimental proof of His resurrection and presence.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Had the Assurance

"How is it," asked a French pastor of Dr. Griffith Thomas, "that the professors in our theological seminary at Paris are not even sure that Jesus ever existed in the flesh, and yet some of the poorest and most obscure members of my congregation know it beyond the peradventure of a doubt?" The poorest and most obscure members were "trusting in the Lord with all their heart," but the theological professors were "leaning upon their own understanding."—*From an editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

The Best Place

When Raphael's great picture, the "Sistine Madonna," was first brought to Dresden it was displayed in the castle in the presence of the king. It was brought into the throne room, but the most favourable spot in the room was occupied by the throne itself. The king, taking in the situation, pushed the throne to one side, saying, "Make room for the immortal Raphael. The first place and the best place belong

to him." So the chief place in a nation's life belongs to God. The throne room is His rightful place.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Looks for Lost Sheep

This text reminds me of a little God-fearing boy to whom an infidel professor said, "Do you believe that God looks after this little spot which we call earth? Do you know that this earth is as it were a lost sheep among millions of stars and planets many times larger than the earth?" "But, Professor," said the little boy, "it is God's way to look after little ones, and the Good Shepherd seeks one lost sheep and also looks for His lost world."—*Rev. J. Keizer.*

Inherited Scepticism

The inevitability of religion is illustrated by the incident told of a soap-box orator in London's Hyde Park who was declaring against the Christian faith and against all religion whatever. Said the orator, "My hatred of religion is honestly come by. My grandfather was an atheist; my father was an atheist; and, *thank* God, I'm an atheist, too."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Dr. Broughton's Conversion

Dr. Len. G. Broughton tells us that when he was a medical student he could not accept the supernatural generation of Christ. He went to a Doctor of Divinity, who reasoned with him and left him in greater perplexity than ever. His medical education finished, he went to the backwoods to begin his practise, and one Sunday morning a backwoods preacher at an old country meeting-house knocked out more scepticism in one-half hour than he had gotten in three years, and this is the way he did it. He said: "If there is anybody here troubled about the mystery of God becoming man, I want to take you back to the first chapter of Genesis and the first verse. 'In the beginning God.'" He looked down into the audience very searchingly, and, says the doctor, "I felt that he was looking directly at me." He continued, "My brother, let me ask you this: Do you believe God was in the beginning? That is to say, that *before* the beginning began God was?" I said to myself, "Yes, I believe that." "Now," he said, "if you believe that God was ahead of the beginning, you believe the only mysterious thing of this universe. If I believed that, God knows I could believe anything else in the world." I had gone to college and traveled through the mysteries of the theory of reproduction and cell formation, and had come out to realize that I was just a common fool; that if God was in the beginning that was the one supreme mystery of all mysteries of this mysterious universe of God.—*From "Salvation and the Old Theology," by Dr. Len. G. Broughton.*

When God Settles

An irreligious farmer in one of the Western states, who gloried in his irreligion, wrote a letter to a local weekly newspaper in such terms as these: "Sir, I have been trying an experiment with a field of mine. I ploughed it on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I dressed it only on Sunday. I reaped it on Sunday. I carted the crop home on Sunday to my barn. And now, Mr. Editor, what is the result? I have more bushels to the acre in that field than any of my neighbours have had this October." He expected some applause from the editor, who did not, perhaps, himself profess to be a specially religious man. But underneath the letter, on eagerly opening his paper, he found printed this short but significant sentence: "God does not always settle His accounts in October."—*From "Grain from Many Fields," by Evangelist James Shields.*

Masterpieces Not on Trial

In the famous Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery of Art, at Florence, a tourist, armed with his guide-book, went up to the curator. "Are these your masterpieces?" he asked. "I certainly don't see much in them myself." "Sir," said the curator, "these pictures are not on their trial." Those who see little in the Bible should realize that after so many generations of Christian experience the Bible is not on trial now.—*The Canadian Epworth Era.*

No New Religion Needed

"Yes, I agree with you. We need a new religion. The old doctrines of 'saved and lost,' of 'heaven and hell,' of 'atonement' and 'forgiveness,' and all that, are played out. The people of today demand a really modern theology and religion." The two men who were discussing the need of a new religion appeared to be well-educated and cultivated. When they parted, one of them said, with a laugh, "There's nothing like progress. Better drop a word to our minister. He needs to read up and get some modern ideas."

Twenty-four hours later one of those men knocked at the door of his pastor's study in the city church to which he belonged. The look on his face was not one of easy-going complacency, but a look of fear and terror and almost of despair. The moment the minister admitted him he cried out, "O, Mr. Parker! My boy is in disgrace! He writes me he's contemplating suicide! He went on a drunken spree after one of the football games, and he's been suspended from his university. I need your help. I didn't know where else to go. To think that my boy—" The minister knew just what to say and what to do. He emphasized the great doctrine of forgiveness and redemption, and when the father went away he carried with him on his way to his son a song of hope for the disgraced boy. On his return he was able to tell the minister that his boy, by the grace of God, was beginning a new life. "After all," said Mr. Parker, in reply, "there's nothing like the power of the old Gospel. It endures through the centuries." "Yes," replied the father. "It is good enough for me. It is the only thing that can save the lost." It is one thing to discuss in a fashionable club the need of a new religion; it is another to create a religion as useful as the old Gospel when your own son is a sinner. —*The Youth's Companion.*

Old Betty and the Sceptic

A poor, unlettered old woman was once accosted by a sceptic in the following way: "Well, Betty, so you are one of the saints, are you? Pray, what sort of folks are they? and what do you know about religion, eh?" "Well, well," replied the woman, "you know, sir, I'm no scholar, so can't say much for the meaning of it; I only know I am 'saved by grace,' and that's enough to make me happy here, and I expect to go to heaven by and by." "Oh! that's all, is it? But surely you can tell us something nearer than that. What does being saved feel like?" "Why, it feels to me," said the Spirit-taught one, "just as if the Lord stood in my shoes, and I stood in His." Happy old woman! Her witness was true.—*The Christian Union Herald.*

Social Workers

When Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was asked some years ago upon whom she most relied for volunteer unsalaried workers, "creedless altruists, or church members?" she frankly replied: "They are all Christians from evangelical churches. I have had a good many 'altruists' try it, but I never knew any slum worker to stand the wear and tear of our work for over three weeks unless inspired by Christian love." And another testimony comes from Miss Kate Marsden, working among the lepers of Siberia, who writes, "The claims of humanity are insufficient, alone, to sustain prolonged consecration to the service of the suffering; a higher inspiration is required."—*The Rochester Times.*

Minimizers of the Gospel

The modern minimizer of the gospel takes a few tablets of doctrine, dissolves them in a gallon or two of the rosewater of sentimentality, puts a little in an atomizer, and sprays the congregation to an accompaniment of the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of a benevolent life. The New Testament tells but one story,—that man is a sinner, that he has been redeemed, that the only way of salvation is through faith in Jesus Christ. Don't talk to me about "value judgments." You can't believe with all your heart what you have already rejected with all your head.—*Dr. Francis L. Patton, in Sabbath Reading.*

God's Word Protected

In the throne room of one of the palaces across the sea some of the crown jewels are exposed to view without the presence of a guard in the room. It would seem as if one might easily take these jewels, for there would be none present to hinder, but around the edge of the table plays a strong electric current, and the hand that reaches out for the jewels would be paralyzed, so the jewels are quite safe. God's Word is far more valuable and precious to him than all the jewels that deck earthly crowns, and we know today that the Sword still flashes forth from all sides to defend against the one who dares to put forth his hand of "Reason."—*"When Home is Heaven," by J. Wilbur Chapman.*

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

He'll Surely Come Again

Behold, he cometh with clouds . . . (Rev. 1:7).

"He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me—at what hour I dinna ken;

But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watchin', aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate;
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie."

—*Mary Lee Demarest.*

One-Winged Sermons

Then shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory (Mark 13:26).

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young says: "For nearly twenty years now a spiritual enrichment has come into my life and ministry, because I have realized the great New Testament revelation of the personal return of our Lord. Dr. Andrew Bonar told a story of a plain man in one of the Scottish Presbyterian country kirks who had learned this precious doctrine. The man spent a Sunday in Edinburgh, to play the part of a sermon taster. When he returned to his village, the people asked him how he liked the Edinburgh preachers. His reply was, 'They all fly on one wing. They all preach the first coming of Christ, but they do not preach His second coming.' Nothing recovers evangelical fervour, and rekindles missionary passion, and gives a yearning for entire sanctification, like a realization of the great fact that 'He comes,' that He may come at any moment."—*The Christian Age.*

The Great Day Coming

Some time ago we read in the papers how President Wilson, by just pressing a button, set the apparatus at work which, 4,000 miles away, blew up the last barrier on the Panama Canal, and allowed the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific to flow together, and thus brought to a completion the tremendous task upon which the engineers have been engaged for so many years. One day this is what will happen to the world. One day the last barrier between God and man will go down, and Christ shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness, and the waters of the two great oceans—the ocean of the life of God and the ocean of the life of man—shall meet and commingle.—*From the Rev. Harold E. Brierley, in the Home Messenger.*

Ready at Any Moment

Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching (Luke 12:37).

Not long ago I paid a short visit to a Scripture Union member, who is a servant. She told me her master and mistress were away, and it was uncertain when they would return. Being tired, I went in to rest, and was surprised to see the table laid for tea. Thinking I had misunderstood her I said: "So your mistress is coming home today?" "I have not heard so," said the girl; "but as the time is uncertain I always have everything ready each day." When going over the house afterwards, I found the truth of her words manifested everywhere. That is just how the Christian ought to order his life, "everything ready" for when the Master comes.—*Good Words.*

Queen Victoria's Desire

On one occasion one of Queen Victoria's chaplains, in preaching before her at Windsor, had made the second coming of Christ the subject of his discourse. After the service the Queen, always a most attentive listener, spoke to him on the topic he had chosen, and said, "Oh, how I wish the Lord might come during my lifetime." "Why," asked the preacher, "does Your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?" The Queen replied, with quivering lips and her whole countenance lighted by deep emotion, "I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."—*The Christian Workers' Magazine.*

Was Not Afraid

Watch therefore: for ye know not when the lord of the house cometh (Mark 13:35).

There was a small, under-witted, but faith-filled lad in this country at the time of the great shower of meteors in 1833. When, on every side, men and women were that night in terror at the thought that the hour of final doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with the cry, "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you! The Day of Judgment has come." Instantly the boy was alive to the call and was on his feet shouting, "Glory to God! I'm ready!"—*The Sunday Circle.*

To Return with Christ

Who is this King of glory? Jehovah of hosts, He is the King of glory (Psa. 24:10).

A Christian woman was once talking to a servant of Christ about the assurance of her safety in the Saviour, and said, "I have taken a single ticket to glory, and do not intend to come back." Whereupon the man of God replied, "You are going to miss a lot. I have taken a return ticket, for I am not only going to meet Him in the glory, but I am coming back with Him in power and great glory to the earth."—*The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman.*

SELF-CONTROL

Self-Control

I remember that once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him, in a soft and low tone, "Well, I suppose you only want what is just and right?" The man said, "Yes," but went on to state the case over again.

Very gently father said to him, "If you have been misinformed I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?" He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side; and when he was through the man got up and said, "Forgive me, Doctor. Forgive me." Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way. I saw it, and it gave me an insight into the power of self-control. It was a striking illustration of the passage, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

SELF-DENIAL

Playing the Second Violin

The tragic death of Mr. J. L. Pitts, that popular member of the junior class at Northfield, Mass., Nov. 29, 1916, brought forth with unusual emphasis the real value of true humility, according to the *Record of Christian Work.* Pitts was not only an athlete and a scholar, but also a good musician and an active member of the school orchestra, playing first violin. He saw the need of more second violins in the orchestra. He suggested to the leader, a short time before his death, that more second violins would add to the efficiency of the orchestra and that he be permitted to change from first to second violin. How truly noble! O, rare soul! May his untimely death be the means of proclaiming the gospel of the second violin unto all the youth of America. There must be some first violins and there must be many second violins in the orchestra of the Kingdom. Few are they who are willing to play second violin, for that means to be in the background, out of the limelight, beyond the possibility of appearing wreathed in smiles after an encore. Yet, here is the great need of the church today—servants who are willing to serve in the background, talented members who are ready to follow the humble and self-denying Jesus.—*The Family Altar, Feb., 1917.*

A Coloured Man's Self-Denial

Ye did it unto me (Matt. 25:40).

An express train was pulling out of the station of Alexandria, in Virginia, when an old Negro hurried up and on to the train at the very last moment. He looked the picture of weariness. He said he had had nothing to eat that morning and had been walking since 4 o'clock to catch the train. He was going to his old home down in Georgia. You would have thought Georgia was heaven to hear him talk. He had been saving up for years to buy the ticket. The conductor came through the car for tickets. On the next seat sat a pale-faced woman with her babe in her arms. "I haven't any ticket," she said. "Don't put me off. My husband is down South. The doctor's word has come saying he can't live, and I must go to him, and I haven't any money." The conductor said, "Sorry, madam, you have to get off. I must do my duty." Then the old black man turned round to the woman. He said, "Here's your ticket." Then the train slowed down, and the old man, with a smile in his eyes, shambled wearily to the door, and the last they saw of the old man he was patiently trudging down to Georgia. It was the Christ spirit in his heart.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Sacrifice

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in speaking of his sympathy with the advocates of temperance, said: "I took two hundred and fifty dollars instead of four hundred, rent, during the present year, for a store on Long Wharf, which I man-

age for my mother, rather than let it, like many of those about it, for a grocery, knowing that rum would be retailed from it. I mention this because it implies that I am not wholly insensible to the significance of this particular reform, and that, if needs be, I can make some little sacrifice for it." —*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Origin of "Blest Be the Tie"

Fawcett was a Baptist minister in Yorkshire, living on a salary of £25 a year in his tiny manse, when an invitation came to him to succeed Dr. Gill in London. He decided to go, preached his farewell sermon, and packed his goods. But his people would not give him up. "Men, women, and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." At length Fawcett and his wife gave way. Sitting down among the packing-cases, they wept with the people, and consented to remain. On resuming his ministry Fawcett wrote:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

—*Dr. J. W. Ewing, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Conquering Self

Years ago Sir Edwin Arnold visited America and spoke to the students of our oldest university. One memorable and ever unforgettable sentence seized the memory of every hearer. He gave a succinct and epigrammatic description of the great wars of our past and of the greater contest of the future: "Gentlemen of Harvard," he said, "in 1776 and in 1812 you conquered your fathers. In the years from 1861 to 1865 you conquered your brothers. Will you permit an Englishman to say that your next victory must be over yourself?" It approaches the heart of our present American problem.—*Bishop E. H. Hughes, in the Northern Christian Advocate.*

Gen. Lee's Self-Denial

One December, a barrel of turkeys was sent to the camp, marked "General Lee and Staff." Word was sent to General Lee, and he rode over to the camp. The turkeys had been laid on a board on the snow. The General was told that the big one was his. He looked at it for a moment, and then said: "I don't know, gentlemen, what you are going to do with your turkeys, but I wish mine sent to the hospital in Petersburg, so that some of the convalescents may have a good dinner." We looked at one another for a moment, then replaced the turkeys in the barrel and sent them to the hospital.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Japanese Boy's Self-Denial

A little Japanese boy, the child of Christian parents, had been attending Sunday-school most regularly. One day his father received a letter from the boy's grandfather, saying that he hated Christianity, and that the child must be prevented at all costs from becoming a Christian. If the parents did not prevent this, the child should not inherit the family money. The parents were much distressed about the letter, but determined to leave it to the boy to make his own choice. So the father called the child, and after telling him of his grandfather's command, asked him what he would do. The child looked up at once into his father's face and answered: "Whatever my grandfather says, I must serve the true God. I have been learning about Daniel, who always stood firm for God, and I am going to be like him."—*The Church Monthly.*

For His Mother

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, but he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors; and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled; but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked,—and it seemed to be nearly everything,—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson: he had another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—*Baptist Young People.*

Caring for "Limpy"

"Here, boy, let me have a Sun." "Can't nohow, mister." "Why not? You've got them. I heard you call them out a minute ago, loud enough to be heard down to the City Hall." "Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered." "What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling, hand me out a paper. I'm in a hurry." "Couldn't sell you a paper in this here block, mister, 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furder end, now; you'll meet him." "Who is Limpy, and why does he have this special block?" "'Cos us other kids 'greed to let him have it. You see, it's a good run on 'count of all the offices along, and he's that lame that he can't get 'round lively like us rest, so we 'greed that the first one caught selling on his beat should be lit on and thrashed. See?" "Yes, I do see. So you newsboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?" "Well, we're going to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet!" "There comes Limpy now. He's lucky to have such friends." The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way downtown, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance for a clear field.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Helping Foreign Missions

I said, "Sophie, you have grown stout since I saw you last." "Oh, yes," said she, "why shouldn't I? Jesus' religion vas no lean religion. I haf love for breakfast, joy for dinner, und peace for supper. Last year I spend not a penny for meat, und at the end of the year I had on my back thirty pounds more alretty, und a missionary in Africa on what I saved."—*From "Sophie's Sermon."*

Won by Self-Denial

A Japanese student tells how he came to be a Christian. In a training college in Japan he and a young American, who was a Christian, went to the principal—a venerable Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church—and complained of the coldness of their rooms. The good Bishop replied, "I am sorry that the council at home cannot spare the money to repair your rooms," and then, turning to the Christian student, he said, "As far as you are concerned, we can soon settle the matter. You are young, your life is before you, and your health must be safeguarded. I am old, my work is nearly done, and my room faces south and is warm and bright. You shall have mine and I will take yours." The young man protested, but the Bishop had made up his mind, and nothing could alter his decision. The Japanese student was so impressed by the beautiful unselfishness of the Bishop, and his evident joy in the sacrifice he made, that he saw in it the spirit of Christ, and was led to give his life to the same Lord and Master.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Vision of Christ

Longfellow has put into beautiful poetry the story of the monk who from his boyhood had prayed that he might see the Christ, and on and on through visionless years he kept praying for this great boon. And suddenly one day, as he prayed, the light began to brighten in his dark cell, and brighten and brighten, until he knew it could mean nothing else than the long delayed answer to his prayer; the vision was drawing near.

Then the monastery bell struck the hour of vespers, when it was his duty to take a basket of loaves and feed the poor at the gate. But how could he leave his cell at such a moment? The vision might be gone when he came back from his ministry. But he remembered the words of his Master, "I was hungry, and ye did not give me to eat"; and, turning his back upon the vision, he hastened to minister to the Christ, in the persons of hungry men and women. When he came again to his cell, lo! the Christ! radiant and smiling, and with hand extended to bless. He said only these words: "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"—*Children's Friend.*

Why Mary Was Loved

A queer old man once made a tea-party for the little girls in town. When they had all come and were gathered in his front yard, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl, and asked

them all to vote which should have the prize. But many of them did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked girl. Then they all voted, and Mary was the one who had the most votes and received the doll, though no one could say that she was either the prettiest or the cleverest of them all. "Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why all like Mary the best." Nobody answered at first. But presently one of them spoke up and said: "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us want to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"—*The Presbyterian of the South.*

The White Side of the Cross

Samuel Rutherford has a wonderful saying, "Whoso looketh on the white side of Christ's cross"—. Did you ever know there was one? You know the black side of the cross. There is always a tendency after an address on the cross for men to go away and say, "Rather gloomy, was it not?" "Whoso looketh on the white side of Christ's cross, and taketh it up handsomely, shall find it to him such a burden as wings are to a bird." Let the saint take up the cross, and he shall find that it is such a burden unto him as shall carry him and all his burdens, as wings are unto a bird.—*The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M. A.*

Self-Denial Rewarded

There is a pretty German legend of a poor boy, the son of a widow, who had gathered in the wood a dish of strawberries. Returning home, a venerable man startled him by calling out, "My lad, let me have your full dish and you take my empty one." Pity for the old man's weakness and helplessness overcame the boy's reluctance to part with his berries, and he made the exchange and then went to work to fill the empty dish. Having accomplished this, he returned with it to his mother, to whom he told the story of his adventure. "Ah, happy are we, my child," she exclaimed; "the dish is pure gold." If you give God the contents of your dish, the dish itself will be turned into the gold of heaven.—*From "In Exchange for Heaven's Gold," by Mary G. Burdette.*

Helping the Weak Brother

Thomas Samson was a miner, and working hard for his bread. The captain of the mine said to him, "Thomas, I've an easier berth for you, where there is less to do and more money to earn. Will you accept it?" "Captain," said Thomas, "there's our poor brother Tregony; he has a sick body and is not able to work so hard as I am. I fear his hard work will shorten his useful life. Will you let him have the berth?" The captain, pleased with his generosity, sent for Tregony and gave him the berth, which he is now enjoying. The true Christian doesn't say, "What can I do for myself?" but, "What can I do for others?"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Sharing the Profits

Dr. Grenfell has told of a trapper in Labrador, the partner of a man easily discouraged; the arrangement was that they should share equally the hardships and the rewards. Both were very poor. One winter their lives were all but lost during a storm, and on reaching the mainland the timid man insisted on dissolving the partnership. In a few days the hardy trapper revisited the traps, and to his great joy he found in one a silver fox worth five hundred dollars. "How glad I am the partnership has been dissolved. The fox is all mine," was his first thought. But on second thought he felt that the man who had set the trap with him should share in the prize. There was a struggle, but at length the unselfish spirit won, and the trapper went to his friend with his share.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

The Joy of Self-Denial

A man had a crusty and unsympathetic friend whom he was anxious to win to better feeling. To this man, whose inner nature had never yet been warmed by the glow and presence of Christ, the world seemed cold and matter-of-fact, with little room for the play of sympathy, and scant reason for sacrifice. When Christmas came, his friend, a man of larger vision, persuaded him to join with him in trying to make others happy with Christmas cheer. When the day was over, the crusty man was like another being. His heart was melted to tenderness, his soul had been touched with sympathy and with the transforming power of sacrifice. "Why," he said jubilantly, "there must have been a real joy for Christ in dying on the Cross!"—*Rev. Edgar W. Work, D.D., in The American Messenger.*

Loved His Spiritual Father

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself (Luke 10:27).

Dr. John Timothy Stone, in his sermon at the opening session of the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, related how he saw the Rev. Frank E. Higgins setting out for the hospital for his late desperate operation, and one of Higgins' converts —a former prizefighter—with arms around the "sky pilot" sobbing: "Frank, maybe you're going to need a piece of bone or some skin or some blood. Just send me a wire if you do. The minute you tell me to come, I'll fly to you. Anything I've got you can call on me for." Such, said Dr. Stone, should be every Christian's word to Christ.—*The Continent.*

More Than Love for Humanity

Miss Kate Marsden, succorer of the Siberian leper, writes: "The claims of humanity are insufficient, alone, to sustain prolonged consecration to the service of the suffering: a higher inspiration is required." A gentleman once visited a hospital where the victims of a terrible malady were sheltered. To the nurse who accompanied him he said, "You must have a great deal of the enthusiasm of humanity to keep you in such a place as this." "Enthusiasm of humanity! sir," the nurse replied; "that motive would not keep us here for a single day: the love of Christ constraineth us!"—*The Life of Faith.*

Giving Up Things for Christ

A man who was seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much!" he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things that you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man; "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thoroughgoing Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it."—*The Christian Herald.*

Sacrificing for Others

From a newspaper clipping in my possession I cull the following: A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it. "That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year." The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's wealth. But he sacrificed all and devoted himself to the cause of temperance. How much are *you* willing to sacrifice for your neighbour's good?—*Rev. James H. Miller.*

The First Law of Grace

A number of ministers were once dining together after an ordination, and when one of them seemed unduly attentive to the good things before him, he met with the approval of the host, who said, "That's right! To take care of self is the first law of nature." "Yes, sir," said an old minister sitting near, in reply, "but to deny self is the first law of grace!" Self-control in all things is God's law for all men.—*The Sunday School Evangel.*

Watching with Christ

A Christian woman, who had been longing to serve Christ more definitely, received an appeal for sympathy and help from a member of her own family, and thought impatiently, "They are always in trouble." Immediately she seemed to hear the words of the Garden, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" "Oh, Lord," she cried, "this is the only way we can watch in Thy Gethsemane, by lifting up and cheering Thy people in their dark hours. May I never fail in doing it!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Flowers from the Cross

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in his book "The Life and Light of Men," says: "I saw a beautiful device once—a hollow cross, filled with flowers which fell out as the cross was carried. Shoulder your cross, child of God! After the first step there will be a shower of flowers. So it must be ever. Day out of night; spring out of winter; flowers out of frost; joy out of sorrow, fruitfulness out of pruning; Olivet out of Gethsemane; the Ascension out of Calvary; life out of death; and the Christ that is to be out of the pangs of a travailing creation."—*Florence R. Smith.*

For Sacrifice or Service

Jesus was baptized to service—His "cup" was the cup of suffering even unto death. This may be illustrated by the old Roman coin bearing the figure of an ox standing midway between an altar and a plow. Underneath were the words, "Ready for either." That must be the spirit of true Christianity —ready for sacrifice and ready for service.—*The Quiver.*

For His Wife's Sake

Henry S. Burrage, in *The World Today,* says: In the hospital [of the National Home for Old Soldiers] one day I came to the bedside of a veteran who told me he was eighty-five years old. "Have you a wife?" I asked. He said he had. "And how old is she?" I inquired. "Eighty-three," was the reply. "Well," I added, "it is certainly hard for you to be separated at this time of life." "Yes," he said, "but the pension money was not enough for us both, and so I came here in order that she might have it all."—*Juniata Rohrback.*

Rained Only Three Nights

Professor Graham Taylor, of The Commons, tells of a Chicago labourer who, that a neighbour woman might have a place to stay when her baby was born, let her occupy the room with his wife, while he himself slept in the park. "Rather tough on you, wasn't it?" the professor asked him. But, laughing, he answered: "Oh, no. *It only rained three nights."—The Sunday School Times.*

SELFISHNESS

The Moorish Palace

Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up (1 Cor. 13:4).

Don't get into the Moorish Palace, whatever you do! I saw it years ago in one of our great parks. It had a small grotto-like entrance into which we were invited by placards announcing its wonders and beauties, but once inside there were only mirrors, and whichever way you turned, you saw only yourself. You looked in one direction and you had grown tall and thin, in another short and wide. Your face expanded or lengthened in the most astonishing way. Every way you turned there were grotesque representations of yourself. In every direction the mirrors lured and deceived you, promising exits where there were none, only bringing the bewildered wanderer face to face with some other distorted reflection of himself—always himself. There are people who spend their lives in the Moorish Palace. Whichever way they turn they see nothing but self, and soon it grows to be an exaggerated and distorted self. They see it made little by fancied slights and they are resentful. They see it grow into importance by some success and their pride is gratified; but even when they think they are working for God, it is self that always slips into the foreground.—*From "The Front Row," by Kate W. Hamilton, in The Queen's Garden.*

Scorning a Labourer

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall (Prov. 16:18).

One day a beautiful young girl rustled into one of New York's old-fashioned horse-cars. Her dress, of pure white serge, was fresh from the dressmaker's. The car was crowded, and among the passengers were some Italian labourers. "I think it is dreadful," she scornfully whispered to her companion. "Why doesn't the company refuse to let such creatures on the cars? He will ruin my dress if I touch him. Just see how he stares at me." And so he did; and then he arose, and, leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her. The girl grew restive. "I am sure he is very impertinent," she said, with added scorn, and when the conductor came she motioned him. "Won't you make this man move?" she said. "Move up!" ordered the conductor. "Yes," the Italian answered; "but see ze oil! Ze bootiful lady, see!" The lady looked up, and there saw the oil lamp had sprung a leak, and would have dripped all over her had not this man seen it, and stretched out his arms above her, formed an umbrella, which had perfectly protected her beautiful dress and bonnet. A guilty blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him. "It's a lesson I will not soon forget, that this poor labourer has a better soul than I have. I'll never again be scornful to any one."—*From Dr. J. M. Farrar, in The Christian Herald.*

Their Selfishness Rebuked

A very rich merchant who had an only son made his will, by which he gave all his wealth, which amounted

to three hundred thousand francs, to certain monks, leaving them to give to his son such sum as they wished. The merchant died; the monks took all to themselves without wishing to give anything to the heir. The latter complained to the viceroy, who, having seen the will, asked the monks what they offered to the son. "Ten thousand francs," they replied. "You wish, then, to have all the rest?" "Yes, my lord, we demand the execution of the will." "That is just," said the viceroy, "but you do not understand it properly. It is said that the son shall have that which *you* wish. You grant ten to the heir; it is two hundred and ninety thousand francs that you want. Ah, well! following the clause of the will, this sum is set apart for the son. I order you to give it to him; the ten thousand francs remaining are therefore yours." They were obliged to submit.—*From "Traits of Character," by H. F. Kletzing.*

Selfish Building

He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord (1 Cor. 1:31).

An Egyptian architect was commissioned by one of the Pharaohs to build a lighthouse at the mouth of the Nile. On a piece of rock, duly selected, Cnidus, the architect, erected the house of light. Engraved upon the cement which covered the outside of the lighthouse was the name of Pharaoh. In a few years the effect of wind and rain had worn the cement away and Pharaoh's name had vanished. Then it was discovered that the wily Cnidus had engraved his own name in the masonry beneath. Christian work may be done outwardly for the glory of God; but when the underlying motive is laid bare, our own glory often turns out to be the real aim.—*From the Rev. W. L. Mackenzie, in "Pure Religion."*

Why He Changed Churches

I said to a young man who had left the church of his parents for another: "What was the matter with the church you left?" "Nothing," he answered, "except they do a lot more for a fellow over there where I go now. They give you a splendid present Chrstmas, and a social with refreshments once a month, and a chance to get in with folks that can help you socially." That was his idea of the mission of the Christian Church. I was not surprised later to hear that he had left that church for another. Meeting him, I said: "What has attracted you this time?" "Oh, they didn't re-elect me president of the social league of the church, and I won't stand it to be slighted." It is safe to conclude that such a member is not worth much to any church.—*The Classmate.*

Lost His Crop by Greed

There is a parable in India of the Selfish Fool, to whom a rice field was bequeathed. The first season, the irrigation water covered his field and made it fruitful, then flowed on to his neighbour's fields, bringing fertility everywhere. But the next season the Selfish Fool said within his heart, "This water is wealth, it is liquid harvest. I was a fool to let this treasure escape to my neighbour's land." He robbed his neighbour—and he spoiled his own crop. For the irrigation water brought blessing while it flowed, but when it became stagnant it bred a marsh.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Selfish Benevolence

"Aunt Mary was very kind to stay with you this afternoon," said a mother to the small convalescent whom she had left in care of a relative, and whose wearied little face an hour later did not speak well for the success of the experiment. "I hope you were not fretful when she was trying so hard to amuse you." "She wasn't; she just wanted to 'muse herself reading books to me when I wanted to play puzzles," was the truthful reply. There are many so-called kindnesses and benevolences which an honest analysis would reveal in exactly the same light—their chief element is selfishness.—*Forward.*

The Me Bird

Miss Gordon Cumming tells how she heard, in Japan, a bird which seemed to have for its sole note, "Me! Me! Me!" She and her party called it "the me bird." It sometimes seems as though there were many people who are a species of "me birds," who seem to feel no obligation to others, and who consider the whole universe as made simply for themselves. — *The Christian Herald.*

Would Have Saved His Own Head

In a Sunday-school class, in which the lesson about John the Baptist's death was being studied, the teacher asked whether Herod was obliged to keep his vow. A bright little boy said: "I guess if she had asked for his own

head Herod would not have felt himself obliged to keep it!"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Destructive Selfishness

No man can do ill and his fellows not suffer. A vessel, sailing from Joppa, carried a passenger who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with him, saying, "What doest thou, O miserable man?" the offender calmly replied, "What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Selfish Politics

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul (Acts 4 : 32).

They were different from the two coloured men in Washington who were appointed a committee to pick out a candidate for an important political office. After a while one of them came back into the meeting, and asked for an extension of time. "Mr. Chairman," he said very solemnly, "the committee is divided. Mr. Johnson he's for hisself, and I'm for myself, and we're having hard work to get together!" If we could get at the bottom facts of the failure of many benevolent enterprises, they could be summed up in this naïve confession of the coloured man.—*From "Just a Minute," by C. F. Goss, D.D.*

Wrapped Up in Himself

We sometimes speak of men and women — even Christian men and women—being "wrapped up in themselves," and when a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small parcel—when he has shrunk to that size so that he can be wrapped up in himself, there is not much to wrap up. —*From J. Stuart Holden, D.D., at Keswick Convention.*

She Liked to Be First

A noted French actress was once asked by an admirer to write something in his album. Taking the album in her hand and finding a number of entries, she immediately turned it round and wrote as if the last page was the first, the significant sentence: "I like to be first." These are the words that many are writing in indelible letters on the page of life.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

SELF-SACRIFICE

Better Than Living

"'A man must live!' We justify
Low shift and trick, to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold,
Or a whole senate bought and sold,
With this self-evident reply—
'A man must live!'

"But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
A man must live?
There are times when a man must die!
There are times when a man will die!
Imagine for a battle-cry
From soldiers with a sword to hold,
From soldiers with a flag unfurled,
This coward's whine, this liar's lie—
'A man must live!'

"The Saviour did not 'live'!
He died!
But in His death was life,
Life for Himself and all mankind.
He found His life by losing it!
And we, being crucified
Afresh with Him, may find
Life in the cup of death,
And drinking it
Win life forevermore."

—*Record of Christian Work.*

Gave His Life for God

George Atley was a young Englishman, with the instincts and heart of a hero. He was engaged in the Central African Mission. The story came to us last year of his being attacked by a party of natives. He had with him a Winchester repeating rifle, with ten chambers loaded; he had the party completely at his mercy. Calmly and coolly he summed up the situation, and finally concluded that if he killed them he would do more harm to the mission than were he to let them take his own life. So as a lamb to the slaughter he was led, and when his dead body was found in the stream, his rifle was also found, its ten chambers untouched.—*Quoted by Dr. M. J. MacLeod, in "Heavenly Harmonies for Earthly Living."*

Gave His Life for Others

Some men of the West Yorkshire Regiment were marching through the long, narrow street of a village near Rheims, when a man suddenly dashed out of a farmhouse on the right. Im-

mediately a number of rifles cracked in front of the troops, and the man fell dead. He proved to be a man of the Royal Irish Regiment who had been taken prisoner the previous day, and was held in the farm, where the Germans were in ambush. Although he knew that the slightest movement on his part would mean death, he, as soon as the British were near enough, made the rush, which, being followed by the firing of the rifles, disclosed the enemy's ambush. His body was carried into a house until the fight was over, and then the men buried him. One who took part in the ceremony said: "There wasn't a dry eye amongst us when we laid him to rest in that little village."—*The Christian Herald.*

A Test of Manhood

Two hundred feet above the East River two men were working on the Manhattan Tower of the Queensboro Bridge. Ten feet below, half a dozen workmen were engaged, and farther down others, perhaps a score in all, toiled each at his particular task. A steel beam of several tons' weight was lowered, on the day in question, to its proper position, the business of the two men being to guide it into place. Before the great weight of steel could be securely fastened it began to slip, and the efforts of the men were powerless to keep it from sliding toward the open space below. They had only to stand out of the way to see many of their fellow-workmen crushed to death. An instant for decision and one brave fellow gasped, "I'll stick to it if you will." The other nodded, and the two held on grimly until their fellow-workmen could swarm up the ladders, and again attach the derricks to the mighty beam. *In the meantime a hand of each of the heroes had been ground off at the wrist.* Why won't men do the easier things of self-control for their brothers' sakes?—*Harper's Weekly.*

Gave His Life for Others

On November 7, 1907, a Mexican engine driver, by the name of J. Garcia, was at the throttle attached to a loaded train at Nacozari, a small mining town in the state of Sonora. Among the cars were several loaded with dynamite, and while the train was standing in the station, fire somehow broke out in a box car. It rapidly approached the cars of dynamite. There was no way of checking it, and the explosion of those cars would wipe the village off the map, and probably destroy every person in it. Other employees forsook the scene, calling on every one to escape. Not so Garcia. Coolly remaining in his cab, he opened the throttle, and set the train in motion. Slowly he drew it out on the line, away from the village. Presently there was a frightful detonation. The train was blown to atoms, the engine reduced to scrap iron. No trace of the brave engineer was afterward found. A fund has been raised to build a monument to him.—*The (Nashville) Christian Advocate.*

Sacrificed All He Owned

Abram obeyed. Pierre Barlot was a gunner in the fort of Mont Valerin during the Prussian siege of Paris. One day he was standing by his gun when General Noel, the commander, came up and levelled his glass at the Sevres bridge. "Gunner," he said, "do you see the Sevres bridge over there?" "Yes, sir." "And that little shanty in a thicket of shrubs to the left?" "I see it, sir," said Pierre, turning pale. "It's a nest of Prussians; try it with a shell, my man." Pierre turned paler still. He sighted his piece deliberately, carefully, then fired it. "Well hit, my man, well hit!" exclaimed the general. But as he looked at Pierre he was surprised to see a great tear running down the gunner's cheek. "What's the matter, man?" "Pardon me, general," said Pierre, "it was my house,—everything I had in the world."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Sacrificed Money for God

In Madagascar a Government order forbade any Malagasy in Government employ to take any part in a religious service in any of the authorized church buildings on the island. One of the native Christians affected by the new regulation was an ordnance map-maker, who was the superintendent of a mission school. He had a very good salary as Government official, but he never hesitated. He stuck to the Sunday-school till he was ordered to a place many miles away. There he found a small Sunday-school and helped it until he was fined and dismissed. Eventually he became an evangelist under the native missionary society. "I was told," he said, "to choose between God and money. My reply was, without hesitation—God."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Sacrificed $100,000 a Year

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue-ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it. "That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about £20,000 a year." The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known throughout the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent-meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."—*The Children's Record.*

Blessed in Self-Denial

A man was seized with illness on a railway train. He had no friends; no one knew him; he was in a bad plight, needing medical attention and rest, but without money. Two delegates to a Christian Endeavour convention saw his trouble, and resolved to care for him. They got off the train, took him to a hotel, called a doctor, and stayed with him until he was able to be sent home. The money that was to pay their convention expenses was used in this way, but they had the Master with them, and enjoyed a blessed convention of their own while they were ministering to the sick.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Self Effacement

As the sweetest bird-notes the world hears are those of the nightingale that fills the dark hours with melody when the bird is itself unseen, so every witness should be such a "burning and shining light," glowing and flashing with a message that fills the soul, and yet so hidden as to be only "a voice" for Christ, satisfied to say:

"Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song."

—*Dr. Crafts, in The Christian Herald.*

M. Pasteur's Self-Sacrifice

When, in 1865, the cholera broke out in Paris, among those who offered their services for the terrible conflict was Louis Pasteur, then Professor in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and already famous in the scientific world. With two assistants, Pasteur established himself in the attic of one of the hospitals above the cholera ward, and there carried on his investigations and experiments with the disease. One day a friend spoke to him of the work that he was doing. "Experiments of that sort must require much courage," he said. Pasteur's answer was in three words. "What about duty?" he asked quietly.—*Forward.*

Hull House's Sacrifice

Representatives of an informal association of manufacturers waited upon Miss Jane Addams when Hull House was seeking to secure the passage of the first factory regulation. They intimated that if the residents of Hull House would drop "this nonsense about a sweat-shop bill" certain business men would agree to give $50,000 within two years, "to be used for any of the philanthropic activities of the Settlement." Miss Addams replied that while not ambitious about the size of Hull House, the residents desired to protect their neighbours from unfavourable conditions. If, to accomplish this, the destruction of Hull House was necessary, they would "cheerfully sing a 'Te Deum' over its ruins.'—*From "Twenty Years at Hull House."*

The Beauty of Self-Sacrifice

Sir Edward Malet, in his book of reminiscences, remarks on the perfect beauty of expression often to be met with on the faces of religious men and women who have entirely devoted themselves to their work. Sir Edward puts it this way:—

"It is the realisation of the Buddhist doctrine that if you can attain to perfect goodness you are absorbed into the Divinity, and the divine expression which comes into the faces of those who have killed their baser nature is like the glory about the Throne."—*Selected.*

A Lesson from Animals

A Welsh clergyman, preaching on forbearance, said that in this respect we were greatly inferior to animals. To prove this, he mentioned as an example the circumstance of two goats, which met one another upon a narrow plank across a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. "Now, how do you think they did? Why, I'll tell you. One lay down, and let the other leap over him. Ah, my beloved, let us take a lesson from these goats!"—*The Christian Herald.*

The Reward of Self-Sacrifice

Mahmood, the conqueror of India, once captured the city of Gujerat. He had destroyed all its idols save one. When the attendant priests offered him a huge ransom if he would spare it, he answered, "It shall not be said that Mahmood is a trafficker in idols," and smote the image. Its interior was filled with all manner of precious stones. If we will shatter our idols and enthrone our Lord, the treasures of heaven will spring into being where but now the idols stood.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Sir Wm. Ramsay's Self-Effacement

Some of the daily papers contained the following paragraph early last September: "A pathetic offer by Sir William Ramsay, the distinguished scientist, has just appeared in the *London Times.* It reads: 'Although I am too old to be of use in the firing line, I am ready to take up any chemical work whatever. That will release a younger man for enlisting. I don't care what I do—mix prescriptions behind a counter, or wash bottles, if you like.'"—*The Rochester Times.*

Gave His Life for His Brother

He came to her one day: "I go back to my country," he said. She replied, "How sorry I am; but I hope to see you on your return." "I come not again; I go clear home." "How do you mean?" "'There are many mansions.' I go to claim mine." He was in perfect health, and spoke quietly, almost cheerfully; she was sorely puzzled. Bit by bit she drew the story from him. His brother was married; with a wife and children. For some violation of the law, not murder, this brother was sentenced to death. "Oh," she cried, "is there no other way?—if he is a bad man—" and she stopped. Eagerly he looked up. "My brother no Christian; he no claim mansion. He mean more to his family than me. I die for him, as Jesus die for me; maybe Jesus let me claim my brother and all for him." When she saw he was "steadfastly minded she left off speaking to him." It was one of our many foreigners and his local home mission worker.—*Mrs. W. D. Slaven, Lewisburg, W. Va.*

Getting Away from Self

A lady was standing on her porch one bright spring morning. She did not appear happy or contented, and she confided her restlessness to her negro housekeeper. "Oh, I wish I could go away! I do so need a change!" "Now, chile," said the old negro, "wot you want git 'way fum? Dis yere beau'ful house? Now wot you want git 'way fum? Dese yere lubly chilluns? Now wot you want git 'way fum? You gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber you go." This is the great penalty for wrong-doing. We cannot get away from ourselves; we have to "lug ourselves along," as Judas found to be so terribly true. Our only safety is to let self be crucified with Christ.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Sacrifice for Missions

It is said that when Dr. Temple was Bishop of London he sent a young man to a position involving much hardship. The young man's friends tried to dissuade him from accepting it, and he went to the bishop and told him that he believed he would not live two years if he accepted the appointment. Dr. Temple listened, and replied somewhat in this way: "But you and I do not mind a little thing like that, do we?"—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

Didn't Have to Come Back

Several years ago, a vessel foundered on Diamond Shoals in a fearful storm. Her signals of distress were seen, and Captain Pat Etheridge got the lifeboat ready. The storm grew worse and the wind, which was off shore, grew more violent every moment. He ordered the crew to launch the boat, but they hesitated. Then one of them spoke: "Captain Pat, it's no use with that wind. We can launch the boat and we can reach the ship, but we can never come back." There was silence, except for the wail of the storm; then Captain Pat said: "Boys, we don't have to *come back.*" The crew looking into his flashing eyes understood. They reached the wreck, took off the survivors, and, the wind changing a point or two, after nine hours of heroic toil, got back to the station. "Boys, we don't have to come back," is repeated at life-saving stations on both coasts wherever there are dangers to run, deeds to do, and lives to save.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Faithful Unto Death

In that heroic stand of the French at Plemont Hill, against 4,000 of their army were flung 30,000 of the best

German troops, after a violent bombardment beginning a quarter before midnight. About half past two came the telegram, "Bombardment worse on our right." At 4.51, "After repulsing several attacks I am surrounded on the right." At 7.45 the left announced that the right had fallen; half an hour later it reported, "We are holding, but are surrounded." At 10 o'clock, "Still holding. Enemy attacks incessant." At quarter to twelve, "Enemy masses are everywhere, but we are still holding." Then at five minutes after noon came the last message: "Done for." The little band of heroes had been faithful unto death. But their resistance had not been in vain, for it had enabled reserve battalions to organize a strong defense, against which the German wave was shattered again and again.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Saved Through Saving Others

Several years ago there was an account in a Boston newspaper of a three-masted schooner which was wrecked off the Maine coast in a terrible storm on a cold, black night in December. The crew put out in two boats. One was so crowded that she was in imminent danger of swamping. Two of the men voluntarily jumped into the sea, thinking to lose their lives that the others might be saved. In their struggles the two men were thrown on the shore of a little island and were rescued, but the boats containing the remainder of the crew were blown out to sea by the gale and lost. If we lose sight of self and think only of the cause of Christ, He will save us for all the glory which He is preparing for us.—*The Boston Post.*

Dying for Missions

A brilliant Oxford student was giving himself to the Wesleyan Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young fellow (who did die after being on the field only a year) answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth all unseen to be a foundation for the bridge. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave I am content; certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."—*James D. Lawson.*

A Self-Sacrificing Missionary

"I do not know anything about it," said Dr. Grenfell, the great medical missionary of the Labrador, when he spoke upon self-sacrifice at the Northfield Conference last summer.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

Gordon's Fight with Self

A friend saw General Gordon's face flush with pride and ambition when Sir Samuel Baker told him that he was likely to be called to be governor-general of the Soudan. Late that night Gordon entered his friend's room, and began inquiringly: "You saw me today?" Then he said quietly, "Yes, you saw *me;* that was myself,—the self I want to get rid of."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Syrian's Self-Denial

We talk of "self-denial," but what do we know of sacrifice? A Syrian minister in the Lebanon mountains, early this winter, fasted for twenty days to keep the poorer people of his village from starving to death. He so weakened himself by his privation that he died.—*The Christian Advocate.*

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

A Self-Righteous Rabbi

Rabbi Simeon, son of Jochai, said, "The world is not worth thirty righteous persons such as our father Abraham. If there were only thirty righteous persons in the world, I and my son should make two of them; and if there were only twenty, I and my son should be of the number; and if there were only ten, I and my son would be of them; and if there were only five, I and my son would be of the five; and if there were but two, I and my son would be those two; and if there were but one, *myself should be that one.*"—*Beresith Rabbi.*

Christ Wants You

A touching incident has been told of a sixteen-year-old girl who was a chronic invalid, and whose mother was a pleasure-loving woman who could not endure the idea of being much with her shut-in daughter. While the mother was traveling abroad in Italy, she remembered the coming birthday of her daughter, and sent her a rare and wonderful Italian vase. The trained nurse brought it to the girl, saying that her

mother had sent it so carefully that it came right on her birthday. After looking at its beauty for a moment the girl turned to the nurse and said: "Take it away, take it away. O mother, mother, do not send me anything more; no books, no flowers, no vases, no pictures. Send me no more. I want you, you."

Don't give Christ things—only things. He wants you. "Son, daughter, give Me thy heart." That daughter wanted her mother. She wanted her presence, her companionship, her love. Christ wants you. He wants you first of all. He wants your yielded heart, your confidence, your trust, your union with Him. He wants your love, prompting you to give the best possibilities you have. He says, "I want you, you." Your heart fully given, He knows all else will follow.—*Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, in the Christian Endeavour World.*

The Imperfect Fence

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting (Dan. 5:27).

A pointed story is told by the *Epworth Herald* of a man who prided himself on his morality, and expecting to be saved by it was constantly saying: "I am doing pretty well on the whole. I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am pretty honest. I work on Sundays when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and never got drunk in my life." This man hired a Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening when the Scotchman came in from work, the man said: "Well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it good and strong?" "I canna say it is all tight and strong," Jack replied, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I do not know but I have left a little gap here and there a yard or so wide, but I made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part." "What!" cried the man, not seeing the point, "do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will be sure to go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?" "I used to think so," said the man, "but I hear you talking so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle."—*Juniata Rohrback, in The Sunday School Times.*

What About the Past?

I want to tell you that the way to heaven is a blood-stained way. No man has ever reached it without Jesus Christ, and he never will. A man said to me: "I'll cut the booze and get on the water wagon." "Good, what else?" "I guess I'll quit cussing." "All right. What else?" "Of course I am a gambler; I'll quit gambling, and I'll never touch a pack of cards." "All right; what else?" "I'm a bad man, and I'll live a clean life." "Good; what else?" He said: "If I quit these things I think they cover about all. I'll quit drinking, swearing, stop gambling, and I'll quit being impure." I said: "Good. Give me your hand and say you'll accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour." He said: "No, I won't. If I stop those things I won't need to do that." Is that so? That's man's way of salvation. Those are simple resolutions. Resolutions have to do with the present and the future, but never with the past. Supposing you owed a man $25 and you should go and say to him: "I've made up my mind that I'm going to pay cash for what I get from now on." "Good; I'm glad of the resolution. But you owe me $25, what about that?" "Oh, if I pay cash from now on that will call us square." You try to pay the debts you owe God by simply reforming and see where you lose out.—*Billy Sunday.*

Self-Deceived

A little boy was on the scales, and, being very anxious to outweigh his playmates, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "Oh!" he cried in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!"

How true that is of us bigger children, who try to impress ourselves upon our neighbours and friends, sometimes upon God Almighty, by the virtues we would like to have! It does not do any good. You may impose upon your neighbour's judgment, and get him to say you are a fine fellow—noble, generous, brave, faithful, loving; but if it is not deeply true, if you are not generous, brave, and loving, these fancied qualities are not moving

him to be generous, brave and loving. "You can only weigh what you are."—*The Wellspring.*

Must Have the Heart

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God (Matt. 5:8).

There is a story of a coloured man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying, "I wand yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jes' doan' keep no mo' kerrec time for mo' den six monfs." "Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker. "Out at de house on Injun Creek." "But I must have the clock." "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'ceptin' de han's? And I done brought 'em to you. You jes' want the clock so you can tinker with it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's." And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his caution is very like that of those who try to regulate their life without being made right on the inside. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the coloured man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "We only wish to avoid this or that habit." But the Master Workman says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the heart."—*From "Way of Faith."*

The Higher Commandment

Ye leave the commandment of God, and hold fast the tradition of men (Mark 7:8).

Beyond the finest tradition of men, a higher command awaits us, if we go far enough. On the train the other day a private sat with his tunic unbuttoned, for the temperature was high. A sergeant strode up to him and said: "Button up that tunic! Did you never hear of By-law 217, Sub-section D? I'm Sergeant J. Winterbottom." A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sternly on the shoulder. "How dare you issue orders with a pipe in your mouth?" he asked. "Go home and read Par. 174, Section M, Part 9. I am Major E. Carrol." Here a gentleman with a drooping white mustache interposed from the other side of the aisle: "If Major Carroll," he said coldly, "will consult By-law 31 of Section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offence not lightly to be overlooked."—*The Examiner.*

Abandoning Book-Keeping

These last have spent but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us (Matt. 20:12).

William J. Bryan says, epigrammatically, "The man who tries to keep a book account of the good he does never does enough good to pay for the binding of the book." Unconsciousness is one of the most attractive qualities about goodness. The saint remembers his sins and forgets his good deeds.—*Forward.*

His Crimes Not Atoned For

In the city of Brooklyn, two or three years ago, a detective went into a drug store, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a man and said, "You're wanted." He admitted his crime and asked to be allowed to go home and say good-bye to his wife and child. They went to his home. He met his wife and little child in the parlour and said: "Wife, haven't I been a kind husband? Haven't I been a good father and worked hard to make a living?" She replied, "Yes; what do you mean?" "I mean that I am an escaped convict from the penitentiary." He was all right with his wife and child and neighbours, but all wrong with the State of New York. You may be all right with your friends and neighbours, but all wrong with God.—*From "Milk and Meat," by A. C. Dixon.*

Better Than Patches

It was in a rescue home. Men from the lowest depths, stranded, maimed, outcasts, helpless in body and soul, made up the audience. The preacher, dead in earnest, keen, alert, knew his men and their needs. His subject was Jesus' power to make whole, and the appeal was to these needy men to give themselves to the love and strength of Him who was almighty to help. Gripping the men with his keen, telling truths, he suddenly paused, then cried out, "Remember, men, it's not patched, but made whole." The shot struck the mark. In the testimony that followed the men said, "That's it, that's it; not patched, but made whole." One after another testified, "I tried patching, and it failed, but Jesus made me whole." What a truth! Jesus does not patch, He makes whole. He does "all things well."—*John S. MacIntosh, D.D.*

Man's Extremity God's Opportunity

Two men were standing upon a bank fishing in water twenty feet in depth.

One man was an expert swimmer, the other could not swim at all. The man who could not swim lost his footing and fell into the water. He struggled to get out and tried to climb the slippery bank, but fell back. A second time he rose, still struggling fiercely, while the man upon the bank looked calmly on with folded arms. At last the drowning man gave up hope and sank, helpless and exhausted. Then the man upon the bank dived into the water, and lifted his friend out in safety, and brought him back to life. "Why did you not save me before?" asked the man after he had regained consciousness. "If I had attempted to save you at first," his friend answered, "when you were struggling, you would have caught me about the neck, and we should both have been drowned. When you gave up I could save you." When we give up trying to save ourselves and trust to Christ, He saves to the uttermost.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cleansing the Inside

While walking down a street one day, I passed a store where a man on the pavement was washing the large plate-glass shop-window. There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. "It's on the inside," he called out to some one in the store. Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with tears of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamois of morality, but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, "It's on the inside." Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inside, for there God's Spirit alone can reach.—*The Wellspring.*

Not Identified with Christ

Suppose the man who refuses to take his stand with Christ were to put his argument into the form of prayer something after the following fashion: "Father in heaven, I have followed Thy Son (to a certain extent); I have obeyed His commands (with certain exceptions); I have kept company with His disciples (taking care not to be counted among them); I have done something to forward His kingdom on earth (declining to be naturalized as its citizen); in short, I have tried to do my duty to everybody except Jesus Christ, and I think I ought to be excused for my failure to honour Him openly!" What answer must we suppose God would make to such a plea? —*From a leaflet on church membership issued by Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.*

Hoped to Get to Heaven

One day as Ah Koh, the Chinese postman in an inland city of China, handed out the letters to the missionary he bemoaned the feebleness of his advancing years, then remarked, "Oh, well, it will not be long before I am in my heavenly home!" "But, Ah Koh," remonstrated the missionary, "you have not accepted Christ; how can you expect to reach heaven?" The old man responded hopefully, "Surely, after I've brought letters to you all these years, one of you will get me in." Living with Christians, doing Christian service, may make it easier for one to accept Christ, but one is not a Christian until he has received Christ as his own Saviour.—*Forward.*

Trusting God's Free Grace

Mr. McLaren and Mr. Gustart were both ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. When Mr. McLaren was dying, Mr. Gustart visited him, and put the question to him: "What are you doing, brother?" His answer was: "I'll tell you what I am doing, brother. I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my evil, and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace." It was a wise resolution.—*The Sabbath Companion.*

Losing Self and Finding Christ

A person who had long practised many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart was once complaining of his state to a certain bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me where you think I shall learn to leave myself. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the bishop, "that the place where you lose self will be that where you find your Saviour."—*The Christian Herald.*

Could Not See His Own Sins

In a certain village in Scotland there lived a half-witted man whose coat presented a most curious appearance. All down the front it was covered with patches of various sizes, mostly large.

When asked why the coat was patched in such a remarkable way, he answered that the patches represented the sins of his neighbours. He pointed to each patch, and gave the story of the sin of some one in the village, then went on to another, until he had related the sins of all in the village. On the back of his coat there was a small patch, no bigger than a three-penny piece. On being asked what it represented, he said, "That's my ain sin, and I canna see it!" Is not this a fair picture of the attitude of the Pharisees in Christ's time? And how about our own attitude today?—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Difficult to Abandon Self

When Nansen was drifting about in the Polar ice in the "*Fram*" waiting for the hypothetical current to drift him across the North Pole, he wrote: "It wants ten times more strength of mind to sit still and trust in your theories, and let Nature work without your being able to lay so much as one stick across another to help, than it does to trust in working them out by your own energy—that is nothing when you have a pair of strong arms." It was a similar but higher kind of faith that Moses asked the Israelites to exercise at the Red Sea.—*Dr. Bruce Taylor.*

Good Deeds Not the Test

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, . . . but have not love, it profiteth me nothing (1 Cor. 13:3).

"I handled a queer five-dollar bill the other day. It had done a heap of good,—paid the widow's rent, bought food for the hungry, squared up three or four accounts, made a church treasurer happy when he found it on the plate, and made the sexton happier when his back salary was paid by it; but in due course of time it came back to the bank whose name it bore, and lo! the teller threw it out. 'What's wrong?' asked the depositor. 'Counterfeit,' said the teller. All its good deeds had not made it pass the bank where its real character was discovered."—*The Baptist Record.*

Two Kinds of Men

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief (1 Tim. 1:15).

Pascal says: "There are two kinds of men,—the righteous who believe themselves sinners, and the sinners who believe themselves righteous." Paul belonged to the first class, and so did Charles Hodge, of Princeton. He was announcing a hymn one day in the oratory of the theological seminary, and as he read he came to the lines:

"That blood can make the foulest clean,
That blood availed for me."

But he could not read them, try as he would. "That blood availed,"—he could not get beyond that. The strong man bowed before the storm of emotion, and, dropping into his chair, he buried his face in his hands. But we students had no difficulty in singing the whole hymn.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why She Could Not Go In

The door was shut (Matt. 25:10).

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, at the annual meeting of the West London Mission, told the following story concerning the Guild of Brave Poor Things: One evening when the unfortunate members of the guild were having a tea a little girl was seen crying bitterly outside the door. A number of crutches and sticks were piled in the passage while their owners were enjoying themselves inside. On being questioned as to the cause of her grief, and asked what was the matter, she sobbed and, pointing to the crutches, she said, "That's it; there ain't nothing the matter with me, and I can't go in unless there is." Isn't that what keeps many out of the kingdom? They think there is nothing the matter with them, and Christ came not to heal the hale but the sick. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. To the halt and the blind and the needy there is an ever-open door.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Christ the Only Way

I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me (John 14:6).

A man dreamed that he constructed a ladder from earth toward heaven, and when he did a good deed his ladder went up two feet. When he did an unusually good deed his ladder went still higher. When he gave large sums of money to the poor it went still higher. After a while it went out of sight, and as the years rolled on he expected at his death to step off that ladder into heaven. But in his dream he heard a voice thunder from the skies: "He that climbeth up some other

way, the same is a thief and a robber." Down came the man, ladder and all, and he awoke. He realized then his mistake, and sought salvation in the only Way.—*The Christian Age.*

Safety Only in the Ark

There is no distinction between Jew and Greek; for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all them that call upon him (Rom. 10:12).

Some one has said that a little fly in Noah's ark was just as safe as an elephant. It was not the elephant's size and strength that made him safe; it was the ark that saved both elephant and fly. It is not your righteousness, your good works, that will save you. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, you can be saved only by the blood of Christ.—*D. L. Moody.*

Saved Only as a Sinner

It is recorded that when the father of the late Queen Victoria, the Duke of Kent, lay dying, he expressed some anxiety about his soul. His doctor endeavoured to comfort him by reminding him of how admirably he had deported himself in the conspicuous position in which he had been placed in the world. But the duke checked him, saying, "No, if I am to be saved it is not as a prince, but as a sinner." —*The Presbyterian Record.*

For Invalids Only

A woman who was speaking enthusiastically of a certain bath establishment which was not open to the public, but which received people only when sent there by physicians, explained, "You've got to have something the matter with you to get in." That is precisely the condition of entrance into the healing and joys of life in Christ. —*The Sunday School Times.*

Like Self-Righteousness

A minister was going along the road one day when he saw a man working in a field. He could see the land was not of much value, so he said: "Sir, I think your land is not very productive; is it?" "No, it's just like self-righteousness." "Indeed, how's that?" "The more a man has of it, the poorer he is."—*The Sunday Companion.*

Righteous Only Outwardly

Rabbi Shammai, the narrow-minded rival of Hillel, was so scrupulous that he nearly starved his little son on the Day of Atonement, and made a sort of booth of his daughter-in-law's bed that his little grandson, just born, might keep the Feast of Tabernacles. Yet we are told that he was a luxurious and selfish man. It is easier to tithe mint than to live a holy life.—*Canon Farrar.*

Righteous Only in His Own Eyes

A picture of Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court represents a small boy as protesting: "I ain't no bad kid. I washes my face every day." His view of morality is one that prevails in quarters supposed to be far higher than his. Pilate's plan of washing his hands by way of establishing his innocence has never gone out of fashion.—*Forward.*

Did Not See His Own Wickedness

St. Augustine tells of a man who complained to Almighty God about a neighbour, saying, "O Lord, take away this wicked person?" And God said, "Which?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Glorifying Self

Phidias, the great sculptor, was employed by the Athenians to make a statue of the goddess Diana, and he succeeded so well as to produce a *chef-d'oeuvre.* But the artist became enamoured of his own work, and was so anxious that his name should go down to posterity that he secretly engraved his name in one of the folds of the drapery; which, when the Athenians discovered, they indignantly banished the man who had polluted the sanctity of their goddess. So would self-righteous sinners act with the pure, spotless robe of Him who knew no sin. Let them beware.—*G. S. Bowes.*

You can always tell when a man is a great way from God—when he is always talking about himself, how good he is.—*D. L. Moody.*

Not Far from the Kingdom

When I read "Evangeline" the first time it was not the anguish and the pain of the first parting that impressed me most. It was when in the boats, Gabriel in one, Evangeline in the other, after so many years of wandering, so many years of hope, and hope deferred, came so near to each other that they might have reached out their hands and touched one another, and they never knew it. There was nothing in that whole poem that so impressed me as the supreme moment when on the moonlit waters she came so near to him

whose life was her life and missed him. And there are so many of us who are striving to live good lives and true, who struggle to be pure and right, and what we should be, who are coming so near to what God meant us to know and are not knowing it. But we may. Every time there comes hurled out of God's holy book with tremendous power the awfulness of sin, there comes after it the record of the overpowering, magnificent love.—*Margaret Slattery, in The Record of Christian Work.*

When Christ Cleanses

A little coloured boy, having watched his old mammy's success in bleaching clothes, covered his face with soapsuds, and lay down on the lawn in the hot sun with the hope of turning white. It was a very uncomfortable and disappointed boy whom his mother admonished a couple of hours later. "Lan's sake, chile! Don't you know ye can't make white folks of yerse'f by bleaching from the outside?" she asked. And yet that is an experience which the world has never ceased trying. But Christianity is not a change wrought from the outside, but from within.—*Forward.*

SERVING GOD

The Flowers or the Crown

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town";
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black,
There's nothing but noise and din";
And He wept as He sent me back,
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun";
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say";
He answered, "Choose tonight,
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven,
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town,
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you have the flowers, or the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He,
And I walked, in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.

—*George Macdonald.*

Good Deeds Healthy

Ancient Grecian and Roman ladies used to reckon their age from the date of their marriage. Many wise persons have reckoned their years from the time that they really began to live as they ought. Mere existence can hardly be said to be living.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs; he lives most
Who feels most, thinks the noblest, acts the best."

A good man was once told he might live six years if he gave up working, but he would die in two or three years if he continued to work. He replied he had much rather spend the shorter time on earth in trying to do good. But hard work seldom shortens life. John Wesley was an indefatigable worker, and when he was seventy-three years old he said he was better and stronger than he was at twenty-three years of age; and he attributed this, under God, to his early rising, his activity, his undisturbed sleep, and his even temper. Said he, "I feel and grieve, but I fret at nothing."—*Selected.*

Finding Heaven

"You forgot to mention where heaven is," said a good lady to her pastor after a sermon on the better land. "On yonder hilltop stands a cottage, madam," replied the man of God; "a widow lives there in want; she has no bread, no fuel, no medicine, and her child is at the point of death. If you will carry to her this afternoon some little cup of cold water in the name of Him who went about doing good, you will find the answer to your inquiry."—*From "Heavenly Harmonies," by M. J. McLeod.*

How to Forget

Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you (Eph. 4:32).

"If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

"If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

"If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man,
Who's doing just the best he can.

"If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

"If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbour long,
Because he's busy being wrong."

—*Rebecca Foresman, in The Continent.*

Cup-Bearer to the King

A young girl just out of business college was employed as stenographer in a large mercantile house. She applied herself so diligently, took such pains to make things run smoothly, and tended so carefully to details that she attracted the manager's attention, and in a few years had become his private secretary. One day a salesman for spring water called to induce the manager to use the water for drinking purposes throughout the establishment. Calling his secretary the manager remarked to the salesman, "Take the matter up with Miss A. If she approves I will give you an order." This was too much for the bookkeeper, who was jealous of her, so he dropped a "witticism" about the "cupbearer to the king." The manager chanced to overhear the remark, and not suspecting the sarcasm was pleased at its appropriateness. He chuckled and replied, "Very good, very good indeed. You are quite right. I will bank on her judgment and discretion every time."

Are you this kind of a "cupbearer" to your King? Are you so interested in carrying on the work of His kingdom, are you so painstaking with the details which He puts in your hands, are you so self-effacing and alert in sensing your tasks that your King can trust you with responsibility and bank on your judgment?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Spiritual Tramps

An American was told by an English tourist that he was surprised to find no "gentlemen" in this country. "What are they?" asked the American. The Englishman replied, "People that do not work for their living." "Oh," said the American, "we have some of those here; only we call them tramps." God does not want any tramps, but workers, for His glory.—*Rev. E. H. Hopkins, in the Keswick Week.*

Shining for Jesus

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end, a very short one at the other. Between the long one and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls, and the baby of a family who never heard of Christ until a missionary came—whom he represented by a lighted candle—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served Him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought that the tallest candle would be the grandfather, but he told them, "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member of the family." Presently one little boy said: "I know why; he has the chance to shine the longest for Jesus."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Won by Kindness

In a West Virginia town during the campaign for state-wide prohibition the dry campaign lagged, and the church people being indifferent, and the barometer indicated a big wet victory. One day the Methodist preacher secured a canvassing report made by an agent of the liquor element. One sentence read, "In the Methodist church 83 percent of the members are either wet or indifferent." The preacher invited his congregation to look upon their picture as painted by the wets. He asked what they thought of the devil's survey of the Christian church. They saw themselves as their enemy saw them, and it shocked them into action. They gritted their teeth, said things as emphatic as the Methodist discipline permits, put on their fighting togs, and went and voted the wets out of town. It would undoubtedly be a surprise to the members of many churches if they could see the devil's card index of them. An apathetic church member causes great satisfaction at the devil's headquarters, be-

cause he knows he has nothing to fear from such a member. How are you marked up on the devil's card index? —*The American Issue.*

Buried Talents

A youth was leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now." Some folks' talents are treated in just this way. They are none the worse for wear. They are covered up, or hid away to be used in case of emergency, but not for common occasions. We are suspicious that the twenty-three-year-old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have looked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that this is the case with the buried talent which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.—*The Watchword.*

Utilizing Tin Whistles

When Dr. Jowett was in Newcastle he inaugurated a children's service in connection with his church. At the opening service four boys slyly blew their tin whistles in the rear of the gallery. The youngsters were brought before the preacher in the vestry, where they expected a severe reprimand. Much to their astonishment, Dr. Jowett asked, "Can't you play better than that on tin whistles?" And before they could gather their wits together to know how to answer, he added, "I must ask Mrs. Jowett to teach you to play properly." She undertook to teach them, and in a few weeks' time these same lads gave a tin whistle quartette at the children's service, Mrs. Jowett accompanying them on the piano. Thus they were won and used, and no better helpers could be found than those boys became.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Hiding Behind Littleness

I have a friend who was graduated from college and seminary. His friends thought him prepared to do a good work for the Master, but he shrank from the actual work of the ministry. It seemed hard and discouraging, and he so weak. For days he sat, after his graduation from the seminary, and fought the battle raging in his soul. Would he work or not? In his despair and sense of weakness he picked up a book on his table and read the words of Phillips Brooks: "If you are hiding yourself behind your commonness and littleness, come out! That shelter is a citadel of pride. Come out and take up the work that God has given you. Cease to parade your feebleness, and work in His life and so escape the outer darkness." The matter was settled, and for twelve years he has done a grand work of self-sacrifice in a destitute home mission field in the West.—*The Rev. George A. Mackintosh.*

Serving Faithfully

At a private meeting of friends, on one occasion, George Whitefield, after referring to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry, said he was weary of the burdens of the day, and was glad that in a short time his work would be done, and he should depart to be with Christ. All present owned to having the same feeling, with the exception of Mr. Tennant. On seeing this, Mr. Whitefield, tapping him on the knees, said, "Well, Brother Tennant, you are the oldest man among us; do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand when you will be called home?" Mr. Tennant replied that he had no wish about it. Being pressed for something more definite, he added, "I have nothing to do with death. My business is to live as long as I can, and as well as I can, and serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until He shall think proper to call me home."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Korean Worker

A wealthy Korean lady, beautifully dressed, stopped her sedan chair outside a book shop in An Ding. Meeting a friend, she said, "I have just bought some books to give away to my unbelieving neighbours." "Where are the books?" she was asked. "In the chair," was the reply. And a coolie with a disgusted look on his face raised the curtain, and, behold! the chair was packed full of Mark's Gospels, tracts, and hymn books. "But," the lady was told, "the chair is full, and you cannot get in!" "That's no matter," she laughed; "it is only thirty *li* [fifteen miles], and I can walk." And those who know what riding in a

chair stands for among Korean women can appreciate the sacrifice in this story. She was past fifty years old.—*The Christian Age.*

Workers or Shirkers

A gentleman was traveling in England on a coaching trip. Sitting on the box with the driver he noticed one of the leaders that seemed to be shirking his part of the work. "That horse does not seem to draw much," he remarked to the driver. "Not an inch, sir," was the reply. "Why do you have him, then?" "Well, you see, sir, this here's a four-horse coach, and he counts for one of 'em." The early disciples were fishers of men; are we? Or do we shirk the work and count only in the dress-parade?—*Adapted from The Expositor.*

Loving Service

A little waif was asked, "What is love?" and answered, "Going errands." When in Samoa, Stevenson had left his small hut and removed into a large house, there had not yet been time for love to line it. Stevenson felt sad and weary, and had also forgotten to bespeak his nightly coffee. Whilst he was thinking, the door quietly opened, and the native boy entered carrying the tray with that on it for which he longed. Stevenson said in the native tongue, "Great is your *forethought.*" The boy corrected him, and said, "Great is the *love.*"—*Christian Endeavour World.*

Where to Find Angels

Beware how you talk about "bribing people with loaves and fishes," lest you libel the angels of God and even the Lord of the angels. It is a work which is reckoned fit for an angel, to get a dinner for a hungry man; and it may guide us in our search for God's angels. Do not think of them only as about the throne, singing rapturous hymns and having golden harps. Look for them among the savory smells of the soup kitchen; there, too, it may be in white robes. Search for them superintending penny dinners for hungry children at the Board schools. God's angels are not sentimental creatures who can only sing; they can cook a digestible dinner and find their heaven in seeing a hungry man eat it.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

True Love Means Service

A speaker at an American Christian Endeavour convention said: "I found in a small country church away up among the hills of Vermont a certain deacon of great wealth, who was one of the most zealous and self-denying members of that little church and known throughout the whole community for his good works. I ventured to ask him one day why he was pursuing a course so unusual for rich men. His reply was, 'When I became a Christian, and began to read my Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I wasn't called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since.'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Refusing to Serve Christ

"The Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day
To speak a message of cheer
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad,
And weighted with a mighty fear.
He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite
With my own affairs from morn till night.

. . . . .

"And the dear Lord Christ—was His work undone
For lack of a willing heart?
Only through men does He speak to men?
Dumb must He be apart?
I do not know, but I wish today
I had let the Lord Christ have His way."

—*Forward.*

Called to Work

A converted cowboy gives this as his idea of what religion is: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that serving the Lord means shouting themselves hoarse praising His name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I am working for Jim, here. Now, if I would do nothing but sit around the house here telling what a good fellow Jim is, and singing songs to him, I would not suit Jim. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right, not suffering for water and feed, or being driven off the range and branded by cow-thieves, then I am serving Jim as he wants to be served." God wants service as well as praise.—*The Gospel Trumpet.*

Bene Fit and Bene Volens

The word "benefit" is in itself a grand word. It means "good deed." Now I like a man who has good will, who is benevolent—*bene volens;* a man who on a dark night says, "Good-night, I wish you well." "Good-night, friend," I say; "I thank you." That is *bene volens.* But I like better the man who says, "Stop a bit; it is a dark moor over there; I will get a lantern; I know my way, and I can take you across this footpath, which will be a short-cut, and see you safely into the highroad." He shakes me by the hand and says, "Good-night." That is *bene volens* turned into *bene fit. Bene fit* is good deed. *Bene volens* is good; but *bene fit* is better. Oh, our God loves us never with good-will only. —*Mark Guy Pearse.*

Afraid of Over-Weight

The other day I watched a grocer weighing a pound of cheese. He had a hard time getting the piece to weigh a pound. Finally he cut off several slivers in order that the buyer should get nothing over his pound. He might as well have let his customer have the benefit of these, as they were useless to him. But he never gave over-weight. We often treat God in the same way. We are so careful to do just what we think we *ought* and to give no over-weight. We ask: "How little can I do and still be a Christian?" instead of our hearts asking: "How much can I give?"—*Onward.*

What We Enlisted For

It is said that a soldier who enlisted in the American Civil War took along his kit of watchmaker's tools, and while they were in camp he did considerable business. But one day when the order came to strike tents and prepare for battle, he looked around his tent in dismay, and exclaimed, "Why, I can't possibly go, for I have twelve watches to repair, which I have promised by Saturday night." The man had forgotten what he had enlisted for. The soldiers of the King of kings sometimes seem to forget what they enlisted for.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Living Until We Die

Some little children went to a birthday party, and were told if they would give a wish to the one whose birthday it was they might each blow out one candle. All had wished and blown out a candle, until it came to the last little girl. She couldn't think of a wish, and she wanted so much to blow out a candle. Finally she said, "I wish you may live until you die." They all laughed; and then it was concluded that this was the best wish of all, that you may *live* until you die. That is what Jesus wants of us, really to *live* (John 10:10) until we die.—*Mrs. L. K. Barnes.*

How to Get Strength

Dr. J. H. Jowett, in "The Silver Lining," says: "A man once came into my vestry who had just been won from the world. I pointed out to him that he must engage in service for the King. 'Yes,' he said, 'but I must just feed for a while!' That is a commonly accepted way, but it is not the appointed way. We get by giving, we feed by feeding. 'I have meat to eat that ye know not.' Where had the Master found that food? He had been feeding the poor fallen woman at the well, and while He fed her soul His own was strengthened, restored. 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren,' and while thou art strengthening thy brother, thine own strength shall be preserved."—*The Sunday School Times.*

God's Mortar-Mixers

A lady standing in front of the noble cathedral of Cologne heard some one behind her say, "Didn't we do a fine piece of work here?" Turning, she saw a man in the plainest working clothes, and said to him, "Pray, what did you do about it?" "I mixed the mortar across the street for two years," was the cheerful reply. God's work today needs cheerful, patient, and diligent mortar mixers. Mixing mortar is one of the hardest and most disagreeable things to do in rearing a building. But what sort of a building could be made without mortar? Then thank God and take courage if your lot is cast among the mortar mixers.—*Ida Q. Moulton, in Sabbath Reading.*

A Religion Without Duties

Once, when Bishop Phillips Brooks was going abroad, he was met one day on the deck of the vessel by a close personal friend who did not know the bishop was on the ship. After exchanging words as to their plans when abroad, the bishop's friend jokingly remarked to him that he would better not try to bring back some new-fangled

religion for fear he would have trouble at the custom-house. After a few moments' thought the bishop replied that if he ran into a religion new enough to be popular there would be no "duties" attached to it. The religion of Jesus has some real duties attached to it. Jesus says: "Follow me."—*Dr. Hugh Black.*

Energy Gone

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (James 1:22).

In a testimony service, when the subject of doing more for the Master had been the expressed desire of most who had spoken, a dear good man arose and said: "I want to work for Christ and I pray often to that end, but my experience is best illustrated by a picture I saw the other day. It was a picture of two men, one a tramp, sitting by the roadside: the other passing by asked why he did not hunt some work. The tramp replied: 'I do, but when I have found it all my energy is gone.' And just so I hunt for something to do, even pray to the Lord to help me find it, but how often it is that when I find it my energy is all gone."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Cat-Power Engine

"When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was that 'An engine of one-cat power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty-horse power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty-horse power, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one-cat power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."—*Forward.*

Answering God's Call

One day during the Boer war, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, London, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershoot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us. Have we answered as readily?—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Ambassadors for God

When the government sends an ambassador to accomplish some difficult and delicate piece of work, then, so long as he keeps strictly to his instructions, he knows that he is backed up by all the resources and power of the nation he represents. If he went simply as a private individual he might well feel powerless to affect the current of international politics, but when his nation says to him, "Surely I will be with thee," the case is entirely different. So it is with every worker whom God calls into His service. We go to execute God's commission, and God Himself will undertake for us.—*The Free Churchman.*

A Nobleman's Position

A story appeared in the press after the death of a great British nobleman that when he was asked what positions of trust and honour England had bestowed upon him,—what, in short, he had been,—he made answer: "Maid-of-all-work to the British Government, sir; maid-of-all-work to the British Government." The offices of which he might have spoken would, if enumerated, fill several lines of *The Outlook.* He was great enough to claim the power to serve.—*The Outlook.*

Neglected Service

After a recent concert given for the entertainment of a number of soldiers, one of them was asked to propose the vote of thanks. He arose and said: "We are very grateful for the amusement afforded us tonight; and we appreciate all the musical talent brought for our enjoyment. But we are off to the front tomorrow; and I do not know how to die—I am not prepared to meet God: I only wish there had been something for our souls."—*The Morning Star.*

A Service of Love

Perhaps he had the sort of wisdom that the following story illustrates: A poor Arab, traveling in the desert, met

with a spring of sweet water. Filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. He traveled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He poured some of the water into a cup, drank it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers were eager to drink of the wonderful water, but the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. After the Arab had departed, the caliph thus explained the motive of his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab the water had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I received it with pleasure. But I knew that had I suffered another to partake of it he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."—*Good Company.*

Doing Her Best

Rosalia's sunny face was clouded for once. "There's no use expecting me to be anything, Aunt Molly," she declared dismally. "I can't go to school more than half the time since mother isn't well, and I'm not bright and smart, like the other girls. They can all paint or embroider or play the piano, but I've never had a chance to learn anything but to keep house." "But you do that beautifully, dear," comforted Aunt Molly. "You are making a happy home for father and mother and the boys. You make me think of a story I read yesterday. A passer-by said to a workman: 'You are building a good wall there. Some of your materials look rather poor, too,' glancing at a pile of rough stones. 'I don't pick my material,' the man answered, simply. 'What I'm here for is to build as good a wall as I can with the stuff that's brought to me.' That is what you are doing, Rosalia; and I am sure the Master who brings you the material is pleased with your building." The sunshine was back in Rosalia's face. "Thank you, auntie," she said, happily. "Now I'll go to the kitchen and build my dinner for the boys."—*The Evangelical.*

Home Service

"She is wasting her life," a lady said indignantly, concerning the oldest daughter in a large family. "She is just at the age to enjoy herself if her circumstances were different. But she stays on at home, year after year, caring for her sick mother and trying to bring up that flock of boys. I can't bear to see a young girl wasting her life in that way." As you have sat by a glowing fire some winter evening reading by the light of a well-trimmed lamp have you ever thought of the coal and oil which were being used to add to your comfort and entertainment? The coal burns as it sheds its grateful heat and the oil is consumed as it gives out light, but neither is wasted. Do not think of your life as wasted because it is more full of work than enjoyment. If you are shedding light and warmth about you, you are meeting the great end of living. Mistaken friends may cry, "To what purpose is this waste?" but the Master's verdict is, "Thou hast wrought a good work upon me."—*The Girls' Companion.*

Like Clocks and Watches

Some Christian workers are like an old-fashioned clock; they will not work unless they are placed precisely to their liking. But the more useful workers are like watches; they will work equally well in any position.—*Forward.*

Corliss Engines or Toys?

In Machinery Hall, during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, was the great Corliss engine, the motive power that turned eight miles of shafting, to which were attached hundreds of machines, with workmen producing all sorts of things. This mighty engine was so perfectly adjusted in all its parts that it was almost noiseless in its operation. On a shelf near by was a tiny toy engine, so small that it could rest upon a silver quarter. It was running, sending out spurts of steam, swinging its piston-rod and tiny wheels, with a great deal of fuss. They were like two kinds of Christians. Some have motion and a little life, but no shafts, no products: simply keeping up steam. How different the other kind! Filled with the Spirit, shafts of holy sacrifice and service stretch in all directions. The heart, pulsating with the mighty motive power of love and prayer, will keep many heaven-sent workmen in the great workshop of the world, transforming the raw material of human lives into the products of grace and glory. Which will you be,

a Corliss engine or a mere toy?—*F. H. Senft, in The Alliance Weekly.*

His Father's Prayer

Sickness came one year to the poorly-paid pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick one, and for material blessings upon the pastor's household. There was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen wrapped up comfortably. "What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "Pa couldn't come, so I've brought his prayers," replied the boy. "Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yes, brought his prayers, and they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, oatmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick one. The prayer-meeting adjourned at short notice, after praising God for His mercies.—*The Christian Herald.*

Seeking Self-Enjoyment

In a small village in Indiana resides a lady who left her home church to attend another. She goes to this second church, twelve miles away, on a train, leaving home in the morning at nine and returning late in the evening. She gave as her reason for making the change the great amount of spiritual life found in the second church, which was lacking in the church in her own village. When she left her local church she left a class of twelve boys without a teacher. Over the door of her little local church is a time-worn motto placed there years ago, when the structure was built: "Be Ye Doers of the Word, and Not Hearers Only."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Stagnant Fountains

Some drinking fountains that are placed in public places for the thirsty draft animals are so made that the cooling water flows into them no faster than it is drawn out. A cessation of the outflow automatically stops the inflow. We may compare ourselves with these fountains. The fulness of the Gospel ceases to be felt as soon as we leave off telling the story of God's love. To restrain the outflow of the loving message is to cut off the inflow of the Christian joy.

Practical Service

A useful man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. Once the Union troops had retreated and burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson determined to follow them and summoned Miles. "You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer will furnish you with a plan, and you can go right ahead." Early next morning Jackson met the old bridge-builder. "Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you a plan of the bridge?" "General," returned Miles, slowly, "the bridge is done; I don't know whether the picture is or not." We want more men of the Miles order in the church.—*From C. H. Spurgeon.*

Like the Apostles

It is said that Oliver Cromwell, while visiting one of the great churches in England, discovered a number of silver statues in the niche of a side chapel, and demanded sternly of the trembling dean, "What are these?" "Please, your highness," was the reply, "they are the twelve apostles." "The twelve apostles, are they? Well, take them down, and coin them into money, that, like their Master, they may go about doing good."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Needed Exercise, Not Food

This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did (Acts 9:36).

Here was the Christianity of the Apostolic Age—faith that showed itself by works. The new minister was accosted by one of his parishioners who was fat and sleek and evidently self-satisfied: "Pastor I hope you will feed the sheep." Whereupon the new pastor replied, "My dear brother, you do not need food; what you need is exercise."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Where to Find Him

"Is your father home?" I asked a small child on the doorstep of the village doctor. "No," he said, "he's away." "Where do you think I could find him?" "Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere." This is what should be

said of the follower of Christ.—*The Classmate.*

Fighting Everywhere

A soldier in the Civil War had lost his place in his company, and rather timidly said to General Sherman as he came up behind the line, "Where shall I step in?" "Step in?" said the general, "step in? Step in anywhere. There is fighting all along this line." And that is precisely true of the great battlefield to which you and I belong. Step in anywhere and work for God.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Either Duty or Mutiny

Said the old salt to the young apprentice, "Aboard a man-o'-war, my lad, there's only two things—one's duty, t'other's mutiny."—*The Sunday School Teacher.*

Doing Our Utmost

"When a disaster or crisis comes along in the army or navy, and a man is courtmartialed for it, the indictment that 'he did not do his utmost' is sufficient, if proved against him, to lose him his commission. If that is the standard of the army and navy, what is the standard of the church?"—*Forward.*

Living for Others

Some may wish to shine, but not to burn. The will-o'-the-wisp shines without burning, but it is a false light. Every true light must needs burn if it would shine. The seal on Dr. Adam Clarke's grave is interesting: a candle burned down to its socket, and underneath these words: "In living for others I am burned away."—*From "A Comfortable Faith," by Malcolm James McLeod, D.D.*

Giving Our Best

There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves, and two fishes (John 6:9).

Yield thy poor best and ask not how or why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd and marvelously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry:
"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread."

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

George Müller no Exception

Not long before the end of George Müller's wonderful life, a friend called to see him. This friend spoke to Müller of his great life-work, and of the marvelous faith he had in God. "My friend," said Müller, "I have no monopoly of God's grace. The same life is open to you. It is open to all!"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Go and Do

"I know two lovely words you can get out of the word 'good,'" said a little girl who was playing with her lettered blocks. "They are 'go' and 'do.'" And the little girl had unconsciously preached a sermon. It surely is "good" to "go" and "do."—*The Classmate.*

True Living

The Rev. J. H. Jowett says, "It is when you get home from your work at night, and there's the promise of slippered ease; and inviting music is at hand, or an alluring book at your elbow; and you feel the fascination of it all—and then you hear the cry of human need, like a moaning wind down a dreary street, and you rise, tired though you are with honest work, and you put on your coat again, and you go out into the cheerless night, and to a still more cheerless slum, to take Christ and cheer to the victim of might—it is *then* you begin to live, and to raise others from the dead."—*The Christian World.*

True Love

A little boy declared that he loved his mother with all his strength. He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said, "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs, all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—*The Methodist.*

Working by Jerks

"There is no difficulty," said a man of experience the other day, "in finding plenty of members in every church who

will talk about work, suggest work, and even start work; but there is a plentiful lack of people who just work and keep on working." The need of every church today is young people in its membership who will "just work and keep on working." Are we helping to fill that need, or do we belong to the talkers, starters, jerkers—and shirkers?—*The Epworth Herald.*

Doing Nothing

In his inimitable mimicry he cried out from the platform, "Some of you people say to me, 'Oh, Mr. Sunday, it exhausts me so to sit here and see you work so hard'! Well, it exhausts me to sit here and watch you do nothing. You'll die sooner than I will," chuckled Sunday as he hit the pulpit a smashing blow.—*From a report of Billy Sunday's campaign in Boston.*

His Drop in the Bucket

It is told of a certain man in a big city, that every night he was in the habit of visiting a haunt where poor wretches were accustomed to seek a temporary shelter, and of providing at least one man with bed and breakfast. A friend undertook to argue with him about the uselessness of it, in the face of so much want and misery, adding: "It is only a drop in the bucket!" "That's all right," was the reply; "I'm just attending to my drop!"—*Lillian Brock, in Young Churchman.*

Bond-Slaves of Christ

I have read of an Englishman who purchased a slave in the market at Cairo, and gave him his liberty, with a purse of money with which to start life. The slave could hardly take it in, but when it dawned upon him that he was really free, he begged the Englishman for the privilege of going with him and serving him the rest of his life. The Englishman thus made him his willing servant by freeing him from an unwilling bondage. Christ has delivered us from the thraldom of sin that He may give us the higher service of righteousness. Paul delighted in signing himself "the bond slave" of Christ, and in such slavery of love there was the highest and sweetest liberty.—*The Home Herald.*

A Great Debt

A minister who stood near a church that was being built was asked by a passer-by, "When will this church be complete?" The time was given. "Will the congregation be in debt?" "Oh, yes, awfully," was the reply, "it sometimes frightens me to think of it." "Then why did you begin when you had not enough money?" was the next question. "Oh, we have money enough. There'll be no debt like that. But think how much a church like this is going to owe the community and the world! How they will look to us for man's love and God's grace."—*Record of Christian Work.*

A Cripple's Service

"Nobody seems to want me," said the youngest girl of a large family, "I'm a cripple and in everybody's way." As she spoke she was passing a bookseller's shop, and her eyes fell on the words, "The Lord hath need of him." She carefully remembered the reference and searched it out at home. "Jesus once needed a donkey," she said, "so perhaps He wants me—a cripple—I'll ask Him." Forty years afterwards a lame Bible woman died, beloved by hundreds, and blessed by God in her work. That Bible woman was once the crippled girl.—*The Biblical Teacher.*

Nothing Within

In the Boston Public Library there were alcoves filled with wooden blocks shaped like books with a strip of imitation leather labeled, "Nothing Within." As new books are purchased the shams are displaced and the genuine ones fill the space. Are there not many such members of our churches, who have an outward Christian appearance, but whom God must label, "Nothing Within"?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Serving in Her Home

I know a woman who was brought out of darkness into light, and out of bondage into the liberty of the Lord. She lived in one of the poorest courts of the city. And when she was converted she said to herself: "Now I must tidy things up a bit. I must have a Jesus home, a Mary-and-Martha kind of home. My house must be the tidiest, sweetest, cleanest house in the street." And such it became. Was not this a bit of real ministry for the King?—*From a sermon on "Strength for Common Tasks," by J. H. Jowett.*

Human Hay-Wagons

He was a poor, skinny old horse, but he was so happy; he was drawing a

heavy load, too, but even that was forgotten, for right in front of him, as he pulled his weary load along, there was a hay-wagon. From this he was getting a bit of unexpected refreshment along the way. And I must confess to a great desire to be a human "hay-wagon," and, unknown to myself, feed those whose lives touch mine.—*From the New York Observer.*

Many Argon People

There are some professing Christians who never do anything for their Master. That great scientist, Lord Raleigh, discovered a new element; but, although he made many experiments, he could not find that it served any useful purpose at all. So he called it "Argon," a Greek word, meaning, "doing nothing—useless." There are many "argon" folk among us.—*Sunday Circle.*

Trees and Posts

Every church has two classes of members; one may be compared to trees, the other to posts. The tree grows, and bears leaf, flower, and fruit. The post rots. The church-member that has the life of God in him is a "tree planted by the rivers of water, his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." A church-member that has not the life of God is a post that begins to decay the very day after he has been planted in the church, and the pastor is pained by having to watch the process of decay week after week.—*From "Through Night to Morning," by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.*

Moody and Dr. Grenfell

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, in relating his conversion under the preaching of Mr. D. L. Moody, said: "It was fourteen years before I saw Mr. Moody again. I knew something of him then, and after the meeting I hunted him up, and told him I thought he would be interested to know one man had had his life changed through his speaking. He seemed in a great hurry. 'I want to tell you,' I said to Mr. Moody, 'that fourteen years ago I heard and received an inspiration from you which was an inspiration to try and serve Jesus Christ myself.' All he said was, *'What have you been doing since?'"* —*The Record of Christian Work.*

Asses and Oxen

As it was in the days of Job, so it is even until now—"the oxen were ploughing, and the asses were feeding beside them"; there is always a large proportion of the latter class in the churches, too glad to feed, but quite unwilling to work."—*From a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.*

Not In Use

I saw the other day a red iron pillar intended for a fire alarm, and on it was a printed card with the words, "Not in use." That is the sign which ought to be put on many professing Christians. —*From "Marks of the Master," by Charlotte Skinner.*

Using the Lord

A Chinese convert, Dr. Li, said, in commenting on Christian work, "I am struck with the way in which Christian men are taken up with the idea of using the Lord, instead of with the idea of letting the Lord use them."—*Sunday at Home.*

He Died Climbing

At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide who perished while attempting to ascend the mountain. The simple inscription on the tomb is "He died climbing"—a noble tribute to a heroic man. He was in the line of duty, his face forward and upward.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Beggar's Selfishness

Have you heard of the Arab beggar who sat at the gate of a rich man's house, on whose bounty he depended, and from whose hand he received constant gifts? One day the rich man wanted to send a letter in a hurry, and asked the beggar to deliver it. But the beggar proudly lifted himself up and said, "I solicit alms; I do not run errands." When all the blessings we enjoy come from God's hand surely the least we can do for Him is to run His errands.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Shirking the Responsibility

I asked a young woman to teach a Sunday-school class, and she said, "I don't dare undertake such a responsible task." I answered her, "When God is so manifestly calling you, you should say, 'I don't dare not to undertake such a responsible task.'" We hear too much about the responsibility of working for God, but too little about the graver responsibility of refusing to work for Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Denying Self for Others

"When I was sixteen I joined church," said an elderly lawyer recently. "Several months later, one blustery January day, Deacon Crandall stopped me on the road. There had been a number of fine catches of fish through the ice, and Joe and I were ready for an early start next morning. 'I've been over to Jake Streever's,' the deacon said. 'The folks are all sick, and my wife and Miss Adams wanted to send over some things. There wa'n't no fire in the house to speak of, Robert, and there ain't a stick of wood in the shed; so I'm going to draw 'em a load of four-foot, and enough stove wood to last 'em over night. Why can't you play the Good Samaritan, and saw it up in the morning?' 'Joe and I plan to go fishing tomorrow,' I replied, 'I guess you'll have to look up somebody else.' 'I see,' the deacon said mildly. 'I didn't know that; I thought it would be a good chance for you. The way it comes to me is that you and me and the rest of us are *all the Lord Jesus has left* to tell what a good, self-denying Saviour He was. If there wa'n't no Christians living up to their high calling, Robert, there wouldn't be a whisper for the Lord—not a whisper—this side of heaven. I thought mebbe you'd prize the chance and be glad to take it.' I gave up my fishing trip and sawed the wood, and I learned that day what real service was, and since then whenever I've been tempted to shirk my Christian obligations Deacon Crandall's homely aphorism has rebuked me,—*'We're all the Lord Jesus has left.'*"—*The Youth's Companion.*

To Keep From Getting Tired

"The leg you use must grow very tired," remarked an onlooker to a potter working at his wheel. "No, it's the leg that does nothing that gets tired," was the reply. And it is the people who do most who are least tired in the Lord's work.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Preaching By Service

A young novitiate in one of the preaching orders of the middle ages was eager for the time when he might begin to preach. At last the superior said to him, "Come, we will preach today." Joyfully the young man set out with the superior. As they walked through the narrow streets of the town the superior gave a coin to a beggar, spoke a word of sympathy to a poor widow, and dried the tears of a weeping child. The little ones clung to the skirts of his robe as he passed, and their parents begged for his blessing. After a long walk, the two turned again toward the monastery. "But when are we going to preach?" asked the younger. "We have been preaching all the time," replied the elder.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Rhythm of the Rests

"Waiting is working if it be thy will." We need not be impatient with our lives because of their monotony. The life of each one of us is a strain of music in which there are many rests. If we do not mind our stops, we spoil the rhythm, and the effect is lost. "He that believeth shall not be in haste."—*J. R. Miller.*

"Come" and "Go"

A little boy who saw for the first time the sign, "Common," in Boston, at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully: "It don't say, 'Keep Off the Grass'; it says, 'Come On'!" And this is the gospel invitation. Not "Keep off," but "Come on!" An interested listener said to Mr. Moody, "One might think that the word 'Come' was your pet text." "I have two; one is 'Come,' and the other is 'Go.'" was his answer. "Come for cleansing and acceptance. Go into service; go and get others to come."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Worked and Prayed

The Rev. Dr. Wilson was pastor of a large and prosperous church. One day he learned that in a lonely place in that vicinity a certain widow with several children was living in dire poverty. With impulsive eagerness he jumped into his buggy and drove to the cottage. The scene which there met his gaze was so distressing that he felt as if something was tearing at his heart. After a hurried conversation the widow asked, "Dr. Wilson, will you pray with me?" "Pray!" thundered the doctor, "I haven't any time to pray." He jumped into his buggy and drove to grocer, baker, butcher, and coal merchant. When he returned he busied himself until he had the place as warm as toast and the family generously fed. Then he said: "Now I'll pray with you all the afternoon, if you wish."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Practical Religion

Phillips Brooks told the story of some savages to whom was given a sun-dial. So desirous were they to honour and keep it sacred that they housed it in and built a roof over it. Is your belief in God so reverent that you put it to one side carefully as being too sacred for daily use? Learn to use it. Let God in on your life. Let your faith inspire you to good works.—*D. L. Moody, in The Christian Herald.*

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS

"Is That All?"

The burning of the famous Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh occurred one Sunday morning, and the young people of a house which backed upon the churchyard were among the first, as they were preparing to start for church, to observe the flames. It was the housemaid's Sunday out, and old Kitty, the cook, was that day responsible for her duties. Hearing unwonted commotion and excited outcries upstairs, she came panting and hobbling up from her basement kitchen, crying anxiously at each stair: "Oh, what is't? What is't?" "Oh, Kitty, look here!" cried one of the girls from a window. "Greyfriars Church is burning up." Kitty dropped limply on a settee. "Is *that* a', miss?" she grumbled between gasps. "What a fright ye geed me. I thicht ye said the parlour fire was out."—*The Youth's Companion.*

SIN

The Attractiveness of Sin

In the "Life of Frank Buckland" it is told how the genial naturalist resolved to make a special study of snakes. He engaged a professional viper-catcher to collect some for him. The biggest viper in the catch was held securely by Buckland. Then he got a glass slide out of the microscope and placed it in the serpent's mouth. "In an instant both fangs struck down upon it. Upon taking the glass from its jaws, I was delighted to observe two drops of perfectly clear translucent fluid resting upon it. I placed these drops under the microscope and then saw a wondrous sight. On a sudden, a crystal-like fiber shot across the field of vision, and then another and another, these slender lines crossing each other at various angles, reminding me of the general appearance of an aurora borealis, or of delicate frost crystals on a window when there has been a sharp touch of frost." What a wonderful thing it is that all the beauties of the aurora should be hidden in the venom of the viper! So sin often presents itself in delightful and attractive colours.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Could Not Hide Their Crime

An old sailor, who in his young days had been a smuggler, and had been imprisoned for the offense, said, "One day there was a revenue cutter heading straight for us, and we had on board a cargo of smuggled 'baccy. Well, if we were caught we knew that every man of us would go to gaol, and the ship would be sawn in two and the 'baccy confiscated, so we pitched the stuff overboard as fast as we could. When the cargo had nearly all gone overboard, the captain sent up the cabin-boy to report the approach of the cutter. In a trice he was downstairs again, his face as white as a sheet, and gasping for breath. 'What is it?' cried the captain, fearing some fresh disaster. 'The 'baccy's overboard, captain,' gasped the boy, 'but it *won't sink!*' Yes, there was the tobacco floating all around the ship, proclaiming our guilt."—*The Sunday Circle.*

Sin Affects Others

Sages of old contended that no sin was ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone; that no man could do ill and his fellows not suffer. They illustrated it thus: A vessel sailing from Joppa carried a passenger, who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with him, "What doest thou, O miserable man?" the offender calmly replied, "What matters it to you? the hole I have made lies under my own berth!" Manasseh's wickedness brought suffering and retribution upon the whole nation of Judah.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Conviction of Sin

Perhaps the quaintest letter in the whole White House collection is one which came from a child to President Cleveland, written in September, 1895. This is what it says: "To His Majesty President Cleveland. Dear President: I am in a dreadful state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago—as near as I can remember, it is two years—I used two postage stamps that had been

used before on letters, perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember of doing it twice. I did not realize what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turned on that subject, and I think of it night and day. Now, dear President, will you please forgive me, and I will promise you I will never do it again. Enclosed find cost of three stamps, and please forgive me, for I was then but thirteen years old, for I am heartily sorry for what I have done. From one of your subjects."—*The Life of Faith.*

Sin from the Heart

"Where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I. "Just where all ugly things come from," answered the small dead hemlock which I held in my hands. "I am pretty much like you men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from." "I will take you at your word, sir." So I took my knife and peeled off all the bark, but the limbs and knots were left. "You must go deeper than that, sir." So I began to split and take off layer after layer of wood, but all the knots were there. "Deeper still," said the dry stick. Then I split it all off, and, separating it, the heart was laid bare. It looked like a small rod about six feet long and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was surprised to see that every limb and knot had gnarl started in the heart. Every one was there, and every one grew out of the heart. The center of the heart was the germ or the starting-point of each one.—*Light and Life Evangel.*

Hardening Effects of Sin

Dr. W. L. Watkinson says: "The Spaniards have a popular legend concerning the Petrified Man. The story relates that once he was in the flesh, but that he appealed to the blessed saints to turn him into a stone image if he had committed a certain fraud, of which really he was guilty. In a moment a curious change came over him. Gradually his legs turned to white stone. The stone continued to creep farther along his body until he was altogether stone, his eyes staring into vacancy." Does not the false and unbelieving heart suffer a similar change? The moral nature is materialized. The heart becomes fat, the ears heavy, the eyes shut. The higher nature suffers petrifaction—becomes insensible, blind, deaf to eternal things. —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Transformed by Sin

It is said that when Da Vinci was painting "The Last Supper" he sought a long time for a model for his Christ. His search was finally rewarded in the person of Pietro Bandinelli, a young man of pure life, of fair and sweet countenance, who sang in the choir of one of the churches of Rome. "At last I have found the face I wanted," exclaimed the artist, and continued his great work. Years passed, and still the painting was not finished. Now the artist was hunting for a model for his picture of Judas, the last of the twelve apostles to be painted. He was looking for a man whose features should give striking evidence of a wicked heart and of the hardening influence of sin. One day he came upon a wretched, repulsive, villainous creature, a beggar in rags, whom he persuaded to come to his studio and sit as a model for his Judas. "And what is your name?" inquired Da Vinci. "Pietro Bandinelli," responded the man. "I also sat as a model for your Christ."—*Facts taken from Chapman's "Another Mile."*

Holding on to Sin

Sherwood Eddy says that the great Madras Young Men's Christian Association building was held up for months, after the site was chosen, the plans drawn, and the money provided, because two shanty owners would not let go their hold on a little ground in the center of the plot. What is the name of the little shanty in our minds which is holding up the great building of character and service for which God has the plans and means ready?—*From "The Meaning of Prayer," by Fosdick.*

Perseverance in Sin

In the legend, the Duchess Isabella, wishing earnestly to obtain some object, was instructed by the crafty court astrologer to kiss day by day for a hundred days a certain beautiful picture and she would receive the fulfilment of her wish. It was a sinister trick, for the picture contained a subtle poison which stained her lips with every salutation. Little by little the golden tresses of the queenly woman turned white, her eyes became dim, her colour faded, her lips became black; but, infatuated, the suicidal kiss was continued until before the hundred days were complete the royal dupe lay dead. So we yield ourselves to the sorcery of sin. Despite many warn-

ings, we persist in our fellowship with what seems truth, beauty, liberty, pleasure, until our whole soul is poisoned and destroyed. Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. — *From "The Transfigured Sackcloth," by W. L. Watkinson.*

Crucifying Christ Afresh

A little girl was once asked if she had laid her sins on Jesus, and she replied, "Yes, and I don't want to lay any more on Him." It is possible for us to crucify our Lord afresh.—*From "We Would See Jesus," by A. B. Simpson.*

The Miasma of Sin

Some time ago scientific men made investigations into the cause of a contagious disease which had spread over the city of Moscow. It turned out that a young man had been stealing goldfish, which he put in a little tank in the floor of his room, covered with the boards, to keep until he could sell them in another place. Soon after, the great contagion sprang up in that vicinity—indeed, in that very room. It began with him at first, and he was left crippled and blind, and went limping along on crutches, a suffering, permanent invalid. The contagion spread to others, and upon examination made by scientific men from Warsaw and Berlin they found that these fish had died in the tank, and that they were of such a nature as to spread at once a contagion which became of a most malignant type. A scourge overspread the land and carried away tens of thousands of innocent people. Sin is like that. Every act of evil deposited in a heart given over to disobedience to God breeds a miasma, the fumes of which go out on the silent air, poisoning the life of others as well as that of the sinner.—*From "The World's Childhood," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

Sin a Deadly Poison

Dr. Chapman relates that after an earnest sermon by a distinguished minister, dealing plainly and pointedly with sin, one of the church officers came to the study of the pastor and expressed himself somewhat as follows: "We do not want you to talk as plainly as you did about sin, because if our boys and girls hear you talking so much about sin they will more easily become sinners. Call it a mistake if you will, but do not speak so plainly about sin." The pastor took down a small bottle of strychnine, marked "Poison," and showed it to his visitor, saying, "I see what you want me to do. You want me to change the label. Now, suppose I take this label off and substitute another, say, 'Essence of Peppermint,' do you not see what happens? The milder you make your label the more dangerous you make your poison." Jeroboam changed the label and the more easily led Israel into the sin of idolatry. Sin is the same deadly poison whatever label you put on it, but the milder you make the label the more likely people are to be beguiled.—*From "Revival Sermons," by J. Wilbur Chapman.*

Sin Like a Banyan Seed

The following is the address of a converted Burman to a group of natives: "A little banyan seed said to a palm-tree, 'I am weary of being tossed about by the wind; let me stay a while among your leaves.' 'Oh, yes,' said the palm-tree, 'stay as long as you like,' and by and by forgot the little seed was there. But the seed was not idle. It sent out little fibers and tiny roots, and they crept around the trunk and under the bark and into the heart of the tree itself, and then the tree cried out, 'What is this?' And the banyan said, 'It is only the little seed you allowed to rest among your leaves.' 'Leave me now,' said the palm-tree, 'you have grown too large and strong.' 'I cannot leave you now; we have grown together. I would kill you if I tore myself away.' The palm-tree bowed its head, and tried to shake the banyan off, but could not, and little by little the palm leaves withered, the trunk shriveled, and only the banyan could be found. Beware of little sins." —*From "My Child Life in Burma."*

Physianthus Albens

Such is the name of a plant far up in the North. It blooms in August, and gives forth a most delightful fragrance. The flowers are exquisitely beautiful, and altogether, the plant is very attractive. Butterflies hover around it in large numbers and push their trunks into the corollas to sip the honey. A pair of sensitive pincers in the heart of the flower seizes the poor fly's delicate proboscis and holds it tenaciously until life is extinct. As I read the history and studied the character of this plant, I thought how like sin it is. Beautiful, attractive, and possessed with numberless qualities calculated to charm, sin, in its multiform characteristics, is well prepared to seduce and

ruin poor, weak, fallen humanity. Paul aptly speaks of the "deceitfulness of sin," and warns to watchfulness and prayer lest we enter into temptation. Reader, remember the Physianthus Albens and the flies and keep in mind your own inherent weakness.—*T. E. Richey.*

Sin a Destructive Magnet

How long is it since you read the "Arabian Nights"? Take it from your shelves again, and turn up the story of the third calendar, that story of the magnetic island. There it was out in the ocean, and a ship was drifting o'er the sea, stout, well made, and strong, but rudderless; and the magnetic island drew it closer, and closer yet; until suddenly, without sound of hammer or explosion, the ship fell to pieces, for that magnetic force had drawn out every rivet and every bolt, and the wreckage of a great ship was strewn upon the sea. The love of money or covetousness was the magnetic force that lured Judas on to the sad ending of what might have been a strong life.—*From G. Campbell Morgan, in Record of Christian Work.*

Dwarf Who Became Giant

There is an Indian story of a dwarf who asked a king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covering all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third he knocked the king down and took his throne.

"'Who is it knocks so loud?' 'A little lonely sin.'
'Slip through,' we answer, 'and all hell is in.'"

—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

How Sin Spreads

"One Fourth of July (I will never forget), says David S. Fry, Newport, Pa., "I dropped a little gasoline on the cellar floor. Some time after that I thought the best way to get rid of it would be to set it on fire. I put a match to the place where I had spilled the liquid, and in a flash a space ten feet in diameter was ablaze, and a disastrous fire narrowly averted. In my absence the volatile fluid had spread rapidly. Sin, no matter how small at the beginning, will spread and spread until, with all our scheming, we are not able to keep the knowledge of it within ourselves."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Life's Crooked Stitches

Betty, aged six, said J. R. Miller, is something of a philosopher. The other day, as she slowly and painstakingly worked at the strip of hemming which was her first attempt at needle-work, she thoughtfully remarked: "The best thing about not putting in crooked stitches is that you don't have to pick 'em out again." The truth seems obvious enough, and yet how long it takes many of us to learn it, and how many bitter hours we spend picking out life's crooked stitches that we never should have put in!—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Spotless Ermine

The fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature appears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. So strong is this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. Do we so detest the defilement of sin that we would suffer rather than become defiled?—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Everything to Pay

Passing along the streets of Paris one day I saw an electric sign, and on the sign these words: "Nothing to pay." I passed as near the door as I could without entering, and I heard the coarse jest from within; I heard the laughter from the other side that is described by the wise man when he said, "The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." Then the door swung open, and I got one glimpse. Nothing to pay? There is everything to pay! If a man had stepped through that door he would have lost that which makes for real manhood. If you sin, it does not make any difference whether it is drink, impurity, dishonesty, or deceit; if you sin there is everything to pay.—*Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, in the Free Churchman.*

A Wise Worm

The Department of Zoölogy at Harvard recently undertook to find out

certain things about the worm family. A worm was put in a box, with two holes cut in it through which it could crawl in and out. Across the path leading to the exit he would naturally use, there was a wire charged lightly with electricity. The worm crossed the wire and got the shock. He tried again and took the unpleasant current. The third time he had the same experience. He only needed three lessons, and then he became wise. He never tried that door again, always went went out and in by the one that had no live wire in front of it. This worm, which the professors call "One-Eyed Pete," might teach some people who never learn by experience.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Mustang's Curve

When the Indian hunts the mustang or wild horse of the prairie, he never follows him in a direct line, for he knows he cannot overtake him. But he notices the almost insensible deflection of his victim from the straight line, and crosses the arc of flight as the string crosses the bow, with the certainty of meeting him at the point of attachment, though it may be fifty miles away. The horse runs in a gigantic curve, the hunter in a straight line, and at the spot where the lines cross stands the Indian, lasso in hand, ready for his prey. So retribution is sure to meet the unrepentant sinner who swerves from the right path.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Glossing Over Sin

"The word 'sin' has come to be a nice religious word," said the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, "and a man who calls himself the chief of sinners thinks he is half a saint. If he called himself the chief of scoundrels he wouldn't think so! Call your sins by the right name. An elder of the church who had fallen once prayed, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that Thy servant in a moment of unwatchfulness fell into grievous sin——' Another brother interrupting said, 'Why on earth don't you tell the Lord you got drunk?' Ah, there was a touch of reality about that. The more direct we are in our prayers the better."—*The Christian Herald.*

Afraid of the Sunlight

A Christian worker tells of a visit which he paid to a house of distinction. He was ushered into a large room, the blinds of which were all down. As he was being taken to a seat by a footman, a young woman followed, who, calling the servant aside for a moment, whispered to him, "Don't draw up the blinds; the room has not been dusted." How many are acting like that, steadfastly refusing to let God's light into their hearts. They will not draw up the blinds, because the room has not been cleared of the dust of sin, and they could not bear the sight which the sunshine of heaven would reveal. When sin is forsaken, then heaven's sunshine is ever welcome.—*The Free Churchman.*

The Pig's Path

Not long ago I was visiting a friend in the country. On the second morning I started for a walk, taking my host's little boy with me. We chose an inviting path through the pastures, fringed with clover blooms and buttercups; but the lad held back. "Why don't you want to come along this path?" I asked. "That path was made by the pigs," he replied, "and before you git far you'll git into the awfullest patch of mire and weeds you ever saw." How often, like Zedekiah, we start on a path without stopping to ask where it leads.—*Golden Hours.*

Ashamed of Sin

Archbishop Ryan was one day in a barber shop when four or five young men walked in whom he knew by their voices, but who did not recognize the man in the chair with lather all over his face. They proceeded to spend the time by telling stories and using expressions which, to say the least, were rather strong. When the barber pulled away the towel the archbishop cleanly shaved stood before them. So nonplused were they that no one tried to take the vacant chair, and the barber called several times: "Next gentleman! Next gentleman!" The archbishop smiled somewhat grimly as he said: "It isn't a bit of use, John. There's not a man here that has the effrontery to answer to that name."—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

God's Judgment Against Sin

One look from God's face, says Revelation, and every island and mountain is removed. A look from God, and San Francisco was a tumbling mass of debris. A missionary states that in the midst of the wickedness of the Island of Martinique they had driven the missionaries from the island and

refused to hear. The climax had been reached when they crucified a pig, in blasphemy of the crucifixion. Just then God looked, there came an upheaval, and then a tidal wave rolled in and thousands perished. God's judgments are today as well as upon that proud Egyptian host.

Forged His Own Chain

It is told of a famous smith of mediæval times that, having been taken prisoner, and immured in a dungeon, he began to examine the chain that bound him with a view to discover some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. His hope was vain, for he found from some marks upon it that it was his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that none could break a chain that he had forged. Thus with the sinner. His own hands have forged the chain that binds him—a chain that no human hand can break.—*The Traveler's Guide.*

The Impress of Sin

In the exploration of Babylon every brick was found with the impress of the name of Nebuchadnezzar the king. But upon one of the bricks there was also the clear footprint of a dog. It had trodden upon the brick while the clay was yet soft and unbaked, and the impress of the foot remains there still, but the king's name is underneath. On many a man's nature the impress of the dog's foot is manifest, but what we are apt to forget is that the King's name is still underneath.—*The British Congregationalist.*

Sin Like Iodine

The science of chemistry teaches us that a single grain of iodine will impart colour to seven thousand times its weight of water. So one sin affects the whole life.—*From "Thoughts from My Library," by Moody.*

The Image Marred

I once saw, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect,—all the features of a manly, noble face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognized,—it was all marred and spoilt. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King while it warms with the love and glow of early youth is allowed to grow too cold, and the image is marred. —*Canon Shore.*

The Curative Standpoint

A celebrated physician who always entered a sick-room with a smile upon his lips was asked how he could be living among so many terrible diseases and yet not be overwhelmed by them. He replied: "I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint." The heart of Christ would have broken long before He reached the cross had He not looked upon sinning humanity from the "curative standpoint." If we would have His joy in us let us take His view.—*The Expositor.*

Destructiveness of Sin

A few years ago the whole of the roofing of the Church of St. Paul in Rome had to be taken out at enormous expense because of the dry-rot. Scientific men, by microscope and chemical methods, investigated the causes of this premature decay, and after patient search they discovered that a small fungus had found its way into the heart of the wood, and had silently and mysteriously deteriorated the tissue, thus destroying the strength and glory of the structure. — *The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Fish Turned to Stone

It is said that some years ago in Sicily there was a petrifying stream. This stream, which came out of the sulphur beds, would turn to sulphur any stone or any living creature over and around which it continued to flow. A small living fish put into a little rock basin into which the stream fell soon lost its power of motion, then its life, and later its very body turned to stone, so that after a few days of the dropping of that stream upon it, it was just a fish carved in stone. Sin is like that. It falls upon a man and hardens him, despiritualizes him, and desensitizes his conscience.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Indulgence for Sin

In Puebla, Mexico, is a famous Catholic church, "Santo Domingo." In the open court just in front of the entrance to the church stands a cross; on the pedestal of this are carved Spanish words, of which the following is a

translation: "Ten thousand years of indulgences for each time, when in grace and before this cross, any person recites five times the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria with Gloria; in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ." Thus man still seeks to avoid the penalty of sin, and thus the tempter still persuades that the soul that sinneth shall not die.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Doubtful Enterprise

"I decided not to go into it," announced the one who had been invited to engage in a doubtful enterprise. "When I tried to decide in favour of it, I found that I had to argue with myself. When that happens, I always think it best to give a thing up," he explained.—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Bitterness of Sin

There would be no sin in the world if people had to take the bitterness of it first, and the sweetness of it last.—*The Christian Herald.*

SINGING

Jenny Lind

Of all the great singers who have charmed the world and adorned the profession of their Christian faith, none was greater than Jenny Lind, born in Sweden in 1821. After winning remarkable success as an opera singer, she suddenly quitted the stage and was never induced to return to it. She chose thereafter to sing in oratorios.

Jenny Lind was once asked by a young lady, as she sat on the sea beach: "What made you leave the opera, Madame?" The songstress had been reading the Bible, and the sun was setting in majestic glory over the waves. Jenny Lind replied: "Because, my dear, every day I was thinking less and less of that"—pointing to the sunset—"and nothing at all of that"—pointing to the Bible. Those who ever heard her sing the solo "I know that my Redeemer liveth" will never forget the tone of personal certainty, founded on faith, with which she uttered "I *know.*"

Jenny Lind was buried in the lovely cemetery at Malvern, in 1887, and many a pilgrim has stood beside her marble tomb and read the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which are appropriately inscribed thereon. In Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, there is a memorial to the singer, below the bust of Handel, whose noble music she interpreted so finely. By the way, when Princess Christian unveiled this memorial—which also bears the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—the aged husband of Jenny Lind, who had survived her, was present.

During one of Jenny Lind's visits to America she called on John Ericsson, a fellow-countryman who had settled in the United States and won great fame as an inventor. He lived a secluded life, and denied himself to visitors. Jenny Lind sent up her card, but Ericsson, not apparently recalling her identity, did not appear. Then the songstress began to sing one of the ancient Swedish lullabies with which mothers in Scandinavia sing their children to sleep. The closed door opened at the sound of the golden notes, recalling childhood's happy days, and out came John Ericsson, with tears in his eyes, to greet and thank Jenny Lind. It was one instance of how music can open the door of the heart.—*Selected.*

Soul-Winning Hymns

Charles M. Alexander, famous gospel song and chorus leader, and former evangelistic associate of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, died suddenly October 13, at Birmingham, England. He spent part of last summer at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, where he received the training which launched him on his career in 1894.

In one of his addresses to the student body on evangelistic singing and conducting he said: "Don't be afraid to use the old songs. Take the one, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There'; that has led more men to Christ than any other one song I know of. Don't be afraid of a song because you fear it may be considered sentimental. Strike for the hearts of people, don't bother so much about their heads. Remember the outsider, too, in your choice of hymns. Don't always use the ones that only the Christians can enter into."

He said that there was a great demand all over the world for gospel singers equipped to sing and who have character behind them and a knowledge of the Bible; and that the requisite for a good evangelist was a love for men's souls and a desire to get the message to them rather than to conduct the service.

"Never get away from the Bible," he said. "All over the country people may be down on sermons, but not on singing nor the exposition of the Bible."

Asked what gospel songs had been most effective in his experience, he

named: "Tell Mother I'll Be There," "The Glory Song," "He Will Hold Me Fast," and "I Know Whom I Have Believed."—*Selected.*

Effect of a Hymn

In a San Francisco court-room thirty disheveled, red-eyed, hardened drunkards awaited trial. Suddenly a clear, strong voice from below began singing:

"Last night as I lay sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

The judge, making inquiry, found the song to proceed from a prisoner below, also awaiting trial. As the song went on every one showed emotion, some dropped on their knees, one buried his face, and sobbed, "O mother, mother." The sobs cut to the very heart, and the song welled on through the court-room:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Sing for the night is o'er;
Hosannah in the highest,
Hosannah for evermore."

The judge looked into the faces of the men. There was not one whose better impulses had not been stirred by the song. He did not call the cases singly. A word of good advice, and he dismissed them all. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished. —*The Sunday School Times.*

Wanted Real Gospel Hymns

Apologizing for religion by serving a diluted shadow of spirituality to the soldier is all unnecessary. Men facing death want religion—not baby songs. They want Christ—not cheap twaddle about sweetness and the manly life, and nobility and nerve. They are having real fights with real sin; viciousness is dead-set against virtue. They know it! In a recent camp song service some one called for "Smile, Smile, Smile," and a deep bass voice growled, "Aw, let's stick to the religious stuff." But no man with a cigarette in his teeth can lead in the singing of the hymns of the church, and voice the soul's need. No man comes to him with the problems of his soul.—*Association Men.*

Jenny Lind and the Bird

Jenny Lind was born in Sweden. She became known as "The Queen of Song." She charmed the great capitals of Europe before she was eighteen, and came to the United States in the fullness of her wonderful vocal powers. Mr. P. T. Barnum had a contract with her to pay her $1,000 a night for three hundred nights. We have heard some old people say that one of the memories of a lifetime was to have heard Jenny Lind sing. One day this Swedish nightingale met a rival. As she was out riding in the country with some friends, a beautiful bird perched near by trilled out such a wonderful series of sweet notes that the great opera singer was astonished. Having the carriage stopped, she herself sang a few strains of her finest music. The beautiful bird arched his neck, listened quietly to the end, and then began to sing again in such a way that Jenny Lind clasped her hands in ecstasy. Then, again she sang, using some of her Tyrolese Mountain strains. The bird answered back in its wonderful trills, until Jenny herself acknowledged that this pretty bird singer had really out-caroled her.—*The Way.*

The Hymn Christ Sang

And he will himself show you a large upper room furnished and ready. . . . And when it was evening he cometh with the twelve (Mark 14:15, 17).

"They sat within the 'upper room'
At evening dim.
He spoke of His impending doom;
And then, as fell the gathering gloom,
They sang a hymn.

"I wish I could have heard that song.
'Twas sweet I know;
For loving John could sing out strong,
And Peter's bass would roll along
So rich and low.

"Voice after voice took up the strain
As it arose;
The sweetness of that grand refrain
Excluded thoughts of loss or pain
And cruel foes.

"But purer, sweeter, than the rest
His voice was heard.
And angels in the regions blest,
With hands on throbbing harp-strings pressed,
Drank in each word.

"And then Gethsemane and prayer:
'Thy will be done';
Alone to grieve and suffer there,
Alone, but for the angels' care
Of the Father's Son."

—*John H. Shay, in Record of Christian Work.*

Somewhere in France

It was Christmas night in the trenches.

The crooked line of a French position was filled with weary men, some on guard and others at rest. Upon the huddled forms a fine snow fell, adding to the dreariness of the night. Presently an officer, on receiving an order, sprang to his feet, crying:

"Quick, quick, my children, it is for us to charge!"

The men aroused themselves and moved to their stations mechanically, and made ready for a dash through death. No one grumbled, but many choked, remembering other Christmas nights—happy nights spent amid the peace of home.

The order to charge in five minutes came down the line, and these loyal sons of France tried hard to forget home and Christmas as they stood behind the breastworks gripping their rifles and waiting for the command.

Four minutes passed.

Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by the sound of men's voices singing. The Germans! Every Frenchman grew tense, and longed for the order to charge. But, growing in volume, the song of the enemy came out clear and sweet. Presently one could hear the words:

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft, einsam wacht—"

Here and there a Frenchman lowered his rifle, and a lip trembled. Still the hated Germans sang:

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar
Holder Knabe im lockiger Haar,
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh'."

An officer ran up.

"Charge! my children! Charge! Vive la France!"

Not a man moved, and a great sob was the only reply to the command.

The officer was dumbfounded, and again he started the ringing command, but paused; for the melody had reached his ears, and he had recognized the song. His raised sword fell to his side, and his voice softened.

"Very well, children. No charge tonight. Let us also sing."

And as they sang a song of Christmas peace, a star, high in the East, grew bright—but grew dull again.—*Wyatt B. Brummitt.*

Singing from the Heart

Reichel was conducting the final rehearsal of his great choir for the production of the "Messiah." The chorus had sung through to the point where the soprano solo takes up the refrain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The soloist's technique was perfect—she had faultless breathing, accurate note placing, flawless enunciation. But after the final note all eyes were fixed on Reichel to catch his look of approval. Instead he silenced the orchestra, walked up to the singer with sorrowful eyes, and said, "My daughter, you do not really know that your Redeemer liveth, do you?" "Why, yes," she answered, flushing, "I think I do." "Then sing it," cried Reichel. "Tell it to me so that I will know, and all who hear you, and know that you know the joy and power of it." Then he motioned the orchestra to play again. This time she sang the truth as she knew it and had experienced it in her own soul, and all who heard wept under the spell of it. The old master approached her with tear-dimmed eyes, and said, "You do know, for you have told me." No other but this personal assurance is worth anything to us.—*From a sermon by Frederic Shannon.*

SLANDER

The Trace-It-Back Club

A party of men were in a café when a statement was made that practically accused a well-known citizen of crookedness. "I'd like to see that story traced back," said one of the men at the table, "for there's not the slightest truth in it in my opinion." "Well, let's organize a club to do it," said another. So the Trace-It-Back Club was formed and a committee appointed to investigate the statement. The story was run down within two days. The club, elated over its success, adopted by-laws and arranged to meet regularly. Whenever a man opened his mouth to accuse somebody the president merely began: "I appoint as a committee of investigation——" and he seldom got further. —*Onward.*

A Singular Person

There was a company of ladies at a minister's home. As he entered the room he heard them speaking in low voices of an absent friend. "She's very odd," said one. "Yes, very singular indeed," said another. "Do you know, she often does so and so?" said another, mentioning certain things to

her discredit. The minister asked who it was. When told, he said, "Oh, yes, she is odd; she's remarkably singular. Why, would you believe it," he added in a low voice, "she was never heard to speak ill of any absent friend!"—*The Earnest Christian.*

How to Receive an Ill Report

To repeat an ill report is to pour oil upon a fire. That is excellent advice given by Charles H. Spurgeon: "When you hear an ill report about anybody, halve and quarter it—and then say nothing about the rest."—*The Christian Observer.*

SLEEPING CHRISTIANS

A Triumph of Satan

Luther says in one of his sermons: "The Devil held a great anniversary, at which his emissaries were convened to report the results of their several missions. 'I let loose the wild beasts of the desert,' said one, 'on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now bleaching on the sands.' 'What of that?' said the Devil. 'Their souls were all saved.' 'I drove the east wind,' said another, 'against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned. 'What of that?' said the Devil. 'Their souls were all saved.' 'For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep,' said a third, 'and I succeeded, and left him so.' Then the Devil shouted," continues Luther, "and the night stars of hell sang for joy."—*Biblical Treasury.*

SONSHIP

Son of a King

A visitor was once watching a group of slaves, slouching and shuffling off to their work. One tall, broad-shouldered fellow strode on, head erect and with the gait of a man. "How's that?" the visitor asked. "Oh, he's the son of an African king," was the reply. "He never forgets that." Alas! we forget, amid the drudgeries of earth, that we are sons and daughters of the King of kings, and in training for thrones in His empire!—*The Christian Herald.*

SOUL

The Soul of Man

Two or three young men, who were once visiting Washington, went into the National Museum. On one of the cabinets was a label with these words: "The body of a man, weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds." "Where is the man?" asked one of the young men. No one answered him. In the cabinet were two jars of water; other jars in which were phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, potassium, sodium, and other chemicals. Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with gases,—hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The materials in those cabinets are given in exact proportion as combined in an ordinary man. After looking at the assortment for some time in silence, one of the young men said: "And that is what I am made of? That is all that goes to make me?" "That is all," said a bystander, smiling, and walked on. But the young man did not smile. "If that is all that is needed," said one, "so much lime, so much gas, so much water, we should be exactly alike. There is something more which they cannot put into cabinets." "Yes," said another under his breath, "that added by God, who puts into these senseless elements that which makes a living soul." They passed on in silence, their souls and their God suddenly becoming real before those cabinets filled with all the material essentials for the making of a man.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Priceless Gem

During the World's Fair in Chicago there was one place in the Tiffany exhibit that one could never approach, because of the great crowd gathered around it. I was there many times, but never could I get at the place; I always had to stand on tiptoe and look over the heads of the crowd. What were they looking at? Nothing but a cone of purple velvet revolving upon an axis, and toward the apex of the cone a large, beautiful diamond of almost priceless worth. It was well worth looking at. But I have never recalled that scene but what the thought has come to me that the single soul of the raggedest pauper on the streets, of the most degraded woman, of the most ignorant boy or girl, is of infinitely more value in God's sight than ten thousand gems like that.—*R. A. Torrey, D.D., in Zion's Advocate.*

Jungle Belief in the Soul

Dan Crawford told a London audience that the people in the jungle of Africa have a tremendous belief in the immortality of the soul. "These people

tell you that the dead do not really die, the body to them is the cottage of the soul. You say, 'He has departed.' They say, 'He has arrived.'"—*The British Weekly.*

SOUL-WINNING

Moody's Love for the Fallen

One afternoon there was some confusion a little way from the pulpit. Mr. Moody stopped instantly. A man under the influence of liquor had become restless, and was talking to those around him. The disturbance went on for some minutes, and Mr. Moody stood quiet, without a word or gesture. Presently the man rose and climbed awkwardly over the feet and knees of his neighbours in the pew out into the aisle. For the moment the audience lost sight of Mr. Moody, and watched the man as with uncertain step he shuffled down the aisle. Just as the door shut behind the man Mr. Moody said with the most inexpressible sadness, "There goes our brother, our imperiled brother, and who can tell where he will go and what his end will be? Must he go alone? Does no one care for his soul?" The words were gentle and moving. Instantly several men ran down the aisles and out through the door in loving pursuit of the wanderer. Mr. Moody went on with his sermon, and made no further reference to the episode. So great was his mastery of the service that I forgot all about the poor drunken fellow. I lingered in conversation with friends until the house was almost empty, and then walked down the aisle. Between two of the pews I saw two men on their knees. One had his arm round the other, who was sobbing brokenly. It was Mr. Moody and the poor drunkard, who had been brought back, and Mr. Moody was praying earnestly. I do not know what became of that man, but it is something to know that he felt the embrace of Mr. Moody's strong arm, and that heaven heard Mr. Moody's plea that there might be mercy for him. From that afternoon I have had a hopefulness about the salvation of drunkards that I never had before. —*Dr. W. E. Hatcher, in Watchman-Examiner.*

Policeman a Soul-Winner

A policeman was standing at a point of duty at the crossroads of a university town. It was the beginning of term, and many freshmen were coming up that morning. One of these crossed the road, and going up to our friend, asked, "Policeman, can you tell me the way to Jesus?" and in an instant he had replied, "Thank God, I can, sir. You go by the way of the Cross, and you keep straight on." The student gazed at him a moment in astonishment, and then, with a confused look, said, "You know very well what I mean. I mean Jesus College." "Oh, for that, sir, you still go straight on and turn to the right." The freshman hurriedly turned away. Later on, in the distance, coming towards him was the freshman, and as he got nearer he seemed to hesitate, and then, suddenly growing bold, he once more crossed the road to our friend. "Policeman, may I shake hands and thank you for what you told me a little while back? You are the only one who has ever spoken to me about these things, and I do thank you." And in his bright way our friend replied, "Don't thank me, sir; thank the Master whom I serve. I am only the messenger."—*The Christian Herald.*

Led Hundreds to Christ

When I was in Australia I went to see a woman, a cripple. When she was eighteen she was seized with a dread malady, and the doctor said that to save her life he must take off her foot. The disease extended to both legs and arms, till, after successive amputations, all that remained of that woman, Miss Higgins, when I saw her, was nothing more than a trunk. For fifteen years she had been there. She lay in bed one day and asked what she could do, a dismembered woman without a joint in her body. Then an inspiration came and she got a friend who was a carpenter to come, and he fitted a pad to her shoulder, and then to that another, and a fountain-pen, and she began to write letters. Remember, when you write, you write with your arm. She had to write; there was no joint, and she wrote with the whole of her body. She had received 1,500 or 1,600 letters from people whom she had brought to Christ through the letters she had written in that way. If God can do that for a poor dismembered creature, what can He not do through you and through me?—*From the Rev. F. C. Spurr, at Keswick Convention.*

Cripple a Soul-Winner

The following story was told the writer by Rev. G. M. Meacham, D.D.,

one of the pioneer missionaries of the Canadian Methodist Church to Japan: In Yamanaka was born Dai Tsuke (pronounced Da-nee Ska), a cripple with no use of hands or feet. He was neglected by his parents, and was many times laid uncared-for in a corner. But for the kindly help of his little brothers and sisters he would have died. He early had religious desires, and as he heard his parents talking of the pilgrims and the shrines he longed to be a Buddhist or a Shintoist. His desires, however, were only laughed at. Finally a new religion came to Yamanaka. One day Dai's little sister came in, saying that a man was preaching that all you needed to do was to believe to be saved. The little fellow was deeply interested, thinking that if he could not clasp his hands in worship or be a pilgrim, he could at least believe. He asked many questions, and coaxed his brothers and sisters to teach him the alphabet and how to read, so that he might read the New Testament that had been obtained from the missionary. There he read of Jesus, was converted, and became very happy. He began to talk and pray with his sisters and brothers, and also with his parents, with the happy result that every one of them was also converted. His thought was then of the people in the village, and he longed to reach them with the story of Jesus. He made many plans, but did not succeed until he persuaded his father to establish a public bath near the home, a custom prevailing in all the towns and villages of Japan, where the villagers might at small cost come to bathe. At the door of the bath-house little Dai was laid, and as the villagers went to and fro he interested many of them in the gospel story, and so prepared their hearts that when, later, other missionaries came to the place large numbers were speedily converted to Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Won by Kindness

A young woman came before the Session of a Presbyterian Church and said she wished to unite with that church. No one present knew her; she made an unusually clear confession of faith, impressing the minister so much that he asked her how she had been led to Christ. "Through Dr. S.," she replied. "Is Dr. S. a friend of yours?" she was asked. "No," she said, "I have never met or even seen him." She was a telephone operator and had had night service from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M. Receiving many calls for this physician she had more than once rung his bell by mistake. Always he answered not only with courtesy, but with a voice that showed no trace of impatience. It was such a grateful relief from the surly, sleepy voices of others awakened at midnight, or the harsh expressions directed at her when she called a wrong number by mistake, that she finally became deeply interested and wanted to know the secret of the difference between Dr. S. and other men. She learned that Christ was supreme in his heart and life. Soon Dr. S.'s Saviour was her Saviour. —*The Sunday School Times.*

Unique Method of Soul-Winning

In China a peculiarly ignominious form of punishment is to fasten upon the criminal a heavy plank in which a hole has been cut to admit the head. Upon this plank a description of the crime is printed in large characters. The offender is turned into the street, to wander in the presence of a jeering, hooting mob. Recently, in one of the villages a man was seen walking slowly up and down the main street bearing upon his neck this badge of shame. The curious crowds that pressed forward to learn his crime were silent through astonishment. Instead of reading upon the board the record of broken law, they saw sentences like these: "God is love," "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This man was not "ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Longing to share with his countrymen the good news of salvation, he chose to wear the criminal's collar, that the thronging crowds that should gaze upon it might thus read a message from the true God.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Won by a Child

One evening at a service in New York City I saw a very distinguished-looking man arise and say, "I will accept Christ." I went back to the hotel and told my wife that I believed that I had been used by Christ to lead a great man to God. I thought I had, but the next day, which was a day of prayer, I saw this man come into the service carrying in his arms a little lame boy. He brought the boy forward, placed him upon the platform, and came over to me. Placing his hand up to his mouth so that the child could not hear, he said, "I want to introduce you to

my little Joe; he is going to die." He did not need to tell me that. The little fellow's face was so white, and his hands were so thin! When I came over he said, with all the pride of a father, "This is Joe; he led me to Christ." I confess I was a bit disappointed. Then he told me the story. He said: "When the mission started, Joe said to me, 'Father, I cannot go, but mother will take you, and all the time you are gone I will pray.' I never came into the house at night that I didn't hear the thud of his little crutch on the floor as he came to welcome me the moment the door was opened. He would spring into my arms and say, 'Did you come?' But last night he did not ask me. I heard him coming to the door, and, as it was opened, he sprang into my arms and buried his face on my shoulder, and I heard him say, with a sob, 'You have come. You have come. I know you have.'"—*Rev. J. W. Chapman, in The Christian Herald.*

One of the "All"

After the evening service at the mission, the preacher was hurrying away to a late train. He had just three minutes in which to catch it. Fortunately, the station was close at hand. A gentleman came running after him. "Oh, sir," said he, breathlessly, as he came up, "can you speak to me? I am very anxious about my soul." "Well," replied the missioner, "my train is just here, and it is the last one; but look up Isaiah 53:6. Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' Good night." The gentleman stood staring after him until he disappeared into the station, and then he muttered, "Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' What does it mean?" When he arrived at home he got down a Bible. He turned to the text and read these words: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "Go in at the first 'all,'" he repeated. "'All we like sheep have gone astray.' I am to go in with that 'all.' Yes, I see. It just means I am one of those who have gone astray. And go out with the last 'all.' 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' I see. Yes, I am to go out free with those whose iniquity has been laid on Christ." That short, pithy comment brought, by the Holy Spirit, light and peace to that man's conscience and heart, and he rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour.—*The Christian Herald.*

Boarding-House Soul-Winning

A Christian young woman staying for a time among strangers in a boarding-house in a great city realized that the atmosphere of the house was spiritually dead, and her soul cried out earnestly for more and yet more of Christ within herself. Her whole prayer was, "O God, help me to let Thy will be wrought in me and for me and through me." Abiding in this prayer and in absolute confidence that it was being heard and answered, she lived simply and naturally her commonplace life among those who were in a whirl of pleasure-seeking and worldliness. One morning soon after her arrival she chanced to be at the breakfast-table with no one else present but a young lad. He expressed pleasure at being alone with her, saying, "I want you to tell me how to be a Christian." Gladly she told of Jesus and His power to save. Then a woman in deep perplexity and doubt came, asking for spiritual light. And almost daily another and another sought her help, entirely on their own initiative, until there was scarcely one in the house whom she had not been able in some way to reach and often to help. Her one work was to keep in the closest touch with Christ. He did all the rest. —*Youth's Instructor.*

Winning His Share

There was a young son of a missionary who heard his father say to the native congregation that if each Christian in that particular city should win fifty, the whole city would be Christianized. The twelve-year-old boy accepted his share of the responsibility without reservation. Every day at family prayers, a boy friend of his, a Hindoo, was remembered, and such successful personal work was done that in a few months his friend was baptized. Radiant with happiness, the boy watched the baptism, and said hopefully to his father, "Only forty-nine left for me."—*From "Western Women in Eastern Lands."*

Origin of the Pocket Testament League

A number of years ago, a young school-girl in Birmingham, England, accepted Christ in a Gospel meeting. The moment she found the Saviour she had a great longing to win others to Him. Two or three years later, while attending high school, she sought to bring her schoolmates to a knowledge

of Christ. Sometimes she would speak to a girl at recess, and would run upstairs to get her Bible to show her a passage of Scripture. When she returned, the girl had probably gone, and the opportunity was lost. She endeavoured to quote verses from the Bible, but found she would make mistakes. Finally she decided to carry a Testament always in her pocket, so she could show the other girls the way of life right from God's Word, anywhere and at any time. Another girl began to do the same thing, and another, and another, and thus was started the Pocket Testament League, the young girl never dreaming that God would take her humble efforts and make a mighty world-wide movement.—*George T. B. Davis, in the Alliance Weekly.*

Boy Soul-Winners

I got my first step in personal evangelism when a boy of fifteen in London. Fifty boys were each given a street, for which they were responsible to leave a tract at every house every week. . . . And sometimes, boy as I was, I would be asked in to pray with a sick person. Why do we not speak oftener for our Lord? How will you stand at the judgment as regards the postman, the grocery man, the laundry man, the newsboy, that call at your door? You don't have to be a preacher to do this kind of evangelism, to say, Come.—*From an address by Rev. Bowley Green.*

Gave His Life for Others

A Japanese graduate of an institution in our country was enjoying a position of comfort and influence. But in the Russo-Japanese war the call was borne in upon him that he should go to Manchuria to help the Christians working among the soldiers. He obeyed the call, and went farther inland than the others, although suffering much from the coarse food and privations of army life. One morning he awoke deaf, and was found to be in an advanced stage of typhoid fever. Such was the love for him in the army that he was placed in the officers' ward, where at last he began to recover. One day he drew a small book out and read from it. The officers in the ward noticed a look of peace on his face after he read. "Comrade," they said, "if there is any good in that book we need it, too. Will you read it to us?" The weak man told the gospel story, and the others welcomed it. So it happened that when he was well enough to be moved to the coast, at each successive stage there was some man who, having heard the story from him the preceding night, asked for it again, and the convalescent left a trail behind him of seed sown in weakness and suffering. He died in Japan as a result of the exposures he had suffered, but he died gladly.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Korean Lady Soul-Winner

A Korean lady of great wealth, beautifully gowned in shining linen and soft silk, stopped her sedan chair outside a bookstore in An Dong. A friend stopped to speak with her and she said, "I have just been buying some books to take home with me to give away to my unbelieving neighbours." "Where are they?" I asked. "In the chair," was the reply. And one of the chair coolies, with a very disgusted look upon his face, raised the chair curtain, and behold! the chair was packed full of Mark's Gospels, tracts, and hymn-books! "But," I said, "the chair is full, you cannot get in." "That's no matter," she laughed, "it's only thirty *li* (fifteen miles), and I can walk." The chair coolies were bidden to take up the chair and they did so rather gruntingly, and the lady followed walking with her woman servant, her face beaming with pleasure, and smiling "Good-by." Only those who know what riding in a chair stands for among Korean women can appreciate the sacrifice in this story. "To leave the city of An Dong on foot when she might ride!" exclaimed a bystander. The lady was past fifty years of age.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Restaurant Won for Christ

In a restaurant in a large city, a minister asked the cashier if she were a Christian. She answered "No." "When do you lunch?" "Between twelve and one." "Can I call and see you then?" "I shall be glad to have you." "About twelve-thirty I will come." He went. They sat down in a quiet corner, he talked of the way of salvation, they prayed, and then and there she was saved. Then she began her "one by one" work; and the result of her efforts was that the leaven spread until the minister had baptized every one in that establishment, except the proprietor, who belonged to the Catholic church.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Personal Soul-Winning

A noted evangelist was once holding a series of services in a church whose

minister was a man of long experience and of great ability and of great influence. One night as they sat on the platform together, the minister pointed out to the evangelist a man in the audience. "For twelve years," he said, "I have tried to win that man to Christ. I have preached to him so long that I sometimes find myself doing it almost unconsciously." "From the pulpit?" asked the evangelist. "From the pulpit, yes." "How many times have you gone to him with the love of God in your heart and said: 'I want to see you become a child of God'?" "I must confess," said the minister, "that I have never spoken to him personally and directly concerning his salvation." "Then," said the evangelist, "perhaps he is not impregnable after all." That night the evangelist, after service, caught the man before he got to the door. And the next evening in the "after service," in which so many souls have found lasting peace and eternal life, the man was on his knees with the tears streaming down his cheeks. It was the personal touch that did it.—*William Thomson McElroy, in the Northern Christian Advocate.*

Persistency Won

In a village in one of the mining districts a kindly Christian woman was in the habit of visiting an old man who was ill and alone. He had the reputation of being a "surly swearing chap," and few of the neighbours went near him. Though the good woman received no thanks for her attention, she continued to try to help the poor old fellow, and always mentioned him in her evening prayers with her little boy, who became greatly interested in the "bad man," as he called him. One night after the man had thrown back her kind words with cursing and swearing, the child noticed that the usual prayer was not offered. "Have you given him up, mother?" he asked. "Yes, dear, I believe I have," was the reply. "Do you think God has given him up, too?" questioned the boy, after a moment's thought. This view of the matter so impressed the mother that she continued praying and working until she was rewarded by being used as the means of the man's conversion.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Could Not Grasp the Oar

A poor fellow was drowning on a winter day, and struggled in vain to grasp the oar a boatman held out to him. His rescuer could not understand why he did not hold on. At last the poor drowning fellow gasped out in despair, "For mercy's sake give me the wooden end!" The man had been holding to him a mass of ice, which slipped from his fingers. So often we hold out to sinking souls an oar of ice while we sit in cushioned pews with gloved hands holding on to the warm end. Let us learn, like our Master, to go to the publicans and sinners if we would have them come to us.—*A. B. Simpson, in Sabbath Reading.*

Turning Darkness to Light

In a South Coast town, some years ago, a business girl who was having a very hard time among her friends, and suffering much persecution for her Christian testimony, came to a friend of mine who was holding a series of special Sunday evening services in a large theater. She told him she was afraid she must give it all up. He said to her, "Tell me, where do we put the lights?" She looked puzzled at his question, so he answered it. "We put the lights in a dark place," he said. In a moment she saw his meaning, and realized that God had put her in those difficult surroundings that she might shine for Jesus in the midst of the darkness. She went back determined to be more courageous than ever in her witness for Christ. A few weeks later, after the theater service, she came to him with a group of other girls, all radiant with joy. "Oh," she said, "the thirteenth from our business house has decided for Christ tonight." —*Frederick P. Wood, in "The Life of Faith."*

The Dropping of a Tract

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field (Mark 13:31).

A woman dropped a tract or little book in the way of Richard Baxter. He picked it up and read it, and it led him to Christ. He became a holy Christian, and wrote a book entitled, "A Call to the Unconverted," which brought many persons to the Saviour, and among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge in turn wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which led many into the kingdom of God, among them the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of saving a multitude, among them

Legh Richmond. In his turn Legh Richmond wrote the book called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been instrumental in the conversion of many thousands. The dropping of that tract seemed a very small thing; but what a wonderful many-branched tree has sprung from it!—*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Criticising a Soul-Winner

Judging others is a perilous procedure. Some excellent Sabbath-keepers once, about forty years ago, accused a Christian railway superintendent of breaking the Fourth Commandment by habitually sending out and sometimes riding on an extra engine on Sunday afternoon. Had these critics attended the preceding Sunday-school convention of their home county they would have known more and perhaps have said less. The county missionary there reported that he found the village of M—— without Sunday-school, public worship, or Christian leader, but not without saloons. The railway superintendent had honoured himself by attending the convention and looking for work. Beginning with the next Sunday the village of M—— had a Sunday-school, manned by leaders carried back and forth on that engine after the day's work in the schools of their home town was done; and the said superintendent sometimes served as engineer rather than appoint an employee to this extra Sunday labour. Others may often justly do what we could not justly do. —*From an editorial in The Sunday School Times.*

After the Lord's Business

Some men just cannot leave their business alone. They carry it with them; it holds them all the time. Successful insurance men often have this reputation. One such was stricken down with illness and ordered to the hospital. But facing this "shut-in" time he said cheerfully to his chief: "I expect to insure my surgeon; I'll get a nurse or two; and, after all, one can do a good deal of business by correspondence." Being "laid aside" for him simply meant opening up new opportunities that he would not otherwise have had—and all for more business! The insurance that the Lord Jesus Christ offers is quite as worth while. What will it mean for Him and for others when we are as eagerly on the trail of new business as that cheery, irrepressible, "sick" business getter? —*The Sunday School Times.*

Winning a Boy for Christ

"Oh, mother, I have had a perfectly splendid time," said a small boy. "Why, where have you been?" his mother asked. "Oh, I've been to a fire." "A fire!" exclaimed his mother, "and didn't I tell you you must not go to a fire alone?" "Yes, but—" the little fellow replied, "I didn't go alone. I was standing on the sidewalk when the engine tore by, and I was looking after it, when a man came up, and said, 'Little boy, would you like to go to the fire?' And I said, 'Yes, sir, I would.' 'Very well,' he said, 'let's go.' He took my hand, and we went to the fire, and had a great time." "And who was it?" asked the surprised mother. "Oh, he said he was the preacher at the Brick Church over on Fifth Avenue." So Dr. Babcock had won another heart, the heart of a little boy. More than that, he had won the hearts of those who loved the little boy. It took a little bit of his time, and it took him out of the way. But his time was not his, but his Master's, for just such uses as winning little boys; and he was never out of his way when he was in the way of serving his Master.—*Forward.*

The Personal Touch

I laid my hand upon the shoulder of a noble specimen of young manhood and asked him if he was a Christian. I had not seen him to know him or to separate him from the crowd before that moment. He replied, with an evident desire to detain me, "No, sir, I have heard you preach every Sunday for seven years without one exception, but I am not a Christian yet." He is now one of the most faithful members of the church. What seven years of preaching had failed to do, five minutes of heart-contact and personal relation accomplished.—*Dr. Cortland Myers, in the Civic Forum.*

Learning to Win Souls

"In 1904," said Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston before the Second Convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood, "a man came to me and said: 'I want to tell you my story. I am David Williams, of Youngstown, Ohio. A year ago my pastor gave me a little book written by a man named Henry Clay Trumbull, entitled "Individual Work for Individuals." I read the book and thought it very interesting. I thought it was all right for Dr. Trumbull to be winning souls unto Christ, . . . but it

never entered my mind that I ought to do it. The pastor announced that he would organize a class for studying how to do personal work, and that everybody that was interested in knowing how to do personal work successfully was invited to come, so I thought I ought to go, and we had not gone very far along until I began to see that I ought to win men for Christ; I began to feel a responsibility I had never felt before. I talked to my wife about it, especially about one man. I went to talk with him, and he rebuffed me. I went again and said: "The last time you did not give me any good reason for not being a Christian. I want you to give a good reason." He said, "I do not think there is any; I have decided to be one."'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Doing All He Could

A ship's surgeon told this story: "On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and told the crew they had better go out and try to save the boy. One of the crew pulled him up. They took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, worked his hands and feet, and when they had done all they knew how to do, they said: 'Haven't we done all we can?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I think you have.' A sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over, and found it was my own son. Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat. I bent over that boy, blew into his nostrils, and breathed into his mouth. I turned him over, and simply begged God to bring him back, and for four long hours I worked, until just at sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy."—*Dr. J. Balcom Shaw, in The Ram's Horn.*

Indirect Soul-Winning

A nurse had settled in a home in Edinburgh, and placed a card about the mission of Dr. Torrey in the frame of a picture in her room. After it had remained there for two or three days, the landlady asked the nurse what it referred to. She replied that it was an invitation to the Torrey-Alexander services, but that, as she could not attend them herself, she had placed it where others could see it who might be able to go. She asked the landlady if she intended going to the Synod Hall. "Oh, no," was the reply, "I cannot even get to a church, because of the children." The nurse said she would look after the little ones if the mother would go to the mission. The landlady went, and was converted that night. The change wrought in her induced her husband to go on another evening, and he came home a converted man. Later on a son and a daughter attended the meetings and were led into the light of God. Now, all these four persons were brought to the Lord through the simple inquiry caused by a little card.—*Baptist Union.*

A Record of Personal Work

Barnabas, a son of consolation, led Paul into the Christian ministry. William Farel led Calvin into the field of strenuous endeavour. J. Will Tree, a bookbinder by trade, conducts a class on Friday nights in the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Ithaca, N. Y., and has continued it now for thirty years. Some years ago a student in Cornell University who was, as he himself phrased it a short time ago, a cold and indifferent Christian, attended Mr. Tree's class meeting and was led to surrender his life to Christ. At a recent meeting of the class that student, John R. Mott, made public acknowledgment of his debt to the class leader. If a meed of praise is due to Andrew for much of the work done by Peter, the brother whom Andrew brought to Jesus, something is due the man who led John R. Mott into his wide field of Christian service.—*Christian Nation.*

Winning the Young for Christ

A stream came down the mountainside from the snow on the top. Gaily it leaped and ran upon its course, until it neared the valley below at a place where the choice of two ways lay before it; one by a larger stream into the river that was flowing to the sea; and the other over a chasm that led nowhere except down to boulders of rock and rubble. A large stone lay across the path of this little stream, which checked its course for a moment. Then over the chasm it went, and was lost in the abyss below. If only some hand had removed the stone, the stream would have joined the river and gained the ocean. Many a young life is like that stream. If only some strong, wise

hand would remove the temptation that hinders at the critical time, the river of usefulness and happiness would be reached, and the ocean of God's purpose gained.—*Rev. J. W. W. Moeran.*

Thousands Won by a Cripple

After three years' labour in an African mission one man was baptized, a cripple, who was denied the movement of either hands or feet. He could not go to others, but they came to him at his invitation, and at the end of a year thirty-one savages, from seven warring villages, assembled about the table of the Lord. At that service one, upon his own initiative arose and proposed that it be made the rule of the new church that every member tithe his income. To this they heartily and unanimously agreed. Again this whilom child of paganism and superstition arose and with passionate energy proposed that one out of every ten of their number give his entire time to heralding the good tidings, and that these be supported by the other nine members in each group. This was as joyously accepted as the first proposal. After nine years the one station had multiplied to four, and the membership had grown from thirty-one to two thousand; and yet the practice has been persistently and sacredly followed. They have no doubt who Jesus meant should go.—*From Men and Missions.*

Persistency Won

Henry Drummond told of a medical student in Edinburgh whom he had sought to influence. He was a scoffer and an agnostic, and Drummond could do nothing with him. On seeing the man later in company with another student, and, desiring to learn more about him, Drummond asked the other student, "Are you his friend?" "No," was the answer; "I came from America for a year of post-graduate work. In the laboratory I was put by the side of this man. I liked him, and tried to win him for Christ. It was of no use. The end of the year came; I had my trunk packed ready to return home. Then came the question, 'Which would be better, a year getting started in my profession in America, or another year spent here to win this man?' I decided to stay." "Then you'll win him," said Drummond; and he did. Later on the scoffer became a medical missionary. This was the reward of one earnest man who was full of faith; he had his desire.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Wanted Real Soul-Winning

I wonder if I have ever told you this? I got it from one of the party: Some Y. M. C. A. friends of mine wanted to get the Association on the Great Northern Railroad, and secured an interview with the late Mr. James Hill, the president. Mr. Hill had lately built a church for the Catholics, and the Y. M. C. A. men, not knowing he himself was a Protestant, talked about the educational, social, physical, and other lines of Association work. "Well, gentlemen," said the great railroader, "have you said all you have to say in favour of the Y. M. C. A.?" They thought they had. "How does it come you have not mentioned the first important branch of your work—religion? This is the only part that interests me. We have tried all these others, and they have all proved flat failures after a few months. The boys don't want books and games and eats, and our gym is a thousand miles long. Now, if you want to push religion, I'll give you five thousand dollars for a starter."—*W. H. Ridgway, in The Sunday School Times.*

Won Forty for Ministry

W. E. Doughty, in his booklet, "The Life of Prayer," uses the following illustration: Jacob Chamberlain's mother is an inspiring example of what one person can do to enlist workers by prayer and personal effort. Four out of five of her own children were led into the missionary purpose by her prayers. On the day her famous son Jacob was to sail for India she sought an interview with him, and told him what she had never told him before, that her first act on rising from her bed after his birth was to carry him to her secret place of prayer and lay him on God's altar and consecrate him to God as a foreign missionary. Each year she had renewed the gift as he grew. At her funeral the president of Oberlin College said she had led to Christ and put into the ministry forty young men, most of whom became home or foreign missionaries.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Won to the Ministry

As a Swede landed on the other side of the Atlantic, a worker of the New York Bible Society stepped up to him, offering him a Swedish New Testament. The Swede stopped, apparently startled, and stared at the worker, saying, "Weren't you here twenty-six

years ago? I think you are the same man—yes, you are the same man." The worker told him he had been engaged for twenty-eight years distributing the Scriptures to the immigrants and giving to each one a book in his mother tongue. "Well," said the Swede, "twenty-six years ago I landed here a stranger, and you gave me a New Testament in the Swedish language, just as you offered me one now. I read it, and through reading it I became a Christian. After a few years I made up my mind to become a preacher, and for twenty years I have been preaching the gospel in Colorado." The word of God is still "quick and powerful."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Souls Need Awakening

In the corner of a coal-merchant's office was a small bookshelf, and on the shelf a few worn volumes—a story by Scott, books of poetry, selections from Tyndall and some histories. "Do you read those books here?" asked a caller. "Yes," replied the merchant; "I try to find some time for them. I sell coal for a living, but I cannot live on coal." One high use of the church is to remind us of certain needs we commonly forget. Business is so engrossing as to obscure the fact that business is but a means to an end. And the good bread and butter, with accessories, which business success provides, are still merely means to an end. The great business of life is to live. And it still remains true that "man cannot live by bread alone." The church stands for some of the things without which man cannot live his whole life. Sometimes the din of business and the clamour of social life put the soul to sleep. But a soul asleep is still a soul. Its first need is an awakening. One use of the church is to achieve that.—*George Clarke Peck.*

Winning a Scotch Lassie

There is a story of Dr. Chalmers. A lady came to him and said: "Doctor, I cannot bring my child to Christ. I've talked and talked, but it's of no use." The doctor thought she had not much skill, and said, "Now you be quiet and I will talk to her alone." When the doctor got the Scotch lassie alone, he said to her, "They are bothering you a great deal about this question; now suppose I just tell your mother you don't want to be talked to any more upon this subject for a year. How will that do?" Well, the Scotch lassie hesitated a little, and then said she "didn't think it would be safe to wait for a year, something might turn up. She might die before then." "Well, that's so," replied the doctor, "but suppose we say six months." She did not think even this would be safe. "That's so," was the doctor's reply; "well, let us say three months." After a little hesitation the girl finally said, "I don't think it would be safe to put it off for three months—don't think it would be safe to put it off at all," and they went down on their knees and found Christ. —*From "Moody's Child Stories."*

Soul-Winning Hospital

Dr. Len G. Broughton, of Atlanta, Georgia, in an address at Northfield, gave an account of the vision he had of a Christian hospital connected with his church work, then the vision of connecting by telephone every bed with the church pulpit, so that he might preach to every patient in the hospital. Since the opening of the work, when they found two sisters in a garret, punctured with morphine needles from head to heel, and whom no hospital would take, they have developed their Christian hospital marvelously. They now have a building of their own, with seventy-five beds, and medical and surgical departments. In the nurses' training-school the Bible training is as earnestly insisted upon as any other branch. No nurse is allowed to enter who is not a Christian, and she must be taught to do Christian work among the sick. The result is, "souls are constantly saved upon our sick-beds."—*Alice M. Upton.*

Neglecting Soul-Saving

In the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Within fifteen or twenty miles of it, bones lie scattered all around of men and their horses that might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it. As close as five miles stand two wagons, each with skeletons of its party huddled around it. And at the very gateway of the enclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a lighthouse. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept always lighted. We shiver to think that former owners could have been willing to neglect this—to rescue perishing fellow-men by so plain a means. But are you and I doing worse than that? Are we leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger? Neglect-

ing to hold out to them the light of salvation?—*The Epworth Herald.*

Office Soul-Saving

Passing a big department store one morning I obeyed an unpremeditated impulse to go in and speak to the proprietor on the subject of personal religion. Finding him, I said: "Mr. T., I've talked beds and carpets and bookcases with you, but I've never talked *my* business with you. Would you give me a few minutes to do so?" He led me into his private office, and I took my Testament from my pocket and showed him passage after passage, bringing his duty to accept Jesus Christ plainly before him. Finally the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said to me: "I'm seventy years of age. I was born in this city, and more than a hundred ministers, and more than five hundred church officers, have known me as you have, to do business with, but in all those years you are the only man who ever spoke to me about my soul." Why not have "office evangelism?" Meet a man by appointment in his office, and go without apology as you "bear witness of the light."—*Rev. Bowley Green.*

A Hindu Soul-Winner

"I am by birth," said a converted Hindu, when addressing a number of his countrymen, "of an insignificant and contemptible caste, so low that if a Brahman should chance to touch me he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to a knowledge of the Gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God's conduct? It is this: if God had selected one of you learned Brahmans, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, bystanders would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahman and his great weight of character that were the cause; but now, when any one is convinced by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any praise to me; and God, as is His due, has all the glory."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Why He Took the Tract

The hardest work for Christ is to begin with our own family, or those in our same station of life. It is far easier for rich people to do "slum work" than to speak to some one in their own social set of Christ. I heard Mrs. W. R. Moody, daughter of Major Whittle, tell how she had this truth brought home to her one time when she was going to England with her father. She was a girl in her teens, and one day her father asked her to distribute some tracts on the steamer. It was not easy for her to do this, but she gladly welcomed an opportunity for service. She distributed them first to the passengers in the first class, where she was; then to the second cabin passengers, and lastly to the steerage passengers. As she handed one man a tract in the steerage, he took it, saying, "I'll take this, miss, because you went to your own kind first."—*The Sunday School Times.*

An Invalid Soul-Winner

A few years ago there died in New York state a woman who, though she had not been bedridden, had for years suffered the most intense pain. She had the words "Thy will be done" placed on her bedroom wall where she could see them, because there were times in the agony of pain that she could not say it. After her death they found a list of names written on a slip of paper under her pillow, and they remembered that she always had such a list and would many times each day take it out and pray. They found that all of those whose names were written there had recently given themselves to the Lord. Among these was the one who told me of this woman. He became a minister of the gospel and is a man prominent in the church of his choice, and he is leading many to God. Who can estimate the amount of fruit which has been brought forth by this one woman who was helpless and tortured by pain?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Missing an Opportunity

There are times when if we do not answer God's call *immediately* the opportunity is gone forever, leaving a lifelong regret. As I passed through a pleasant street God told me to give His message to an old man who was sitting on a lawn. I thought I might be mistaken, and passed on to take a car, but found I had no money, so returned and spoke to him. Some ladies who were on a veranda, hidden by vines, began to talk to me, and I knew they would hear all I said. Alas! I had been told, times without number,

that one should not ask a person if he were a Christian, or invite him to come to Christ, when others were present, as it might do more harm than good. I sat on the steps and talked with the ladies about the life hid with Christ in God, but the old man went away, and in a few hours was struck by an express-train and was killed immediately. I then learned he was not a Christian.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Gypsy Smith's Soul-Winning

Perhaps the strongest love of a friend is that which impels him to speak to another of his Saviour. "As a rule it is easy to speak to those for whom we have often prayed. Gypsy Smith tells us that when he was converted he immediately became anxious for the conversion of his uncle. Among gypsies it was not considered proper for children to address their elders on the subject of duty; and so the boy just prayed, and waited for God to open the way. One day his uncle noticed a hole in his trousers, and said, "Rodney, how is it that you have worn the knees of your pants so much faster than the rest of them?" "Uncle, I have worn them out praying for you, that God would make you a Christian"; and then the tears came, of course. Nothing more was said, but the uncle put his arm around the boy, and drew him close to his breast, and in a little while was bending his knees to the same Saviour. When we wear our clothes thin in praying for others we shall not find it hard to speak to them if the opportunity occurs.—*From Howard W. Pope, in his "2 Timothy 2: 15."*

Chinese Girl Wins Mother

The minister and his mother stopped at a little Chinese store the other day, for the children are in the primary Sunday school. Heretofore about all that could be said was: "How are you? We are glad the children come. Good-by." But this time Mrs. Ah Chong seemed excited. She left her children and drew the mother inside, and with beaming face and broken English said: "I know God now. I know Jesus. I all same you now. Amoe, she tell me. She tell me all you say. I pray God now. Before plenty trouble. Now, no matter. Before, I plenty angry. Now no more. When children grow up I go church all time. I all same kind of mother like you now." They started to tell her more of the way, but she interrupted: "I know, I know, Amoe, she tell." And Amoe is in the primary class only! Verily, "a little child shall lead them."—*The Congregationalist.*

A Barber Soul-Winner

"Have faith in God," is the sign outside of Andy Monahan's barber shop in Duluth. Passers-by from the opposite direction are greeted with these words: "Be prepared to meet God." Once they enter the place they receive a sermon with every shave and haircut. For twenty-five years Andy Monahan has been applying Christianity, practical, by supplying moral admonition to all who enter his shop, and in doing so he says he has found permanent happiness. Inside of the place are cardboards bearing the following message: "It costs something to be a Christian, but it costs more to be a sinner," "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light," "God shall supply all your need," "Take Jesus with you," "Hair-cuts free to all poor children and feeble old men," "Tramps and bums, whom Jesus died for, are welcome."—*The Christian Herald.*

Compelling Them to Come

Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in (Luke 14: 23).

When the late Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, was assistant to Dr. Bonar, he had more than three miles to walk from his lodgings to Dunipace, where he generally preached. He would set off early in the morning, and give thundering knocks on the cottage doors as he went along, to rouse the late-slumbering inmates. Then he would command them to come to church, and he would take no refusal. One morning he met a quarryman, whom, as usual, he urged to accompany him. "How can I come in these boots?" was the stolid reply. Dr. Somerville took off his own boots, and insisted on an exchange. "Now," he said, "mine are good enough for you to hear in, and yours are good enough for me to preach in." So minister and quarryman wended their way to the house of prayer together.—*The Christian Herald.*

Had Found the Man

The commanding officer of a Chinese regiment said to a Methodist pastor at Kiukiang: "I wish you could send me a man who would not only preach Christ to my soldiers, but would also live a Christlike life before them. If

you have a suitable man, send him to the camp and I will be responsible for his salary." The pastor asked for a chance to think it over. After a few days, he called at the colonel's headquarters and announced, "I have found the man." "Who is it?" inquired the colonel. "Yourself," quietly returned the preacher. "If you are convinced that Christ is no myth but a living reality, then ask from Him strength and grace to witness before your men by word and by deed." The following Sunday the colonel, with a brother officer, attended service at our Central Church.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Improving Their Opportunities

At my old home in London, England, some fifteen years ago, was a group of young men, members of the local Y. M. C. A., who combined Christian service with pleasure. They would go out for a ramble through the country on their bicycles each Saturday afternoon throughout the summer, and when they came to a village would halt, stack their machines, and conduct a short open-air service, preaching the Gospel to all who would listen, and distributing Gospel tracts. The rambles were carefully planned, so that they were able to cover a wide territory during the summer; and as they went, they preached. Today several of that little band are missionaries in China and elsewhere, still seeking to obey the Saviour's command, "As ye go, *preach.*" Are you using your opportunities to the full in this direction?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Going Into All the World

The story is told in "Pastor Hsi" of an old woman in China who was apparently a devoted Christian, but refused to join the church. When the missionary asked her why she would not confess Christ when she loved Him, she at last said that it was because there was one commandment of His she could not obey: she could not go into all the world to preach the gospel, being old, and afflicted with rheumatism. *She could only tell her family and friends about Him!* How simply this woman had taken for granted that Christ's words to His first disciples are binding on every true disciple today! The missionary thought of all the confessors of Christ in the home churches; but she did not tell the Chinese woman that His words were not meant for everybody. Every one can go "into all the world" in the ministry of prayer, and can begin some work at home.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Won His Brother

Seven years ago a young man graduated from a missionary college at Nanking. He had become a Christian during his course and immediately thereafter had been cut off by his father. Nothing daunted, he borrowed money with which to finish his education, and immediately began to think of a brother at home whom he wished to win to Christianity. To send him a Bible or a tract was of little use, as the father would not allow them in the house, and his brother had been forbidden to read them. So he conceived the idea of writing the whole Gospel story in letters to his brother. Installment after installment was written and mailed during the months and years. The brother became more and more interested, and finally became a Christian.—*From "Missionary Talks," by Florence B. Lovett.*

A Spiritual Magnet

It is related of Fenelon that he had such communion with God his very face shone. Lord Peterborough, a sceptic, was obliged to spend the night with him at an inn. In the morning he rushed away, saying, "If I stay another night with that man I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon's manners were full of grace, his voice full of love, and his face full of glory. The invitation, "Come to Jesus," was in every act. He was a "spiritual magnet." "That," says the *Record of Christian Work*, "is what God wants us all to be. That is what we all can be, by just yielding up all to Him and letting Him live again in us. Under no other condition can this transforming power fulfill its mission to our souls. Are you ready for it?"—*The Baptist.*

Won by Love

In one of the large convict prisons was a well-educated man who was a thorough agnostic, and no amount of argument or pleading could move him from his belief. He remained, in spite of all attempts to get into touch with him, hard and dour as ever. But one day, while the chaplain was talking to him, his attention was drawn to the convict's wounded foot. It was evidently a source of pain, and the chaplain left off speaking, bent down and examined it, then bound it up more

comfortably. And as he did so, he felt a great tear drop upon his head. That little act had done what no amount of pleading could accomplish.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Watching the Rescuers

Some time ago, in the east of London, they were digging a deep drain in Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were at work there. Of course there was a great deal of excitement; and standing by the brink, there was a man looking—I grant you, with real earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there!" Oh, you should have seen the sudden change! Off went his coat and then he sprang into the trench and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Amid the masses of the poor and the degraded and the lost, your brother is there! You may not fold your arms and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Fishers of Men

Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men (Matt. 4: 19).

If Jesus called His disciples to be fishers of men, who gave us the right to be satisfied with making fishing tackle or pointing the way to the fishing banks instead of going ourselves to cast out the net until it be filled?—*From "The Personal Touch," by J. Wilbur Chapman.*

The Stray Sheep

An American bishop related the following: "A youth belonging to a Bible class thought fit to discontinue his attendance. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. 'Friends,' said he, 'read, sing, and pray; my work is to seek and find a stray sheep,' and he started off on the quest. The stray sheep is before you," said the bishop to his hearers, "my teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading. I could not continue to wander and stray while I was sought so tenderly."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Touched by Kindness

A London vicar told how in his parish lived a socialist, one of whose daughters was taken ill with a fever. The vicar went several times to inquire after the girl, and on one occasion he found the father weeding his little garden. "Well," he said, "how is the girl?" There was no reply. He repeated the question and at last the man looked up, and there were tears in his eyes. "Oh, I hope the girl is not worse," said the vicar. "It ain't the girl," was the reply, "it's you. I thought some very hard things about the likes of you, and I said some very hard things, but you do care about that girl of mine." "I might have preached until I was blind," said the vicar in telling the story, "I should never have touched that man. You are not going to touch a man a mile away. You have to get right down into contact with him."—*The Sunday at Home.*

Convinced by God's Word

Dr. Malan, while traveling in a French *diligence*, read aloud from his Bible. A stranger, an infidel, loudly remonstrated. Dr. Malan's friend, a French colonel, told him that he should first have convinced the infidel that it was the Word of God. Said the doctor: "If you were attacked by an enemy in battle, would you first persuade him that your weapon was a sword, or would you use it on him?" The next day the infidel sent to the dining table at the inn to ask if he might continue his journey with them, and later he became a communicant in Dr. Malan's church.—*J. F. Cowan, D.D., in the Christian Endeavour World.*

Working on His Knees

A minister, passing along the highway, came upon a man kneeling and breaking stones to gravel the road. The minister said to him, "I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." To which the man replied, "Perhaps, sir, you do not work on your knees."—*The Record of Christian Work.*

An Opportunity Gone Forever

John Bradley and I lived in the same apartment house. He was clerk in the Congress Square Hotel and I am a minister of Christ. I was spading my garden and he re-painting his canoe.

Thus we became acquainted. My work had been finished several days. One day on returning home I saw him putting the very last touches on his very finely finished canoe. The Spirit of God said, "Now is the time to speak to John about Christ," but I said, "It is just noon and I will do that at another time." The next day John and his brother Louis went out on the Presumscot River to try their canoe, and John was drowned. My day of opportunity was forever gone.—*Chas. M. Neal.*

A Chinese Soul-Winner

In Shanghai, China, it is a common sight to see four or five coolies pulling a cart, often heavily laden. They get on well enough on the level, but when they come to go up over the bridges they often find it difficult to tug the cart up. As I crossed a bridge the other morning I saw a well-dressed Chinese gentleman whom I knew go to the assistance of a cart that was stuck. In answer to a question, he said, "That is my work; whenever I see them unable to pull their loads I help them to the top, and then I have a chance for a few moments to preach the Gospel to them. I tell them, 'It is because I am a Christian that I helped you.'"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Origin of the Gideons

Two traveling salesmen were assigned to the same room in a crowded hotel. One had the courage to read his Bible before retiring, and ask his roommate if he was a Christian. Out of that experience grew a desire to find a way by which Christian travelers might recognize each other, and so these two men, John Nicholson, of Janesville, Wisconsin, and Samuel Hill, of Beloit, in the same state, invited some traveling friends to meet them. The organization of Christian traveling men was started, called "The Gideons," which has since grown to more than five thousand members, and has been instrumental in closing the bars in a number of hotels, and in starting many revivals. The organization is an illustration of the great good that may result from the courage of one Christian.—*From Battles of Heaven.*

We Are the Waiters

You will notice that Jesus did not feed the multitude. He created the food and asked His disciples to distribute it. Jesus was the creator—not the waiter—at this banquet. Jesus created salvation in His death on the Cross. That is the food that will feed the spiritual hunger of this world! But the task of distributing it is in the hands of His followers.—*From Billy Sunday.*

Won by Her Happy Face

From his own experience Dr. Campbell Morgan told of a Yorkshire factory girl who had given herself to Christ. "As she was walking up and down the platform of a railway station, waiting for a train, her face became transfigured with the new joy. In a first-class carriage sat a lady of title, wealth and culture. She saw the girl pass several times in front of the train, called to her and asked, 'What makes you look so happy?' The girl told her simple story, and the result of the brief conversation was that this lady was led to the same Christ. I knew both women, and can testify to the truth of the incident."—*The British Weekly.*

Ignorance of Values

A gentle breeze floating into the window of a broker's office last week in New York City lifted a certified check calling for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and it was floated out of the window and out of sight. Instantly an alarm was sent out and Trinity graveyard was soon the scene of eager hunters for the lost check. It was as good as cash to any one who might find it. Almost as soon as the search had begun a messenger boy had found and restored the lost piece of paper and received five dollars for his part of the job. But during that time, within a few miles of this occurrence, more than a million souls were in danger of floating out into eternity, lost forever beyond recovery, yet no one seems to be much concerned about these lost souls. What ignorance of values!—*The Sunday School Times.*

From Slave Boy to Bishop

In Central Africa, over eighty years ago, a Negro was captured and sold into slavery. His master thought so little of him that he was offered in exchange for a horse. No one wanted him, and he was sent on board a Portuguese slave-ship, chained and crowded together with hundreds of other slaves. The vessel was captured by a British man-of-war, and the black boy was free. He came under the influence of a Christian man, who led him to Christ

and educated him. The slave boy became Samuel Crowther, the first Negro Bishop of Nigeria, honoured by Christians the world over, and the means of bringing multitudes of his fellow-men into the kingdom of God. Joseph's brethren, when they sold him, little thought of the great man he would afterwards become. — *The Christian Herald.*

Holding Back the Pardon

One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the Civil Wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon; but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world: shall we hold it back?—*From "My Debt," by Pastor D. M. Panton, in The Evangelical Christian.*

Winning His Mother

One of the pioneer missionary workers in Cuba was Don Alberta J. Diaz. The first fruit of his work was his own four-year-old sister, who listened eagerly to his words when other members of his family scorned him, and his mother refused to speak to him for months. When the mother finally yielded and Diaz led her—his mother—to be baptized, his joy so overcame him that he forgot the customary formula, and, looking upward, said with infinite tenderness, "Lord Jesus, this is my mother!"—*From "Plaza, Patio, and Palm," compiled by Eva Clark Ward.*

Korean Wins American Boy

A writer in *The Epworth Herald* says: At the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday school I was very much surprised to find a small class of Korean young men. That morning a member of the class had brought with him a small American boy. The superintendent, coming around, asked how this boy came to be in that class. The Korean said the boy was the son of the man for whom he worked, and as he did not go to Sunday school he had asked the father if he might not bring the little boy with him, which he did. An American boy, in America, brought to Sunday school by a Korean, and that boy the only new scholar in that school that day! I did not need to go far for a text when they called on me to address the school on our work in Korea. —*William J. Hart, D.D.*

Needed the Personal Touch

A man of seventy-eight,—our nearest neighbour,—living entirely alone in a small bungalow, was recently converted through the efforts of a busy mother. As he was sitting in the park one day, she—a stranger to him—felt impelled to stop as she was passing to inquire after his soul's welfare. She found him hungry for spiritual food. As he afterwards told me, he "had known for a long time that Christianity was the right thing, only he needed some one to stir him up." Which goes to prove that sometimes we Christians are faring so sumptuously on religious literature, missionary "talks," and eloquent sermons that we forget that there is a Lazarus at our gates waiting for the crumbs to give him strength and courage to join us at our feasts.—*Mary S. Stelson, Monrovia, Cal.*

Men Not Saved in Masses

Men are not saved in masses, but one at a time. Some one relates that Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied, "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this into her album, with this comment: "When last heard from, our Maker had not reached this altitude." That person who has no interest in individuals, and who never tries to rescue even one lost soul, has a spirit different from that of the Master, whose personal words and work made up the bulk of His life record. "He who waits until he can save many souls will never save one." —*The Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Faithfulness of One Man

In a small village in Somersetshire there is a little chapel. When it was building a farm labourer and his wife cheerfully agreed that they would give the whole of their savings—five pounds—to the new chapel, and they hoped the chapel would soon be crowded. But, alas, they were disappointed, for the people did not come. Every night this man went into the chapel alone, lit a candle, and prayed to God. One night a neighbour, attracted by the light, opened the door and, entering, inquired what his friend was doing there alone. "Praying for this village," he said, and they knelt together, making the two or three with whom the Master

meets. A soul was born that night, and soon the village was moved, and the chapel crowded. Years after there were only two members left—both old and both deaf, and seldom was it that they could attend the service together. The chapel was sixteen miles away from the nearest preacher, and there was talk of closing it. At the quarterly meeting a man told the above story and added, "You cannot close a chapel like that. Only sin can close a chapel." Immediately it was decided to try again, and today, in answer to the prayers of the lonely saint who gave his whole to the chapel, and himself to the work of the Lord, that village chapel is again crowded.—*Rev. George Parker, in the United Methodist.*

Enlisting for Christ

A short time ago, in Hamilton, certain officers commanding various units adopted the following method in an effort to bring their battalions up to the required strength for overseas service. They turned their entire battalions loose for three days, having instructed the men to hunt up their relatives, their chums, and their acquaintances, in an effort to get them to enlist. The results were splendid, and the battalions were quickly brought up to full strength. Do we realize that as soon as we enlist in the army of King Jesus, He immediately commissions us as recruiting officers to bring in our relatives, friends, and acquaintances to His kingdom and service? And that He expects us to engage in this work not simply for three days, but for life?—*Rev. T. DeCourcy Rayner, Hamilton, Ont.*

The Finger of God

During a season of revival, a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbour. After this manner he prayed: "O Lord, touch that man with thy finger, touch him with thy finger, Lord!" The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him: "Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this thy neighbour? Hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered." It was the voice of God. God's servant arose from his knees self-condemned. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a single word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme question of life had been set aside for inferior questions. His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.—*The Evangelist.*

Hundreds Won Through Prayer

"Up in a little town in Maine," says Dr. Torrey, in a recent address, "things were pretty dead some years ago. The churches were not accomplishing anything. There were a few godly men in the churches, and they said, 'Here we are, only uneducated laymen, but something must be done in this town. Let us form a praying band. We will all center our prayers on one man; who shall it be?' They picked out one of the hardest men in town, a hopeless drunkard, and centered all their prayers upon him. In a week he was converted. They centered their prayers upon the next hardest man in town, and soon he was converted. Then they took up another and another, until, within a year, two or three hundred were brought to God, and the fire spread out into all the surrounding country. Definite prayer for those in the prison-house of sin is the need of the hour."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Winning the Chinese

A terrible plague was raging in a village of China. One family was immune, which the other natives could not understand. They asked the head of the house how it was, and he told them how the missionary had told him how to keep the house clean and to take other necessary precautions. He was also careful to add that every day at family prayers he asked God's protection and guidance. "Where is this wonderful God of yours? We don't see him." "No," replied the man, "you can't see Him, but here is a Book that tells all about Him," and he showed them a Chinese Bible. Some of them were eager to learn about Him, and gathered at the house every afternoon, while this godly man told them about Jesus, and what to do to avoid the plague. His instructions were followed, the plague was stayed, and many turned to the Lord.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Miss Havergal's Lost Opportunity

"I ought to have been yours," said a bright, happy girl to Miss Havergal. "What do you mean?" was the reply. "When I was seeking the Saviour, I put myself in your way several times,

hoping that you would speak to me about this matter, but you did not speak to me, and another led me to the Saviour." Miss Havergal never forgot that lesson.—*The Christian Herald.*

Saved to Serve

Starved, faint, and tortured within an inch of his life, Ding Li Mei seemed too far gone to live. He was twenty-eight years old, and in that very year of the Boxer uprising had been ordained a native pastor. Refusing to save his life by renouncing his faith, he had suffered unimaginable tortures, and seemed then to be near the end. Yet it was not so ordered. A decade has gone by since that day. Ding has been for some years pastor of a self-supporting native church in Shantung, and latterly has been sent forth by his mission as a native evangelist. One hundred and sixteen young men, the flower of their classes, have given up commercial or official careers, and have announced themselves as candidates for the Christian ministry.—*Youth's Companion.*

Carey's Business

A characteristic story is told about Dr. Carey, the pioneer missionary to India, who, before he left this country, was a shoemaker. He used to go about from village to village preaching, with his soul filled with the love of God. One day a friend came to him and said: "Mr. Carey, I want to speak to you very seriously." "Well," said Mr. Carey, "what is it?" The friend replied: "By your going about preaching as you do, you are neglecting your business. If you only attended to your business more, you would soon get on and prosper, but as it is you are simply neglecting your business." "Neglecting my business?" said Carey. "My business is to extend the kingdom of God. I only cobble shoes to pay expenses."—*Christian Home.*

An Inhuman Wretch

An infidel once met a Christian man and said, "I know you do not believe your religion." "Why?" asked the Christian. "Because," said the other, "for years you have passed me on my way to my house of business. You believe, do you not, there is a hell, into which men's spirits are cast?" "Yes, I do," said the Christian. "And you believe that unless I believe in Christ I must be sent there?" "Yes." "You do not, I am sure, because if you did you must be a most inhuman wretch to pass me, day by day, and never tell me about it or warn me of it."—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

Winning a Jew

Having a room to rent, a Jew desired it, and referred me to a neighbour with whom he had boarded. She advised me not to take him. But the words of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren," in Matthew 25:40, kept ringing in my ears. I knew I must let him have it. John 3:16, printed in large, glowing letters, I hung where he could see it each time he entered the house, and prayed much to lead him to know Jesus. God answered prayer. The Jew borrowed my Bible to read, and later told me he believed in my Jesus. He said, "The Jews are looking to see if they can find any Christians living the Christ life."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Too Timid to Speak

Fletcher Brockman tells that after a certain religious meeting, he went on a long walk with a student, expecting to talk with him about his soul. But Brockman was afraid, and kept putting it off, till the walk was ended and nothing said. About a month later this man openly confessed Christ, and Brockman took his hand, telling him how glad he was. The student replied: "Yes, Brock; but you are the man who would let me go to hell. That Sunday afternoon we walked together I hoped every minute you would offer to help me, but you did not."—*From "Introducing Men to Christ," by W. D. Weatherford.*

Tried Twenty-One Times

I remember a minister who went to see a dying labourer, and the man growled from his bed, "Tell him to be gone—I want none of the like of him to disturb me." He called again and received the same rude answer. He called again, and went half-way up the stairs; he heard an oath, and would not intrude. He continued to call till he had numbered twenty times, and the twenty-first time the man said, "Well, as you are so set on it, you may come in." And he did go in, and that soul was won for God.—*From Spurgeon's Sermons.*

A Disappointed Dog

A visitor at the hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps tells of one of the

noble dogs coming in one morning holding his head and tail to the ground, and slinking away to a dark corner of his kennel, as if ashamed to look any one in the face. The monks explained to the visitor that the dog had not been able to find anybody in the snow that morning to rescue, and therefore was ashamed to come in from his search. How will it be with us when we reach the end of our life, if we have not rescued any one from the storms and the dangers?—*From "Devotional Hours with the Bible," by J. R. Miller.*

Chose to Suffer for Christ

An Indian woman lay ill in a hospital. She had learned there to know Christ. One day she asked how long she had to live. "About three months," they said, "if you stay here where we can alleviate your pain." "And if I go home?" "Two or three weeks, and you will suffer much." "But," she said, "I shall go and tell the people in my village of Jesus." And she did, choosing to die in great suffering that she might save some.—*The Christian Herald.*

Poor Stenographer Wins Thousands

Sherwood Eddy, in "India Awakening," tells of a poor girl who has worked for years as a stenographer. She offered to go to the foreign field, but was rejected on account of her health. Since then she has been saving her money, supporting native workers at thirty dollars per year. There is a community in Northern India where there are more than a thousand souls who have been brought to Christ by this one frail girl—a thousand who have passed "out of darkness into His marvelous light" because one girl cared! Mr. Eddy asks his readers the question, "How many are in the light because of what you have done?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Great Opportunity Neglected

Recently nine hundred Chinese students returned to China after four years of study in the United States. Of these eight hundred entered the Chinese government service, and only 125 were Christians. Some foreigners have come to America expecting to find everything Christian and thinking they would be overwhelmed with Christian influences. They have returned without even being invited to attend a church where they might hear the Gospel.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

Not a Soul-Winner

It is related of Mr. Moody that a man rose in one of his meetings, and gave his experience. "I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you led any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience."—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Eighty-First Time Did It

A poor man at the Digbeth Institute, Birmingham, England, had determined to win another who drank, and had been after him many times. By-and-by he reported to me, "The eighty-first time did it."—*From a sermon by Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Passing on the Message

Out in India in the mountains I have heard in the twilight hour a call from the ridge below. Away through the stillness comes the call, and from the ridge above me comes the response. And then I can hear in a moment more a faint call from a far ridge, away up and beyond, sounding almost like a distant echo. What did it mean? It meant that the man close above me was passing the word from the man below to the man beyond. The man below could never have reached the other man except for the man who stood on the middle ridge and passed the message on. Oh, friends, there is a man down here who will never hear the Man up there, unless you become the one on the middle ridge.—*The Record of Christian Work.*

How Vassar Won a Blacksmith

Matthew Vassar was riding with a brother minister past the door of a blacksmith shop. His companion said, "That man by the forge does not believe in Christ. I hope you will have an opportunity to speak with him while you are here with us." "Dear man," said Mr. Vassar, "I'll go and see him now." The astonished pastor saw the blacksmith pause in his shoeing, and drop the hoof upon which he was working, and very soon, to his still greater astonishment, he saw both Mr. Vassar and the blacksmith kneel in prayer. That kind of work will evangelize the

world in a generation.—*The Presbyterian of the South.*

God's Word Doesn't Stammer

During a revival in a certain church there was one humble, ignorant church member who night after night sought for lost souls and led them to Christ. His success was far beyond that of any of the ministers connected with the meeting, and at last one of them said to him, "What is the secret of your power? You know you don't speak very distinctly, you stammer in talking, and I don't see how you produce such an effect." "Sir," said the stammerer, "I can tell you how it is; I just give the word of God and it don't stammer at all."—*The Armory.*

Not Impertinence

An eminent man, to whom a Christian worker spoke on religious matters, replied to his apology for seeming impertinence thus: "Don't ever hesitate to speak to any one about his soul. I have been longing for twenty years to have some Christian speak to me. I believe there are thousands of men in this city who are in the same condition that I am, carrying an uneasy conscience and a great burden on their souls; not courageous enough to seek instruction, yet willing to receive it."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Restoring the King's Image

A boy found a lump of rusty metal. He thought it worthless and traded it to another boy whose father was an enthusiastic collector of coins. The father gave the find an acid bath, when there appeared a rare old Spanish coin with the image of the king upon its face. So it is with many men whom we count worthless. They have once borne the image of the King, and by patient effort that image can be restored, as in the cases of Jerry McAuley, Samuel H. Hadley, John B. Gough, and hosts of others.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Win the One Next to You

Drummond reminds us of a fact we have sometimes forgotten, "Every atom in the universe can act on every other atom, but only through the atom next it. And if a man would act upon every other man, he can do best by acting, one at a time, upon those beside him!"—*From "Pastoral and Personal Evangelism," by Dr. C. L. Goodell.*

Neglected the Elevator Man

A Boston pastor lectured to a class of theological students in New England. They thoroughly agreed with the wisdom and utility of the doctor's suggestion upon personal evangelism. They regretted, however, the absence of any opportunity for such work in the schools. The lecturer soon afterward conversed with the elevator man, and found that neither he nor the janitor had heard a word personally upon salvation for ten years.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

Working Together

Christ sought the coöperation of others. I heard Mrs. A. A. Lamoreaux tell this story: "One of the best soul-winners said to me about ten years ago, 'When I was a boy my teacher said to me one day, "William, you are the only boy in the class who is a Christian; shall you and I work together to win George?" And we won George, and then with George we worked together to win another and another. My teacher is still living, and I am going to see her, and get down before her, and say, "A part of everything I do is due to you, because you said 'together.'"'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Getting on His Nerves

During one of the Young Men's Christian Association conferences at Lake Geneva, Wis., the subject of personal work was frequently discussed. One young man, speaking to his chum, was heard to say: "Charley, old man, that personal work business is getting on my nerves." His friend replied: "Well, Sam, just remember that there are two sets of nerves, the sensory and the motor. Just let this matter get on your motor nerves and you won't have any trouble at all."—*The Expositor.*

We Are the Derricks

We have heard of a boss of a railroad wrecking train who says that, as he uses the great hoisting derrick to pick up crushed and ruined cars and engines, he thinks of Jesus as the great Wreck Master, who comes down with His love and grace and picks up man, all crushed and sin-stained and ruined, and sets him on his feet and makes him a new man again. He can and will. But we are the derrick. Christ must have us.—*Central Advocate.*

Individuals Not Admitted

A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded, and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And, crestfallen and disappointed, he descended to earth.—*The War Cry.*

Negro Porter's Soul-Winning

The Pullman porter with a contented look was whistling. "That sounds like a religious song, porter," said one of the passengers. "Why are you whistling it?" "Jes to get folks to askin' me what piece it is, so I can ask 'em if they are right with God. Are you?" In our conversation I learned that he was constantly testifying of his faith in Christ, and that for years he had not made a trip without leading some one to Christ, or at least "stirrin' 'em up." —*Paul Gilbert, in The Expositor.*

Salesman or Clerk?

The difference between a salesman and a clerk is that the salesman finds customers while customers must find the clerk. In business for God are you a salesman or a clerk? Must sinners find you or do you find them? Does your church find men or must men find your church? One good salesman is worth a dozen clerks.—*The Expositor.*

Using Bait to Win Souls

Some time ago, while talking to a woman on her doorstep, I caught sight of a squirrel, which I learned was a great pet of the husband whom I wanted to reach. I read up "squirrels," and then called to see the man, who at first was rather gruff, until I said, "Oh, the other day I saw you had a squirrel, and I wondered if I might see it at close quarters." Then I talked "Encyclopedia Britannica" on squirrels until the man began to think that I knew what I was talking about. "Squirrels" got him, and he came to the men's service.—*From the Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, Bishop of Chelmsford, in "The Church in Action."*

Chose the Better Way

A home Missionary, Stephen Paxson, was once asked by a friend to take fifty thousand dollars for him and invest it in Western land, with equal shares in the profits. Paxson declined. Some years later they met. The fifty thousand dollars had been invested and doubled. Stephen Paxson drew out his notebook, and pointed to his record of fifty thousand children gathered into the Sunday school. "And if I had it to do over again," he said, "I would not change the investment." What do you "seek first?"—*Forward.*

Mrs. Whittemore's Faith

Mrs. Whittemore, of the New York Door of Hope, tells how God rewarded her faith, when, trusting Him for guidance, she went out into the crowded streets of New York to find a girl who had been brought into the home to be rescued from a sinful life. The girl, discouraged and desperate, had run away, but Mrs. Whittemore found her, on the way to the river to end her life. When Mrs. Whittemore, with prayer to God for help to find the girl among the city's multitudes, started out upon her quest, she was so strongly advised by her co-workers not to make the attempt that she had to rebuke them for their lack of faith in God. "O ye of little faith."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Relaying the Message

Relay runners from the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, carried a message of greeting from the mayor of New York to the mayor of Chicago. Each carried the tube containing the message for half a mile, and passed it to the next runner. In less than a week the message was carried. Every Christian has a message to deliver. It is a message of hope and good cheer to be passed on to those whom he meets. It is a message from a King. If every Christian who had received this message from the King were to run with it to some one else, how quickly the world would be evangelized. If we were as anxious to get the message of our King to our friends as these relay runners were to get the message of the New York mayor to the mayor of Chicago, how much better the world would be.—*The Expositor.*

Anxious to Cure Him

Every real man who gets hold of a good thing itches to pass it on. The pleasure of a good story is the passing of it on. I used to suffer terribly once

every year with the quinsy. I think almost every family in town has a sure cure for quinsy. Most of them are worse than the disease! One year, when the news got out I was stricken, the neighbours began to send in the "cures." As I had nothing else to do, and as quinsy usually bursts and gets well when it gets ready, I pleased all my kind friends by trying each remedy, and as I recovered they all claimed me. When we believe in Christ as these country folks believe in their quinsy remedies, every sinner in town will have no peace until he is cured of his death-dealing malady (Jer. 8:22).—*William H. Ridgway.*

Neglected the Lord's Business

A business man on his way to prayer meeting saw a stranger looking wistfully into the open window of the church, and, moved by a strong impulse, he invited him to go in with him. The stranger consented, and it was the beginning of a Christian life for him and his family. He afterward said to the friend who invited him to prayer meeting: "Do you know that I have lived in this city seven years before I met you, and no one had ever asked me to go to church? I had not been here three days before the groceryman and the dairyman and the politicians had hunted me up, yet in all these seven years you were the first man that had ever expressed an interest in my soul."—*The Freeport Baptist Record.*

Beginning with Themselves

Mr. Dodge said that one day he was talking with a devout Quaker about the indifference of the church and Christians toward the world of sinners. They both agreed that indolence, unbelief, and worldliness were three great causes of this indifference, and that the Holy Spirit could not work in churches or hearts where these things existed. "I believe," said Mr. Dodge, "that pentecostal blessings come through pentecostal praying. There is a demand that Christians awake to agonizing prayer." The Quaker replied, "Friend Dodge, suppose thee and I make the beginning."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Lighting the Torches

One, writing of a torchlight procession at a country station in honour of a returned hero, says: "As the procession started, one torch after another blazed into radiance, as if touched by electricity. One couldn't tell what lighted them, but presently a small child was discovered crouching under some timbers to keep away from the wind, with a lighted candle in his hand. Every torch-bearer came to him for light. Silent, smiling, happy, with one little hand sheltering the flame held in the other, this little fellow was lighting up the world of darkness!" The gospel is the light of the world, but somebody must hold it and give it out; a child may.—*Great Thoughts.*

Soul-Savers or Boarders?

"I was staying once in a summer hotel on the shores of Lake Erie," says Dr. Dixon. "It was very pleasant! All that we did was to eat and drink and sleep and take walks and row on the lake. Opposite the hotel was a life-saving station, where somebody was always on the lookout for the rocket, and on the listen for the call of distress. At that life-saving station they also ate and drank, but their business in life was not eating and drinking. They slept, but their business was not sleeping. When they could they went for walks and rowed for pleasure on the lake, but that was not their business. Their great business was the saving of lives in peril. Which are we," asks Dr. Dixon,—"life saving stations, or only just summer hotels?"—*From the Christian Herald.*

Not Interested in Soul-Winning

A lady came to her pastor, bearing complimentary tickets and inviting him and his family to attend with her a course of lectures on mental healing. She told how much she had been benefited by a similar course given a short time before by the same speaker. Her health had been greatly improved, she was stronger and better in every way. "I would be glad to attend," replied the pastor, "but you know our church—your church—is just now engaged in revival meetings. I have not seen you there yet. Will you not come and help in the good work?" "Why, pastor, you know how deeply I am interested in the work of the church. But really my health has been so very poor that I have not felt able to attend."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Had Faith That Souls Would Be Won

On the banks of the Kuruman, in the density of African heathenism, Robert and Mary Moffat toiled on for ten years without a single convert. Four

hundred miles beyond the frontier of civilization, alone in the midst of savages, their faith never faltered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of the dawn" a letter was received from a friend in far-off England, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The significant answer of Mary Moffat was: "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized. The faith was "assurance of things hoped."—*From "The Next Great Awakening," by Dr. Josiah Strong.*

Talking to a Wooden Indian

In one of "Sophie the Washerwoman's" sermons she says: "Some people said they saw me talking to a wooden Indian outside a cigar store. That might be so, I don't know. My eyesight is poor. But that ain't so bad as being a wooden Christian that never talks for Jesus at all. The devil has his peoples around talking, and *they* ain't afraid to speak to peoples anywhere; why should we be?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Buttonholed for Christ

One of the ablest and most useful Christians in a certain city, on being asked, "What was it that led you to become a Christian?" replied, "A half-pound pressure on my coat-button for five minutes." By this he referred to the fact that after consulting his lawyer, who was a Christian man, upon some matter of business, the lawyer gently laid hold on his coat-button and kindly asked him about his soul, and persuasively commended Christ to him. Can *you* not find opportunity to reason and persuade for some soul's salvation?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cripple Wins Prisoners

The Record of Christian Work tells of a Christian who thought he could do very little, if anything, for Christ, since he was a cripple. At last some one suggested to him that he write to other "shut-ins,"—prisoners in jails. He thought it a splendid idea, and started at once at his new work. Into those letters he put his very best strength of Christian manhood, ready wit, and inspiring cheer. No replies ever came, and it was a severe test to his faithfulness to do a work so little noticed or appreciated. One day a line came from a jailer: "Dear Sir: Will you use thicker paper, for your letters drop to pieces with much reading as they pass from cell to cell."—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Great Opportunity

Some one tells of a young woman who, with her husband, moved into a pioneer community. "Poor, poor Adeline," wrote the other sister to the mother at home. "She was always so active in Christian work, and I venture to say she has gone where there isn't another Christian in the place. She won't know what to do with herself." Soon there came a letter from Adeline herself, saying: "Mother, can you believe it? We are the only Christians in the place, Frank and I. Think of our opportunity!"—*Record of Christian Work.*

Personal Work in Earnest

The Rev. Dyson Hague, of Nova Scotia, in his "Ways to Win," tells of a rather timid young member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, who for some time tried in vain to induce a friend of his to attend the church services and Bible classes. He used to call for him every Sunday, but it was of no use. Finally, however, he won him, and when asked how he did it, replied, "Well, I got tired of calling on him so often, so at last *I decided to go and board at the same house with him!*" That was personal effort in dead earnest. No wonder he got his man!—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Dog-Fancier Soul-Winner

Mr. Moody said that he once tried to speak in the dog-market in London with little effect, but when a converted dog-fancier got upon a barrel and began to talk to his old companions, they listened attentively.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Korean Won Eighteen Criminals

Dr. Heber Jones, a missionary in Korea, reports that a Korean preacher was cast into prison in Seoul some years ago with eighteen criminals. He was kept there five months. When he came out, the eighteen criminals were eighteen Christians.—*From Electric Messages.*

Shocking Corn and Winning Souls

The third department shocked twenty acres of corn for a blind farmer. The crowd—forty-two Epworthians—took its own dinner and spent the day. The

field was stripped clean and the corn cribbed before dark. But there's a sequel. The farm home was not Christian, but now it is; the whole family is in the church, and it has now twenty members from that neighbourhood. Truly, there's profit in corn.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Introducing His Friend

The following story was told at a Manchester Brotherhood meeting recently. A cheery-hearted member was singing his favourite hymn, "I've found a Friend—oh, such a Friend!" quite forgetful that his little son was standing near. Just as the singer came to the end of the verse, his son said, "Father, do you think the man next door knows your Friend? When he goes out he always looks so sad. Won't you tell him about your Friend?" The Brotherhood man took the hint, and was the means of making another's heart glad.—*The Christian Herald.*

Never Let Go

A Salvation Army officer was asked to explain the great success of the Salvation Army with drunkards. The officer said he believed it was because "once they got hold of a man they never let him go." Ah, what a great thing that is, "Never let him go." Some churches are good at getting, but poor at keeping sinners in the fold.—*The Expositor.*

Forty Years Winning His Brother

Dear Chaplain McCabe had a brother who, after forty years of thraldom to strong drink, was finally, through the faith and love and perseverance of his hopeful brother, redeemed from the sad slavery. The chaplain used to say: "When I get to heaven, I am going to take my brother by the hand and lead him up to my mother and say: 'Mother, here's George; I have brought him home!'" Nothing will save a vast multitude of men unless their fellows, in love and faith, help them to fight their battles through to a victory.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Never Missed an Opportunity

If all Christians had the spirit of Dr. Norman McLeod there would be no trouble about spreading the gospel. "He never came to my shop," said a blacksmith, "without talking to me as if he had been a blacksmith all his life; but he never went away without leaving Christ in my heart."—*Pastoral and Personal Evangelism.*

We Are the Chaps

A preacher once took as his text these words, and said he was to divide his sermon into three parts: "First, the world is turned over the wrong way; second, it has got to be turned up the other way; third, we are the chaps that have got it to do."—*From a sermon by the Rev. E. S. Holloway.*

More Interested in Soul-Winning

"Did you spend much time in discussing how far Cana was from Sychar?" one teacher said to another as they came from the classroom. "I didn't mention it," was the quick reply. "I was too much taken up with the thought of how far some of my scholars were from Christ."—*The Canadian Epworth Era.*

Winning the Farmers

Preachers in sparsely settled districts do a similar work to interest the indifferent, but with different means. One man turned a cornsheller two hours; at another place he went with the man to his milking, milked one cow more than the man did, paid for his lodging and breakfast, with the result that the man came to his meeting, bringing a whole load.—*The Sunday School Times.*

To Win Others

Father Damien, while living among the lepers, obeyed the rules which he himself had framed for them, not because it was necessary in his case, but it was in theirs. He had taken the burden of their disease upon himself. The sinless Jesus did not need baptism, but he had come to bear the iniquity of sinful men, therefore he submitted to the rite.—*The Christian Age.*

How to Reach the Masses

"Mr. Moody, what is the way to reach the masses with the Gospel?" "Go for them!" was the quaint and characteristic answer; and it expresses the life principle of Dwight L. Moody. —*From "Evangelistic Work," by Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.*

Thanked God for Leprosy

When I heard a Christian leper in India say, "I thank God that he laid leprosy on me because of the lepers I

have been able to lead to Christ," I thought, "How like Christ, who let God lay on him the leprosy of *my* sin."—*George Innes.*

God's Pearl-Divers

The pearl-diver lives at the bottom of the ocean by means of the pure air conveyed to him from above. His life is entirely dependent on the Life-giving Spirit. We are down here, like the diver, to gather pearls for our Master's crown. The source of our life comes from above.—*Henry Drummond.*

Origin of the Salvation Army

Years ago a plain Methodist preacher fell in love with the world's unlovely. In his own picturesque phrase, he came to where he actually hungered for hell. He pushed out into the midst of it in the East End of London. For days he stood in those seething streets, muddy with men and women. He drank it all in, and loved it because of the souls he saw. One night he went home and said to his wife, "Darling, I have given myself, I have given you and the children, to the service of those sick souls." And she smiled and took his hand, and together they knelt and prayed. That was the beginning of the Salvation Army, of the great work of William Booth.—*Herald of Holiness.*

A Soul-Winning Sunday School

A very suggestive three-minute exercise was observed lately by a visitor in a city Sunday-school. The teacher, a wide-awake young woman, called the roll by streets instead of names. It appeared that each girl was responsible for her street. "Southwood Street?" "No new houses. No one moved in." "Taintor Street?" "One house going up. Two families moved away." "Three chances for missionary work there, then. Don't you hope that new house will have a lot of children move into it? Keep watch of the two empty tenements. Try to show some kindness to the new tenants when they come. People appreciate a little friendliness when they first come into a neighbourhood." So it went on. One girl was able to report a new family and a new scholar present that morning in one of the younger classes. That teacher is practising her pupils in the spirit of the gospel. Church extension, home and foreign missions, any other work of the kingdom, will be familiar, everyday ideas to those girls long before they are women.—*Missouri Observer.*

Insurance and Soul-Winning

Some men just cannot leave their business alone. They carry it with them; it holds them all the time. Successful insurance men often have this reputation. One such was stricken down with illness and ordered to the hospital. But facing this "shut-in" time he said cheerfully to his chief: "I expect to insure my surgeon; I'll get a nurse or two; and, after all, one can do a good deal of business by correspondence." Being "laid aside" for him simply meant opening up new opportunities that he would not otherwise have had,—and all for more business! The insurance that the Lord Jesus Christ offers is quite as worth while. What will it mean for Him and for others when we are as eagerly on the trail of new business as that cheery, irrepressible, "sick" business getter?—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Madras Soul-Winner

"There is no use keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there remained faithful only one poor woman to whom the missionary was now speaking. "There is Christian worship in the village three miles off," he added, noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can go there." "Oh, sir," she pleaded most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and will go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again." So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church, crowded with penitent sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.—*The Treasury.*

Creating a Demand

An interesting story is told of the book "John Inglesant." Only one hundred copies of the first edition were disposed of, sixty of these being given away by the author. When Mr. Gladstone was about to sit for a photograph, he picked up a copy of the book and held it in such a way that the gold-lettered title showed conspicuously. It

was a good photograph and was soon scattered broadcast throughout the land. Every copy of it talked for the obscure book, and the result was a sudden and clamourous demand for the work. So we may make the kingdom conspicuous in all the pictures men see of us. While we are driving bargains, we can be talking for our Lord. When we entertain callers, we can hold forth the kingdom in some well-chosen word that will stick in our visitor's mind.—*John F. Cowan, D.D.*

Winning a Socialist

A London vicar told how in his parish lived a socialist, one of whose daughters was taken ill with a fever. The vicar went several times to inquire after the girl, and on one occasion he found the father weeding his little garden. "Well," he said, "how is the girl?" There was no reply. He repeated the question, and at last the man looked up, and there were tears in his eyes. "Oh, I hope the girl is not worse," said the vicar. "It ain't the girl," was the reply, "it's you. I thought some very hard things about the likes of you, and I said some very hard things, but you do care about that girl of mine." "I might have preached until I was blind," said the vicar in telling the story, "I should never have touched that man. You are not going to touch a man a mile away. You have to get right down into contact with him."—*The Sunday at Home.*

African Woman Won 660

One day there was a burst of choral singing away down the long street leading to the river. The occasion was the arrival of a native Christian woman who was just entering the town after a month's journey on foot. She had come to report what she had done for the Lord Jesus in her district, and her hands were filled with tiny straws done up in bundles neatly tied with bark rope. These bundles constituted a record-book of a novel sort that the African has been using for centuries, —a straw for an item, another straw for another item, and so on. For each case of professed conversion there was a straw cut, and the bundles of straws looked for all the world like miniature sheaves. The straws were handed over to the elders to be counted, and the number was 660!—*From "Thinking Black," by Dan Crawford.*

Reward of Soul-Winning

Pyrrhias, a merchant of Ithaca, seeing an aged man captive in a pirate's ship, took compassion on him, and redeemed him, and with him bought likewise his commodity, which the pirate had taken from him, being certain barrels of pitch. The old man, perceiving that not for any service that he could do him, nor for the gain of his commodity, but merely out of charity, Pyrrhias had done this, discovered to him a great mass of treasure hidden in the pitch; whereby he grew exceedingly wealthy, having obtained an answerable blessing for so good an act of piety. How much greater shall be the reward for rescuing souls!—*Spencer.*

Too Great a Responsibility

I asked a young woman to teach a Sunday-school class, and she said, "I don't dare undertake such a responsible task." I answered her, "When God is so manifestly calling you, you should say, 'I don't dare not to undertake such a responsible task." We hear too much about the responsibility of working for God, but too little about the graver responsibility of refusing to work for Him.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Japanese Woman's Soul-Winning

A Japanese woman converted by Christian missionaries found a unique way of helping others. She lived about ten miles from a sharp railroad curve where hundreds of Japanese every year committed suicide. At this curve she put up a sign, saying in Japanese, "Come, talk things over with me. I'll try to help you." In one year seventy persons came to her, gave up the idea of suicide, and many of them became Christians. This is one woman's contribution. What is yours?—*Forward.*

STEALING

Hindered Their Stealing

Thou shalt not steal (Rom. 13:9).

"Please do not come here for the next two weeks. We like to have you come, but you see the next two weeks is our special time for thieving, and your message of Jesus creates in us a desire to be honest and righteous. If you continue to come we will not have the courage or desire to steal." This was the tribute paid to Jesus and His message by some Ahir people of a criminal tendency, in Ballia, India, and reported by Methodist missionary Herman J. Shutz.—*The Sunday School Times.*

A Bad Foundation

A boy was arrested in Buffalo recently for the theft of a bar of gold

from a jewelry firm in New York. The gold was worth $1,200. When asked why he had stolen it, the boy said, "I was tired of working for almost nothing, and thought I would go out West and lay the foundation of a fortune with this." But what a foundation that would have been upon which to build! How many are trying to build on skimped work, on scant measure, on unpaid bills, on oppression of the poor, on robbing God! We imagine we are "getting ahead" of some one else, when we are only getting behind ourselves.

STRANGERS

The Courtly Stranger

A traveler in a foreign country was overtaken by a stranger. They fell into conversation, and the manner of the stranger was so courtly, and he seemed to be so well-informed on the business of the court, that the traveler exclaimed: "You are a noble in the king's court." "No," answered the stranger. They talked on, and the traveler marveled more and more at the wisdom and charm of the stranger, until finally he exclaimed: "You must be the king." And so he was.—*T. Dewitt Talmage.*

STRENGTH GIVEN

Overcoming Power

Depart from evil, and do good (1 Pet. 3:11).

I had been preaching a strong sermon on the possibility of deliverance from sin, and, as I came out of the church, a young man said to me he could not go with me in my teaching. He could not accept it as God's truth. "Well," I asked, "what do you think *is* God's truth?" "It seems to me," said the young man, "God's way is gradually to deliver us from our sins." I looked into his face, paused for a moment, and then said, "Is that your theory about pocket-picking?" "About what?" said he. "About pocket-picking. A pickpocket is converted to God. Do you expect after a week's experience he will kneel down and say, 'O God, I thank Thee for the great and glorious change that has come over me. Last week I stole twenty watches and twenty-four purses. This week I have only stolen a dozen'?" The young man looked rather confused. I said, "No, dear brother, what you expect is, 'Let him that stole, steal no more.' You expect God's grace to conquer his besetting sin, and why don't you expect God to find grace for you to break off your sin whatever it may be? If you do not expect the thief to go on relapsing into dishonesty, why expect that you yourself are to go on falling and relapsing into your besetting sin? There is complete deliverance."—*Canon Hay Aitken.*

Better Than Patch-Work

The preacher at a rescue meeting was pressing home the question of Jesus at Bethesda, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Suddenly he leaned forward, paused an instant, then shot these words out: "Remember, men, it's not patched, but made whole." "That's it, that's just it, and all of it," responded a man who, when the meeting was opened, rose and said, "I patched for years, but the patches fell off or made bigger holes. I had become a hard drinker. I lost my situation. I sobered up, got another situation, failed again and again. Still I patched, and still I fell. At last my wife and children had to go away to her father's, and decency and clothes were gone. One wet, cold November night, as I sat, half asleep, in the doorway of an empty house, a Bible-woman asked me to come into the mission. Then Jesus found me. He didn't patch; He just made me whole. And now we're all together and happy again."—*The Christian Budget.*

A Forbidden Question

"Can you do it?" a Korean was once asked with reference to some church work. "We ask questions such as 'Can you do it?' about men's work, but not about God's work," was the quiet reply of the man. God honours trust faithfully reposed in Him.—*The Quiver.*

When Will-Power Fails

Strong will-power is no guarantee of getting a thing done. The trouble with our common worship of will-power is that we leave out of account another factor that is even stronger. It is like the predicament of the old darkey who, wrestling with a balky mule, was asked, "Why, Sambo, where's your will-power?" "My will-power's all right," came the reply, "but you ought to come out here and see this yer animal's won't power." There is in all of us a "won't power" that is more powerful than the strongest will-power any human being ever had. Its name is sin. Will-power crumbles like a piece of

tissue paper in the flame when, unaided, it confronts some real sin-desire of our life. And when will-power has done its feeble most, and failed, then Christ has His opportunity.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Conquering Our Habits

I have seen in the autumn, when the trees had shed their leaves, that two or three leaves have stuck fast on the branches, and have clung to them all the winter through. Storms have beaten them, frosts have bitten them, snow and rain have blackened them, yet they have held fast to the tree. But when the spring has come, and the sap has begun to ascend and push its way through every branch and every twig, the leaves have disappeared—pushed off by the rising tide of new life, for death can never stand before life. So it is with us. Those old inveterate habits that belong to our fallen nature are very hard to get rid of. We battle with them, and try to beat them off, but again and again we are defeated. . . . But when the Spirit of the Lord fills and possesses us, then these habits disappear almost unconsciously, because death cannot stand before life. —*A. J. Gordon.*

Strength Divinely Given

A minister calling on an old negress found her bending over a wash-tub, and asked: "Aunt Dinah, don't you get very tired doing that hard work?" "Oh, yes, Massa!" she replied. "I haven't got much strength; but I ask de Lord, and He gives me the spirit of washin'!" When the Lord gives us the spirit of service the heaviest tasks will become do-able and endurable.—*Abbreviated from The Sunday at Home.*

Going Against the Current

It is a beautiful trip up and down the St. Lawrence; but the trip back makes it impossible for the boat to beat against the rapids, so it is lifted in the locks from one level to the next higher. We find it easy floating down life's current, but when the time comes to pull up stream against the rapidly flowing current of life it needs more than our own strength to master the situation, so we are lifted by the Everlasting Arms.—*The Expositor.*

A Prayer for Strength

President William G. Frost, of Berea College, tells us that a coloured preacher prayed thus: "Brace us up on de leaning side, O Lord."—*The Chautauquan Daily.*

SUBMISSION TO GOD

God's Will is Best

A Christian lady was once expressing to a friend how impossible she found it to say, "Thy will be done," and how afraid she should be to do it. She was the mother of one little boy, who was the heir to a great fortune, and the idol of her heart. After she had stated her difficulties fully, her friend said: "Suppose your little Charley should come running to you tomorrow and say, 'Mother, I have made up my mind to let you have your own way with me from this time forward. I am always going to obey you, and I want you to do just whatever you think best with me. I will trust your love.' How would you feel toward him? Would you say to yourself, 'Ah, now I shall have a chance to make Charley miserable. I will take away all his pleasures, and fill his life with every hard and disagreeable thing that I can find. I will compel him to do just the things that are the most difficult to do, and will give him all sorts of impossible commands." "Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed the indignant mother. "You know I would not. You know I would hug him to my heart and cover him with kisses, and would hasten to fill his life with all that was sweetest and best." "And are you more tender and more loving than God?" asked her friend. "Ah, no," was the reply, "I see my mistake, and I will not be any more afraid of saying, 'Thy will be done,' to my Heavenly Father than I would want my Charley to be of saying it to me."—*From "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."*

Handing in Their Swords

That must have been a sensational service when the chaplain of a British boys' brigade, in closing an evening service, told the boys of one of Wellington's victories in the Peninsular war. The story is as follows: After the battle the French officers repaired to Wellington's tent, and with characteristic Gallic extravagance declared to the duke that they were not ashamed to be beaten "by the greatest general in Europe." Wellington heard them with the utmost composure, then said calmly and a little coldly, "Gentlemen, your swords." Instantly the Frenchmen yielded their swords in token of sur-

render. The chaplain, applying the story, said: "Young men, we have been singing the praises of Jesus Christ together. But He does not need just the homage of the lips; he wants your swords—your stubborn wills. He has mine. Now I am going to stand at this exit tonight as the minister, the representative of Jesus Christ. You may leave by either end you like. If you come this way and take my hand, it must mean that you hand in your sword. When you have done that, you will go to the recreation tent at the other end of the camp, where some of the officers are waiting to help you." One who was present says: "There was a pause just for a few seconds, and then the move. More than half the camp, boys and officers, passed the chaplain's way and shook hands." That is sensationalism of the right sort.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate. (This incident was awarded a prize by the Sunday School Times.)*

Peace Terms

When the Civil War was raging, some commissioners from the Southern Confederacy sought an interview with President Lincoln to sue for peace. They met in the cabin of one of the river steamers, and stated their case. They reminded the President, who was known to be one of the most humane of men, of the fearful sufferings which the war was then entailing, and would, if persevered in, still entail upon thousands of desolate hearts and homes throughout the land. Unrolling the map, they pointed first to this and then to that concession of territory or frontier boundaries which they were prepared to make, if the North would allow the retention of the remainder. The President waited in silence till their appeal was finished, and then, bringing his outstretched hand down upon the map, he replied, sadly but unhesitatingly: "Gentlemen, this Government must have all." Just such a claim does God make still, whatever the cost of prejudice, of self-will, of darling sin, of secret compromise. His Government must have all.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Giving God the Right of Way

Are you willing to be a highway over which Jesus Christ shall come to your town and into the lives of your friends and neighbours? Right of way costs something. When President Garfield was shot, he was taken to a quiet, isolated house where he could have absolute quiet and rest in his fight for life, and a special railway was constructed to facilitate the bringing of doctors, nurses, and loved ones to his bedside. The engineers laid out the line to cross a farmer's front yard, but he refused to grant the right of way until they explained to him that it was for the President, when he exclaimed, "That is different. Why, if that railroad is for the President, you can run it right through my house." Are you willing to give Him right of way across your front yard? It may run right through some of your plans, or social engagements, or business appointments. But will you give him the right of way?—*From the Rev. Frank Field, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Christ Absolute Lord

I remember at one of our testimony meetings a man got up and said he had got a great blessing at Keswick. They asked him, "What can you say about it?" "Well," he replied, "I can say this: I was a Christian before I came to Keswick. Christ was my King, but I am afraid He was a constitutional sovereign and I was prime minister. Now he is absolute Lord, and that has made the difference in my life and brought a blessing." Aye, that makes all the difference in the world. "Make Jesus King," "Crown Him Lord of all," and you will know the liberty of the glory of the sons of the kingdom.—*Rev. W. E. Moore.*

A Complete Surrender

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind (Luke 10:27).

Suppose a mother gave her child a beautiful flower-plant in bloom, and told her to carry it to a sick friend. The child takes it away, and when she reaches the friend's door she plucks off one leaf and gives it to her, keeping the plant herself. Has she obeyed her mother's command? Then afterward, once a day, she plucks off another leaf, or a bud, or a flower, and takes it to the friend, still retaining the plant. Did she obey the command of her mother? Nothing but the giving of the whole plant could fulfill the mother's direction. Is that not a simple illustration of what we give God? He commands us to love Him with all our heart and with all our being, and we pluck off a little leaf of love now and then, a little bud or flower of affection,

one cluster of fruit from the bend-
g branches, and give it to Him, and
e call that obeying.—*J. R. Miller.*

The Supreme Architect

An architect complains that many of
s clients come and ask him to design
house for them, only to let him speed-
y discover that they have already de-
gned it for themselves. What they
ally want is the sanction of their
vn plan, and the satisfaction of seeing
m draw on paper what they have
lly in their own minds. In very
uch the same fashion we often go to
e Great Architect with our lives. We
k for wisdom and guidance, like Solo-
on; but we have already planned how
e will build our fortunes and shape
ır course; and it is not His way we
e seeking, but His approval of ours.
—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Surgical Implements

A surgeon's wife, who was very much
terested in her husband's surgical
ork, was sitting in his office looking
his delicate surgical instruments ly-
g in their velvet cases with the silken
rappings around them, when the
ought of what it means to be a hum-
e instrument in the hands of God
me to her. If one of those glittering,
licately-fashioned instruments should
ove, by its own volition and desire, a
ir's-breadth from the place where the
rgeon wished to guide it as he was
erating, he would put it aside and
ver use it again, because it would
t be an utterly humble instrument in
s hands. It is only when we lie
terly humble in the hands of God
at He can use us as He will to ac-
mplish His highest purposes.—*North-
ld Echoes.*

Letting Go With Both Hands

"John the Baptist gave all inquirers
me duty to perform, which was the
ting go of some hindrance in their
es." It is said that a young woman
ossing the ice fell through, and a
an hastened to her assistance. "Put
th of your hands in mine, and I will
ve you," he said. "But I cannot lift
th hands," said the girl. "I must
st one upon the ice or I would surely
nk." "Trust me," said the man.
Let go your hold upon the ice, and I
ll save you. I cannot draw you out
th only one hand. I must have both."
at last she was persuaded to let go
r hold upon the frail ice and put
th her hands into his, and he drew
her out in safety. Christ cannot save
us if we persist in keeping hold of the
world with one hand. We must put
ourselves entirely in His hands.—*The
Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Servants of Christ

A slave had just bidden his wife and
two babes good-bye and was led to the
block to be sold. When his new master
claimed him, he said, "Sambo, I have
bought you at a great price to set you
free." As he removed the chains,
Sambo fell on his knees and kissed his
master's feet, saying, "Massa, I'll be
your slave forever." That is just what
Jesus is looking for in our hearts. He
bought us at a great price, and He
comes, beseeching us to present our
bodies a living sacrifice. Do we love
Him enough to do that?—*The Alliance
Weekly.*

Failure Through Ambition

General Grant said toward the close
of his life, "Only once in my life did
I seek a place with the object of ad-
vancing myself in it, and in that place
I was a comparative failure. I have
tried always to realize that, quite apart
from any plan or thought of my own, I
am but an instrument in God's hand to
accomplish God's purposes." And this
was the secret of Grant's greatness.
Seeking the highest places, even if we
are qualified to fill them, is not a sign
of greatness, but of folly.—*The Record
of Christian Work.*

Don't be "Choicy"

"We used to have a pious old col-
oured cook," said the Southerner,
"who often prayed, 'O Lawd, don' let
we uns be choicy; help we uns in all
our changes an' chooses.'" Following
Christ means, "Lord, what wilt Thou
have me to do?" and not being
"choicy."—*The American Messenger.*

Duty or Mutiny?

Said an old salt to the young ap-
prentice: "Aboard a man-o'-war, my
lad, there's only two choices. One's
duty; t'other's mutiny."—*Rev. A. S.
Woodburne.*

A Definition of Responsibility

Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas gave a
beautiful interpretation of the word
"responsibility" to a few friends
at Northfield, "response — ability."
"Man's response to God's ability."—
The Sunday School Times.

Give Yourself to God

One may give only that which is his own. A story in *The Christian Advocate* makes one of its characters say: "Nancy, I would give all the world if I could feel a Christian's comfort." And Nancy replies: "And that's a brave speech, sir, to give what isn't your own,—a pretty gift, I'm thinking, the Lord would think it. Would I thank you if you said, 'Nancy, I'll give you the house over yonder,' when I know well enough it belongs to Captain Nash? No, no; give God what belongs to you, your own poor, broken, sinful heart, and He'll make it clean,—see if He doesn't." —*The Sunday School Times.*

Taking What God Sends

"How can you look so pleasant tonight?" a man asked his friend. "You have had a score of interruptions this afternoon, when you had hoped to accomplish so much." "That's all right," was the answer. "Every morning I give my day to Christ. I take what He sends. These interruptions came in the way of duty. Why should I complain about the service He has appointed?" —*The Wellspring.*

Getting Rid of Your Cross

The way to get rid of your cross is to die upon it; there is no other way. Jesus bore no cross in the resurrection.—*From "Thoughts from My Library," by D. L. Moody.*

SUCCESS

The Success Family

The father of Success is Work.
The mother of Success is Ambition.
The oldest son is Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Coöperation.
The oldest daughter is Character.
Some of the sisters are: Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, Harmony.
The baby is Opportunity.
Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.—*London Opinion.*

Success from Failures

"His great establishment is made up of failures," laughed a man who was describing one of the largest and most successful mercantile establishments in a great city. "That is, it is made up of men who have started in business for themselves and failed, though they are experts in their own particular lines. Knowing how to manage a special line of work is one thing, and knowing how to manage all the details of a business is quite another." And so this man with his fine business ability has gathered to his aid these others, each an adept in his own department, and out of the combination has come the great mercantile house that is known throughout the nation. The failures, fitted into their proper places, become a success. Something of that kind is true in the universe-wide enterprise that the Creator holds in His hands.—*Forward.*

SUPERSTITION

Paton Not Killed by Nahok

Three Sacred Men, sorcerers, who claimed the power of life and death, publicly affirmed their intention to kill Paton by "Nahok," or sorcery, before the next Sabbath. An essential of their black art was to get possession of any piece of any fruit or food the victim had eaten. Paton asked a near-by native to hand him three fruits, similar to our plums. Taking a bite out of each, he openly handed them to the Sacred Men, and publicly challenged them to kill him by sorcery, without arrow, spear, club, or musket. The next Sabbath dawned peacefully, and in more than his usual health Paton entered the village. The natives looked at each other in terror, as if it could not really be Paton spared and well. The three Sacred Men, on being asked, admitted that they had tried to kill Paton by Nahok, but had failed, and being further questioned *why* they had failed they gave the acute and subtle reply that Paton also was himself a Sacred Man, and that his God, being stronger, had protected him from their gods.—*From John G. Paton's Autobiography.*

No Life in the Letter

If a Durban doctor, says Dr. Lillehei, in *The Homiletic Review,* has not the medicine he wants for his patients, he will write its name on a slip of paper and make a pill of it for the patient to take. So do we treat the Word of God when, satisfied with the mere letter, we neglect its spirit.—*The Sunday School Times.*

SYMPATHY

Touched the Leper

Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper, a leper," to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was near by put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me. For seven years no one has touched me." The missionary says that at that moment it flashed across her mind why it is recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the leper. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as of healing power.—*Mission Workers.*

Wanted Sympathy, Not Advice

"Don't give me any advice yet," begged a brave, uncomplaining person to one who was trying to offer too many suggestions in a time of trouble. "Just sit there and let me tell you all about it, and I'll have my courage back again soon. Just plain sympathy is all I can bear." "Plain sympathy" is often the hardest thing to give, the comfort that it takes years of experience to learn how to bestow.—*Zion's Herald.*

Hungered for Sympathy

A small boy, who had done something wrong and who found himself amid a roomful of elders, stern-visaged in the hope that he would understand the seriousness of his fault, looked at his nurse and his relatives one by one with a tear-stained face that was just one heart-broken and truly penitent appeal for some sign of relenting. Since that sign came not, the little one burst into tears and asked, "Oh, won't somebody forgive me?"—*The British Weekly.*

TEMPERANCE

Famous Scout Refused to Drink

In *The Defender,* the organ of the Lord's Day League, is the following story of Captain Jack Crawford, scout and poet: A crowd of drinking frontiersmen had urged him to drink with them. He agreed to do so if they still insisted after hearing a story. It was the story of his life. In youth, "wild, reckless, impulsive, misunderstood, and abused by everybody but his mother," he was deprived of even the rudiments of education by the intemperance of his father. When that mother came to die he wept as he had never wept before. "Mother, dear," he sobbed, "no one cares for me but you. Oh, I am afraid I shall go wrong." She asked him to give her one promise, "never to touch intoxicating liquors." That promise he gave, and she went to heaven with a smile on her face, holding his hand. That promise he had kept amid all the temptations of a frontier life, even when men considered it an insult to refuse to drink with them. "I have folded my arms and, looking into the muzzle of a gun, said, 'You can shoot and you can kill me, but you can't make me break a promise that I gave to a dying mother.'"

One such man, who had killed his man, put his six-shooter back into his belt, took a glass of liquor he had poured out and threw it on the ground at the word "mother," took Crawford's hand and said, "Pard, I beg your pardon; I had that kind of a mother," and walked out of the saloon. He never drank again. He had come to himself.

As Crawford concluded his story, he took up the demijohn and said, "Boys, I said I would drink if you insisted. Shall I?" For answer one man drew his revolver and shattered the demijohn. "Nobody," he said, "can drink when you talk like that. That's the kind of mother I had." Then he told of his own wicked life, ending with, "She's up thar with your mother, and when that shot goes ringing through the canyons of heaven she'll hear it, Jack, and it'll tell her that her wild boy has signed the pledge at last." His mother's prayers were answered. He had come to himself.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Non-Refillable Bottle

By their fruits ye shall know them (Matt. 7:20).

There is a certain brand of whiskey which advertises a "non-refillable" bottle to protect the consumer from being sold an inferior whiskey in a second-hand bottle. The liquor firm behind it has made a specialty of this "non-refillable" bottle, and given it such publicity that a cartoonist with a keen mind seized on the idea the other day to point a needed moral. He drew the "non-refillable" bottle giant size, tilted in the air, and from it pouring out in a torrent a comfortable house, a happy family, an office desk, a library of books, hosts of friends, and so-forth, with the legend, "This is the Genuine. 'Non-refillable.' Once you pour it out, you can never fill it again." Yet the

cartoonist overlooked the miracle power of Christ, who can, even here, restore the years that the locust hath eaten.—*Forward.*

A $6,000 Drink

The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty (Prov. 23:21).

In New York is a man who once paid $6,000 for a cocktail. A manufacturing company needed a manager. The salary was $6,000 a year. The officers considered many candidates, and decided to offer the position to a young man of unusual ability. The president and general manager invited the young man to lunch with them at a downtown club. They wanted to "look him over" just once more. An elaborate luncheon was ordered. The waiter was a long time in bringing the first course, and the guest began to appear ill at ease. He seemed uninterested in the conversation. Finally he turned toward the president and said, "Would you mind if I ordered a cocktail?" The other men exchanged surprised and significant glances, but they called the waiter and the cocktail was ordered. In a little while the president excused himself and wrote this message on a telegraph blank: "The job is too big for a boozer. We can't run our business on cocktail power."—*The Expositor.*

A Wise Ape

Hooligan was an ape who entertained visitors at the office of an insurance company in a Chinese port. One day, "for the fun of it," the local agent determined to teach the ape to drink. Various liquors were tried, but Hooligan declined to indulge. At length a rich eggnog was prepared. The animal took the proffered glass, and finding the beverage to his taste, drank it eagerly. In a little while poor Hooligan was performing in a way he never had before. Next morning the ape sat disconsolate in a corner of the yard; he held his aching head, food he would not touch, and human society he would have none of. A second day of fasting passed, but on the third Hooligan was on the railing of the back veranda as bright as ever. After a time the agent prepared another eggnog and gave it to the ape. Hooligan tasted the liquid cautiously, then with all his strength dashed the glass to the floor. As the agent told of the matter, his listener could not help remarking, "Mr. Blank, Hooligan is wiser than you are," and he was wiser than countless others who, knowing full well the effects of alcoholics, "seek it yet again."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Drink Does Not Quench Thirst

Charles Wagner, in *The Simple Life,* enquires: "Has drunkenness, inventive as it is of new drinks, found the means of quenching thirst? Not at all. It might rather be called the art of making thirst inextinguishable."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Devastation of Drink

General Pershing says: "Banish the entire liquor industry from the United States; close every saloon, every brewery; suppress drinking by severe punishment to the drinker, and if necessary, death to the seller, or maker, or both, as traitors, and the nation will suddenly find itself amazed at its efficiency, and startled at the increase in its labour supply. I shall not go slow on prohibition, for I know what is the greatest foe to my men, greater even than the bullets of the enemy." Lloyd George says: "Drink during the war has used up as much tonnage as the Germans have sunk with all their submarines. Drink during the war has killed more men than have been killed by the German submarines. Drink during the war has destroyed more food than all the German submarines put together."—*The United Presbyterian.*

Drink Not a Medicine

On one of the ocean liners the captain did not take wine at his meals, and, when urged to do so, politely declined. Many persisted in knowing why he refused, and, in answer to their requests, he said he had when a boy promised his mother never to touch wine or spirits. "A few years later," he said, "I was shipwrecked, and, with three other comrades, was lashed to the rigging, and remained nearly two days before we were taken off. We were numbed, chilled, and so exhausted that we could hardly move. The boat that rescued us carried with it a quantity of brandy, and we were offered all we could drink, but I refused, although told it was at the risk of my life. Both my comrades drank freely and became delirious, then unconscious, and finally died; but I recovered. This taught me a lesson,—that spirits were not good even in extreme cases of exhaustion,—and many times I have been grateful

for my promise to my mother."—*National Advocate.*

Mending the Fence

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down (Matt. 7 : 19).

A father tells the following story: I took my little boy on my knee, and told him the story of the lost lamb. How it found a hole in the hedge and crawled through, how glad it was to get away, how it skipped and played in the sunshine, until it wandered so far that it could not find its way back. And then I told him how the wolf chased it, and how finally the good shepherd rescued it, and carried it back to the fold. The little fellow did not say a word until I got to that part of the story where the shepherd had carried the lamb, wounded and bleeding, back to the fold, when he exclaimed, "Say, papa, did he nail up the hole in the fence?" Many temperance workers have been trying for years to save the victims of drink, but where they are able to save one, hundreds of others have gone astray. Every public-house is a hole in the fence.—*The United Methodist.*

Drink Wrecks the Home

One who had been an eye-witness of a heart-breaking incident gives the following account:

"I was called to my door one morning by a boy thirteen years of age, a cripple. He asked that I would go to talk and pray with his father, who was to be hanged the next day for the murder of his mother, and that I would plan to be with him and his sisters when the body was taken home. I went to the jail, where I found the father, who had been so crazed with drink that he had not the slightest remembrance of his crime. He said that his wife had been a good woman and a faithful mother, and he cried as though his heart would break. . . .

"The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the poor children. In a little while two strong officers came bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. The children gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out,

"'Papa was good, but whiskey did it.'

"In my heart I said, 'In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue to pay for one such scene,' and I there promised God to vote to save my country from this terrible wrong."—*Evangelical Friend.*

Respectable Saloons the Worst

During a lively discussion on the subject of temperance in an Allegheny mountain stage, one of the company who had hitherto remained silent said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-dealer. I keep a public house at ——, but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough, he can't get any more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business." "Friend," replied a Quaker, "that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off, and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Why Most Accidents Occur on Mondays

An employee in a hospital connected with the University of Vienna was caught in the machinery and severely injured one Monday morning while cleaning his elevator. He was promptly cared for in the surgical department, and, having a strong constitution, pulled through. In giving an account of the accident at his clinic, Professor Hochenegg, the chief surgeon, remarked, "The man forgot to shut off the engine before he began his cleaning. That, of course, he would forget to do only on Monday. Then, instead of reaching under the moving cable for his oil-can, he reached over it, which, of course, he would do only on Monday. Such things happen most frequently on Monday. On this point medical experience is in harmony with that of factory inspectors and accident insurance companies." Commenting on the above, Mr. S. L. Transeau writes in the *Scientific Temperance Journal* of Boston, Massachusetts: "This prevalence of accidents on Monday in countries where Sunday is the chief drinking day, like France, Germany, and Austria, has come out clearly in a number of investigations. In a few cases a larger percent of accidents fell on Tuesday instead of Monday, and here it developed that many of the workmen spend Monday in con-

tinuing or recovering from the alcoholic indulgence of Sunday, and do not come to work at all until Tuesday."—*The Huddersfield (England) Examiner.*

Why Men Loaf Mondays

At a meeting at Leicester, Mr. Cyrus P. Keen, New York, stated that recently Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, who employs 70,000 men in his great motor works in that city, told him that on the last Monday in April, 1918, which was the last "wet" Monday in that city, there were 2,620 men who failed to turn up at work according to the time records. On the first Monday in May, which was the first "dry" Monday, the number of absentees fell to 1,618. On the second Monday there was a still further drop to 1,510. The average before Prohibition was around 2,500 every Monday. This number has now dropped, under Prohibition, to between 800 and 900.—*The United Methodist.*

Why He Voted Dry

During a temperance campaign in a Missouri county a lawyer was discussing learnedly the constitutionality of the proposed temperance law. After he had concluded, an old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his jack-knife with a snap, and said, "I don't know nuthin' about the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur votin' fur it." "What are they?" asked the lawyer. And the grim old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters."—*From The Christian Endeavour World.*

30,000 Dry Arguments

A Pennsylvania saloonkeeper came South to visit his son, in Camp Greene. I asked him how he liked the place. "Like it?" he replied, "I thank God that my boy is down here training. The sight of 30,000 young men, enjoying themselves without drinking a drop has made me a prohibitionist. I'm going home, close out my saloon and get into some other line."—*The Christian Advocate.*

Royalty and Wine

A London correspondent states that the Queen, who is an exceedingly considerate mistress, when Princess of Wales dismissed an under-nurse on the spot because, contrary to instructions, she had given Prince Edward, when he was five, a sip of the wine allowed her for lunch. All the children of the King and Queen are being brought up strict teetotalers. Princess Patricia of Connaught, and her married sister also, abjure wine. Another royal teetotaler is the Duchess of Argyll, and the young daughters of the Princess Royal, their Highnesses Alexandra and Maud, have never in their lives touched wine.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Colfax Dared Not Drink

There are times when the acknowledgment of danger is no mark of cowardice. At a certain large dinner, where were illustrious American and foreign statesmen, Mr. Colfax declined to take wine, whereupon a noted senator, who had already taken too much, exclaimed half jestingly across the table: "Colfax *dare not* drink." "You are right," was the answer, "I dare not." And a braver reply could not have been uttered.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Why He Didn't Drink

Recently a party of young men went through Cleveland, asking questions. One of these young men met with another young man and started his catechism as follows: "Do you drink?" "No, sir." "Why don't you drink?" "My boss doesn't like it, my customers won't stand for it, and my conscience won't let me." "Three very wonderful and practical reasons. What is your business?" "I'm a bartender." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Practical Suggestion

There is a story that tells of a rabbit being chased by a dog, and the people following, and telling the rabbit to run hard, and escape. "Thank you for your kind encouragement," said the rabbit, "but for goodness' sake shoot the dog!"—*The Sunday Circle.*

The Power of Drink

At the All-India W. C. T. U. Convention, held in Pathankot, a city of the Punjab, in 1916, we heard many touching incidents. For one poor Hindu drunkard who they feared might break his pledge, the saloon was watched by day, and some brother at night would take his bedding and sleep by its door to guard against his secret entrance.—*From the "Power House at Pathankot," by Mary J. Campbell.*

Alcohol and Cold

The following letter from Sir Ernest Shackleton, who, as every one is aware, almost succeeded in reaching the South Pole, once more denounces the theory that alcohol is useful as a means of keeping out the cold. "Alcohol in any form in the Arctic or Antarctic regions is most injurious, and is never used. The less alcohol is used in any part of the world the better it is for the community.—Yours truly, E. H. SHACKLETON."—*Good Words.*

Beer and Strength

A loafer said to a working man: "When I have my beer I feel strong enough to knock a house down." The workingman replied: "Through my leaving off beer I have been able to put two houses up."—*The American Issue.*

What a Drink a Day Will Pay

Some years ago the following card, made out as a blotter, signed by a dozen grocery firms of Delaware, Ohio, was scattered: "Any one who drinks three glasses of whiskey a day for one year and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have in exchange at any of the firms whose names appear on this card three barrels of flour, twenty bushels of potatoes, two hundred pounds of granulated sugar, one barrel of crackers, one pound of pepper, two pounds of tea, fifty pounds of butter, ten pounds of cheese, twenty-five pounds of coffee, ten pounds of candy, three dozen cans of tomatoes, ten dozen oranges, ten dozen bananas, two dozen cans of corn, eighteen boxes of matches, half a bushel of beans, one hundred cakes of soap, and twelve packages of rolled oats, for the same money; and get $13.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."—*The Presbyterian of the South.*

Wanted His Money Back

The saloon-keeper and John were discussing the issue, until finally John, an Irishman, said:

"Yes, Bennie, I'm going to vote dry next fall."

Ben: "Now, John, I think you are joking. You are too good a friend of mine to want to put me out of business. Just think—I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get my money out?"

John: "Well, Ben, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get *my* money out?" —*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Drink a Quenchless Fire

James Robertson, the home missionary pioneer of Western Canada, has found an enthusiastic biographer in Ralph Connor. He tells us that Robertson was "a man with the best of them" before he left his Ontario parish for his heroic struggle in Manitoba. One Sunday evening a hotel took fire, and, the alarm being sounded, Robertson dismissed the congregation, took command of the bucket brigade, and succeeded in saving the building. Exhausted by the tremendous strain under which he had been, a bottle of brandy was brought him by the grateful landlord. But Robertson seized the bottle by the neck, swung it round his head, and dashed it against the brick wall, exclaiming, "*That's* a fire that never can be put out."—*From "Connor's Life of James Robertson."*

Brute Animals Hate Drink

Even the animals have a prejudice against a drinker. Two years ago a famous German trainer in Breslau, after a champagne supper with some friends, insisted on taking them to see how the elephants loved him. In a short time he had started a veritable panic among them, and finally one of them seized him in his trunk, and threshed the man's life out against the floor. The man had ceased to be his own master; and the sagacious animal recognized this, and refused to recognize him as his master. A famous animal trainer said recently that the true reason for the death of many an elephant trainer is that he had been drinking.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Wendell Phillips and Drink

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong (1 Cor. 16:13).

A young man once called upon Wendell Phillips, who entertained him until late in the night telling of the old abolitionist days and showing him relics of their struggle. As the young man rose to go, he said: "Mr. Phillips, I think if I had lived in your time I would have been heroic, too." Mr. Phillips, who had gone to the door with his caller, pointed to the public-houses down the street, and his voice was keen with indignation. "Young man," he

said, "you are living in my time and God's time. Be assured that no man could have been heroic then who is not heroic now."—*Onward.*

The American Mongoose

The Island of Jamaica was very much troubled with rats. To rid themselves of these pests, which were destroying the crops, they introduced the mongoose, a species of coon. They multiply very rapidly, and are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rats disappeared, but no longer having them to feed upon, the mongoose attacked the snakes, frogs, and lizards that kept down the insects, with the result that the insects began to destroy the vegetables. Then the mongoose attacked the sheep, cats, puppies, calves, and geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose.

The American mongoose is the licensed saloon. Protected for revenue, it eats the carpets off the floor and the clothes off the back. It eats money and character, and leaves the home a wreck. —*Billy Sunday.*

Alcoholic Inspiration

Not long ago an effort was made by the Students' Total Abstinence Union in Sweden to find out from well-known artists and literary men what their views were as to the influence of alcohol on the inspiration of ideas. The question put to them was: "Is alcohol, in your opinion, adapted to assist or hinder an artistic or literary worker?" The answers, almost without exception, were that its use hindered rather than helped them.

Among those whose opinions were asked we find Auguste Rodin, the great sculptor. His answer was short and to the point: "Those who depend on the use of alcohol to give them inspirations or suggestions are doomed to see themselves and their work soon forgotten." —*The Examiner.*

Drink and Poverty

Two saloon-keepers came into a train where Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, was sitting waiting for the train to start. The two saloon men monopolized all the conversation. Gypsy Smith was hidden behind his newspaper, but he heard them. By and by one of the men said: "Mr. Smith, we know you, and we want to say to you that unless you evangelists and ministers stop your knocking at the liquor business, we liquor men will have to go to the poorhouse."

"All right," said Gypsy Smith; "when you go in all the rest of the inmates can come out."—*The Union Signal.*

Stimulating But Not Nourishing

Some one asked the temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, whether alcohol was a food or a medicine. His reply was, "It is very much like sitting down on a hornet's nest,—stimulating but not nourishing."—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Will I Be Like You, Papa?"

A gentleman who for years had been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in act or in words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories.

On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting-room, and, the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad of about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee and was asking all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child will—of what he would do when he was a "big man!" asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering query:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours and my face all swelled?"

Ah! why should that poor swollen face grow redder than it was wont to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw that boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tone that made his mother's heart glad:

"No, Freddie, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

"Be like him!" He had thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out against such a fate. That boy going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath? No, no! he was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly, they were reflected in the boy's—the boy grown to manhood; and

honour, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain.—*Selected.*

Against the Rum Ration

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe is well known to be a keen temperance advocate. "If I were taking a fleet into action," he said once, "I would see to it that no intoxicants were served out for at least twenty-four hours before." "As regards straight shooting," he said on another occasion, "it is every one's experience that abstinence is necessary for the highest efficiency." In support of this he quoted the statement of Captain Ogilvy, the famous gunnery instructor, who has declared that the efficiency of the men has been proved by careful tests to be 30 percent worse after the issue of the rum ration than before it.—*The Sunday at Home.*

The Demoralizing Saloons

Forward gives the following incident: "The little town of Bremerton, in Washington, has a good harbour on Puget Sound. The harbour is so good that the United States has established a navy yard there; but, after establishing it, the condition of Front Street, a thoroughfare leading to the yard, was found to be so demoralizing to the sailors that complaint was made to the town by the Secretary of the Navy. It was shown that license had been granted wholesale to saloons along Front Street, and that gambling houses flourished there unchecked. The Navy Department asked that Front Street be cleaned up, and these conditions removed. But the town council of Bremerton did not respond. They did not see any harm in the saloons, and did not care to interfere. Then, one day, Bremerton woke up to find that no more warships were to come to its docks. The Department had decided not to subject sailors to the demoralizing influences of the place, and other towns on the Pacific, willing to do things better, were chosen. By this decision Bremerton lost business, in six months, to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars. Too late, mass meetings were held by the decent citizens, and protest made against the council. But the mischief was done. Fresh licenses had already been issued, and the saloons could smile at this tardy second thought. The Navy Department refused to alter its decision, and the foolish town had to suffer for its folly."—*Rev. John T. Faris.*

What Puzzled the Japanese

An officer from Japan was visiting America, and one day, while looking about a big city, he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Is he going to arrest the man?" asked the Japanese.

"Oh, no," was the answer; he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No; but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Not long after the two passed a saloon where whisky is sold. A man came staggering out, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell to the sidewalk.

"What is the matter with that man?" again asked the Japanese.

"He is full of bad whisky."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes, a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whisky as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No," was the reply.

At the markets they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy.

"I can't understand your country," said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and the milk, and let men sell whisky as much as they please."—*The Christian Herald.*

What He Did With the "Beer Money"

Mr. Harold Begbie tells the following in *The Century Magazine:* I was introduced, a few months ago, to a painter by trade, an ex-fighting man, an ex-drunkard, an ex-miserable. Religion has restored his soul, given him new birth, and made him a useful citizen. He told me how his mates "get at him" for being a teetotaler, and how they are continually asking him, "Don't your missus never give you any beer money?" "To which I answer them," he said, grinning, "Hoh, yuss; my old lady gives me plenty of beer money—shillings and shillings. And where do you think I keep it? In my garden! Ain't that artful of me? And some of my beer money has got feathers and lays eggs, and some has got fur and makes lovely pie, and some has got flowers

and smells a bit of all right. Yuss, if you'd like to see my beer money, drop in some Saturday afternoon and take a walk round my garden. I'll show you last week's beer money, the week's before—yuss, and last year's—hopping and clucking and crowing and smelling beautiful. By the way, old friend, where's your beer money? Where is it? Can you show it me, or is the publican keeping it for you till Christmas?"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Sam Jones and Liquor Licenses

During a lecture in Sigourney, Ia., several years ago, Sam Jones inquired of the surprised audience, "How much is the license here?" Some one answered, "$300 each to the town." "Nine hundred dollars altogether," resumed Jones. "What is your population?" Answer, "2,000." The speaker then did a little lightning calculation, and resumed: "The liquor dealer walked up to you and said, 'If you let us damn this town, we will give you forty cents apiece.' Say, what would a 200-pound hog bring?" Answer, "$12." "So," resumed Jones, "hogs $12 apiece and folks forty cents a head. Say, brother, don't you wish you were a hog? You and your whole family wouldn't bring enough in this town to buy a suckling pig. This is a little lower down than I have ever found them. For the pitiful sum of forty cents apiece you turn over your boys to be debauched, the hearts of mothers to be crushed, and the town ruined—all for forty cents. That is cheap; but I expect that is all you are worth, eh?" After more sarcastic reference to the forty cents he closed with this parting thrust: "If you fellows that signed that petition to bring saloons to this town don't feel like a hog, you don't feel natural, that's all."—*From a Sigourney paper.*

Built of Wrecks

There is a house near the sea-coast in California, built entirely of the fragments of wrecked vessels. The whole edifice is a combination of bulkheads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker. But in one of our far inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of paradise. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stalls; drinks wine in bowls, and anoints himself with the chief ointments. And this house is built of wrecks. Every board and every brick, every stone and every timber, every piece of furniture, and every appliance of comfort, the carpets on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragments of a wreck—a wreck, not of a ship, but of a home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking-saloon.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Cross Against Liquor

Professor R. H. Walker says that while passing down a river in Korea he had as fellow-passengers two Japanese merchants. At dinner-time he placed his lunch upon a table, and they made as if they would join him. On his consent they made ready, but first withdrew to the ship's steward and returned with three bottles of beer and three glasses. When the glasses had been filled, one was passed to Professor Walker, who declined it. For six or seven minutes this continued, they offering and he declining. Finally a thought seemed to strike one of them. He took a pencil and paper, and marked something upon it, and held it up before Professor Walker and watched his face. A nod from the latter settled it. No more beer was offered him. The Japanese had marked a cross upon the paper, having learned something of its meaning to the Christian. And the Japanese was right. The cross of Christ and the liquor habit are opposed to each other.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Alcohol a False Key

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was much given to the pleasures of the table. This man said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think it is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys," answered the other.

The response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.—*Youth's Companion.*

Duke of Wellington and Liquor

We are sometimes taunted with being afraid of a little alcoholic drink. No one had more courage than the Duke of Wellington, a man who brought more luster on the flag of England than any other man who has ever lived, and yet he was afraid of drink. On one occasion, when he was marching his victorious army across the Peninsula, he halted the whole army. Why? Simply because news had been brought to him that an immense store of Spanish wine lay directly in his line of march. He halted the whole victorious British army until he had sent on his sappers to blow every single barrel to pieces. He was not a coward, he was not afraid; he saw the danger; he knew the foul, fascinating power of this drug upon both mind and body, and he took measures against his soldiers' being exposed to temptations.—*Canon Wilberforce, in the Christian Herald.*

The Bartender's Opinion

Collier's Weekly has given the following incident of a quest of a man who set out to see whether people were willing to be known by the company they keep: "First of all, I sought a friend who kept much company, the man of white apron and busy towel who purveys drink to the thirsty, and I asked him if he were to be known by the company he kept. 'If you mean the bunch I serve here, I should say not. This is business, and it ain't life. I'm paid to fill 'em up, and I flatter myself I know my business. But, if you notice, I don't drink. I see what it does to 'em, and so I cut it out. Yes, I get paid for barkeeping, and I have to listen to their tired old stories, and have to hear how smart they are, and they tell me their troubles while I feed the worst troubles they have over this bar. Me be known by this maudlin bunch of slow suicides? I guess not. No; when time's up I turn the cash register over to the night man and go home to my family and associate with decent people.' And he wiped off the bar and deferentially inquired the desires of the next gentleman."—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

Kipling Against Drink

In an interview reported in *Collier's Weekly,* Rudyard Kipling disclosed his temperance principles. The reporter says: The host stood over a tray. "Drink, Kipling?" he asked — the luncheon gong had sounded. "No, thanks," said Kipling. "Don't you ever touch anything?" asked a youth who wanted an excuse to hear himself address Kipling. The others were listening for the answer. "No," said Kipling, "I never could make up my mind to pour lighted petrol into my carbureter." He grinned boyishly at his own joke; so did we all. "What's that, Kipling?" demanded the host, mixing a Martini. "Your carbureter! Afraid of burning holes in it? Why, look at me!" "Yes, look at you," said Kipling. "You've got no carbureter. It's been burned out. It's burned into so many holes that there is just a big *place* where it used to be."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Bartenders' Temperance Club

Bartenders' Union No. 41, of Chicago, has just formed a temperance society, the secretary appealing to all bartenders to join, in the following circular:

> Dear Pal: Join the Bartenders' Temperance Club. The boss won't like it if you drink on the job. A guy can't tend a bar and hit the booze and make good. It gets him just as quick as the guy in front, who pays for it. If any one wants to drink let the man on the other side of the bar do it. Send me your name if you want to join the club.

We do not find waiters appealing to each other to beware of foods, nor shoe clerks forming an organization to save their fellows from wearing shoes. The bartender is in a position to know, and his advice is to let it alone.—*Flint Evening Press.*

A Drunken Officer

I send the following out of my own experience. I was one of Uncle Sam's boys in '62-'65. During the campaign of Grant and Meade in Virginia in '64 we made an assault on a Confederate line of works in front of Petersburg. It was a disastrous failure with heavy loss, *e. g.,* the regiment of which I was a member lost 130 men out of 170 engaged. Two or three hours later another line of battle was formed, and swept up over the enemy's works and captured them, just as *we* might have done, but did not. Why? What was the secret of our failure? Just this: the officer who directed the first attack was drunk. In that case there was "defeat through drunkenness." I do

not think that the incident has ever been published.—*H. C. Leach, Hancock, N. Y.*

A Home Saloon

On the department bulletin boards, recently, of what is said to be the greatest hardware company in the world the following notice was posted by direction of the board of directors, and headed "House Notice":

IF YOU MUST DRINK.

To the married man who cannot get along without his drinks, the following is suggested, as a solution to the bondage of his habit:

First: Start a saloon in your own house.

Second: Be the only customer, and you'll have no license to pay. Give your wife $2 to buy a gallon of whiskey, and remember there are 69 drinks in one gallon.

Third: Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have $8 to put in the bank and $2 to start business again.

Fourth: Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man, and quit thinking about you.—*The Conquest.*

Efficiency and Prohibition

A group of men casually came together at a dinner party the other evening, and one happened to look over the table, which the women had just left, and commented on the little alcohol that had been consumed. And here is what these men said. The first was a business man of large interests: "I wouldn't think of voting for state prohibition, but let national prohibition come up and it will have my vote in a minute. Drinking has become an economic issue, and I am willing to give up my whiskey and soda for the good of the many." The second was a large employer of men, some eighteen thousand: "I am ready for national prohibition: up to this time it has seemed a far-away ideal to me: now I see it as a pure efficiency measure." The third was a clear-seeing Irishman: "Alcohol has been the curse of my people. I have stopped taking it, after forty years of occasional drinking, and my vote is ready for national prohibition." "Go ahead," said the fourth man, a railroad official of high standing: "I am ready for it personally, and so are all the officials of our road." A physician was the fifth: "Medicine can do without it; science is against it; the old idea of alcohol as a food is exploded. I am all ready for my vote for national prohibition." It was a clubman who spoke next: "When I see drinking among the caddies at our club, and our caddy-master silly with it, I am ready to give up my cocktail and vote against the whole business." And, last of all, was a wholesale dealer in liquor who started the talk and who finished with this significant statement: "You're right: we are seeing the handwriting on the wall. I said at a meeting of our wholesale liquor dealers the other evening that we didn't have five years of life ahead of us. Strange as it may seem to you, I would vote for national prohibition. It's for the best all around." Not a dissenting voice!—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Prohibition on Zeppelins

"A Zeppelin is the strictest Sunday-school institution, no drinks and no smokes," said Lieutenant-Commander Mathy of the first air-ship that dropped bombs on London. He added, "We ate before we started, and then occasionally took a pull at a thermos bottle of hot coffee or tea." "Nothing stronger?" broke in the *World* reporter. "No, absolutely nothing stronger. Zeppelins have neither bar, kitchen, pantry, nor dining-room. Zeppelins are teetotalers. We have got to have clear heads up there, and cool, steady nerves—nerves which spirits don't necessarily furnish."—*The Christian Advocate.*

That Blessed Word "Which"

"I've been thanking the good Lord all day long for that blessed word 'which,'" said John to his friend. "That blessed word 'which,'" replied his astonished companion; "what on earth do you mean?" "Well," explained John, "it's like this. For many years I gave way to drink. Our home was a poor sort of place. My Mary hadn't a very nice life of it. But she bore it all like a saint, and never murmured. And in those days I had no clothes except those I stood up in. But last year I started going to church with my Mary. And one night I was converted. And my, the difference it made! Why, last night my Mary was upstairs, and I called out to her to bring my clothes down when she came.

And what do you think she called back? She shouted 'which?' And oh, it made me feel good to hear my Mary ask me that! And I've been thanking the good Lord all day for that blessed word 'which.'"—*From "Mountains in the Mist," by F. W. Boreham.*

What a Half Crown Did

"Papa, will you please give me half-a-crown for my new hat?" asked a school girl of her father one morning. "No, May; I can't spare the money." The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way he met a friend, and invited him into a tavern for a drink. And the man who could not spare his daughter half-a-crown for a hat laid that sum on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and said, "Papa, I want half-a-crown for my new hat." "All right," said the dealer, and, taking up the coin from the counter, handed it to the girl, who departed smiling. May's father was dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself, "To think I should have brought my money here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop." He kept his pledge.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Cop Favoured Prohibition

A newspaper writer in New York tells of approaching a big Irish policeman on an East Side street and saying, as he pointed to a vacant store-room, whose windows still carried an antiquated saloon sign: "It's a pity to drive those fellows out of business, isn't it?" He thought this kind of approach would bring out why New York policemen don't want to enforce prohibition. It did bring out just the opposite. The "cop" looked at him scornfully. "If you only knew," he said, "how many times I have been called into these houses around here to nab men who were trying to murder their wives and driving half-naked children out into the snow, you'd thank God for putting those places out of business. The government's been pretty free giving personal liberty to the old man; it's time now to get personal liberty for the kids."—*The Continent.*

The Next Generation

During a Chicago convention, one of the delegates, a young business man from Boston, fell in with a burly, red-faced Chicagoan who had evidently just been patronizing the hotel bar. In the course of their conversation the man from Chicago said: "What are you fellows trying to do down at the Battery? You are hot on temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man out of me?" "No," replied the delegate, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy." At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, "Well, I guess you have got the right of it. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man today."—*The Golden Rule.*

A Unique Argument for Prohibition

A writer in a contemporary journal says: "I heard a good thing in the park. A bumptious young man made a long speech of protest against any campaign for prohibition. Let a poor man have his glass of beer to cheer and inspire him(!)—and so on. He asked if anybody in the crowd had anything to say about it. A little working man came forward and remarked, 'Well, sir, I ain't no speaker; but it seems to me it's this way: You must divide men into three classes—the total abstainers, the moderate drinker, and the drunkard. Now the first don't have it, the second says he can easily do without it, and the third most sartainly oughtn't to have it. So what's the good of it, anyway?'"—*The Christian Herald.*

How Champagne Changes Appearances

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly (Prov. 23:21).

A stock broker, returning to his office after a substantial luncheon with a client, said to his head clerk, "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "and he looks different to the world."—*The Christian.*

Drink and Crime

Three hundred convicts in the penitentiary of Alabama were asked by its chaplain how many of them owed their convict stripes to the use of liquor, and 281 rose to their feet.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

The Bartender's Choice

A convention of bartenders was held at Euclid Beach Park, one of the very few "dry" pleasure resorts in Cleveland. There were several hundred of the liquor dispensers present. An attaché of the park asked one of them: "Why did you fellows pick out Euclid Beach Park, a temperance resort, for your convention?" The reply was: "Because we are up against the bums every working day of our lives, and when we take a day off we want to get clear of the crowd." Any man who can read English can see the moral in that reply.—*Cleveland Press.*

Cruelty to Animals

A horse trader was arrested on our streets the other day for exhibiting the beer-drinking capacity of a mule which he had trained to drink the stuff. The Humane Society prosecuted the case, and the man was fined twenty-five dollars in the Mayor's court on the ground that giving beer to a mule is cruelty to animals. Is a mule better than a man? How about those who, for money, will help put fellow-men under the awful slavery of appetite? Yet we license them to do it.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Key at the Tavern

There is said to be a church which is very attractive to tourists. The graveyard of the church is always kept locked, but on a gate is the following notice: "The key to the graveyard is to be found in the tavern." A great army of men and women daily find in the tavern the key that opens the way for them into the graveyard.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

When the Processions Met

After a winter's campaign in the west, the Rev. C. N. Howard tells the following story. In a certain town the temperance people and the liquor people planned to have street parades upon the same day, the parades to start from opposite ends of the town. At the head of the liquor procession a man carried a banner marked, "Men, Vote for Your Liberty." At the head of the temperance procession a little boy carried a banner,—"Fathers, Vote to Save Your Sons." As the processions met, the man threw down his banner, ran to the boy, and, raising him upon his shoulder, faced about and himself headed the temperance parade. The boy was his own son.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Iceland Under Prohibition

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court, and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island, and its 78,000 people are total abstainers, since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate person on the island, not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of public schools being practically perfect.—*Sterling (Kansas) Bulletin.*

An Inconsistent Dean

The priest . . . with strong drink (Isa. 28:7).

Surely a blush of shame went round the world when the Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, one of the highest dignitaries of the Church of England, declared in public that he would fight the idea of prohibition in the kingdom because he was determined not to abstain from liquor himself; he had tried it, he said, and it proved bad for his health.—*The Continent.*

They Belong Together

"Any bottles? Any rags?"

"Queer combination you deal in, my friend."

"Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."—*Home Herald.*

A Taste of Civilization

Missionary: "Have you never had a taste of civilization?" Chief of Cannibals: "Oh, yes! The last ship that stopped here left a barrel of it, but it's all gone now." This is more pathetic than humourous because of its truth—"one missionary on the deck and a hundred kegs of rum in the hold."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Temperance in Ancient Greece

Anachonis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, answered, "By bearing constantly in his view *the loathsome, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxicated.*" Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians of exposing their drunken slaves to their children.—*Little's Historical Lights.*

Japan's Paupers and England's

Japan, with practically the same poor laws as Great Britain, has only 24,000

paupers, while Great Britain has 100,000. A Japanese statesman, being asked to explain, replied, "The Japanese drink tea; the British drink alcohol."—*The Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Garrison Fare

A gentleman was once asked if he would take some bread and a glass of wine. His answer was: "No, I will take some bread and a glass of water." His friend smilingly answered: "Bread and water! That is prison fare!" "No," said he, "not prison fare, but garrison fare. We can't afford to be off our guard." "What I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Saving His Boys

A man in a covered wagon, driving through a Western town, stopped and hailed a man on the street. "Hey, any saloons in this town?" he asked. "Yes, four," was the answer. "Giddap," said the stranger, moving on. "I can't locate here; I've got three boys in this wagon." "Stop a minute," yelled the stranger, "what's your business?" "My business is to save these boys," came back the answer, as he disappeared around a bend in the road. —*The Kansas City Star.*

Never Drank to "Success"

Said a member of a church near Philadelphia, the other day: "I was talking to a coloured man whom I was examining for insurance. The coloured people are in the habit of using words they do not fully understand the meaning of, and as a result they invariably misplace them. I asked him, 'Do you drink alcoholic liquors?' The darkey answered, 'No, I can't say I does; and I can't say I doesn't. But I never done drink to success.'"

His Dog a Teetotaler

Frank Higgins, the lumber-jack evangelist, was once taking his meal at the lunch-counter in the rear of a saloon. The drinking woodsmen laughingly invited him to drink with them. "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys; if my dog will drink the stuff you fellows are imbibing I'll join you," said Higgins. He called the dog to him, but on smelling the beverage Bess turned away. "Can't do it, boys. I'd hate to set a bad example to my dog. She has good sense; you'd better follow her lead."—*From the "Parish of the Pines."*

Drink Destroys Endurance

Edward Payson Weston, pedestrian: "On my long walks during over forty years in public life, experience has taught me that nature should not be outraged by the use of artificial stimulants. On my walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, I drank cold tea. On the recent walk from Philadelphia to New York in less than twenty-four hours, I drank milk and cold tea. On any of these walks a single glass of wine would have made me fail. I sometimes use whiskey on the soles of my feet."—*The Sentinel.*

A Substitute for Bread

Mr. Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, lately quoted from a brewer's circular, "beer may be substituted for bread," and proceeded to say: "Frequently it is also substituted for shoes, and schoolbooks, and clothes, and meat, and house-rent and furniture. In fact, a liberal use of it will make it a substitute for everything except the grave." —*The National Advocate.*

False Courage

Rum makes a man bolder than he is by nature. I have always liked that story of the mouse who came upon a little pool of whiskey spilled upon the flour; he drank, and once again; then he cocked up his head and said, "Where's that cat that was chasing me yesterday?"—*From "Drink and Be Sober," by Vance Thompson.*

Benefits of Temperance

'Tis to thy rules, O temperance! we owe
All pleasures which from health and strength can flow;
Vigour of body and purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refined.
—*Chandler.*

TEMPTATIONS

A Single Gun

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle," and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same

the next day and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing at every boy's life, Satan is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.—*The King's Own.*

Inflammable Hearts

Herein I also exercise myself to have a conscience void of offence toward God and men always (Acts 24: 16).

The Rev. Y. Reidd Howatt, describing a visit to a lighthouse on a high point of a wild and rocky coast, said, "I wanted to know about the oil that made the lamps burn so brightly. It was paraffin oil, the lighthouse keeper told me, and he showed me about a cupful. He struck a match, and was bringing it near the oil when I gripped his hand. 'Take care,' I said, 'if that oil explodes there is enough to kill us all.' 'There would be,' he said, 'if this was like most paraffin oil, but you won't find any danger about this.' Then he took the lighted match and put it into the oil! And the oil put out the match as if it had been water, and didn't take fire itself. Then I learned that this was *pure* paraffin; and when paraffin is pure, quite pure, it gives the brightest light when it is used in the proper way for the lamp, but it won't explode and do harm as common paraffin when a light comes near it." So the heart that is impure catches fire at every temptation, but the clean heart and right spirit which God gives to all who really seek them enable us to overcome temptation and make our lives "as the dawning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*The Sunday Magazine.*

The Little Temptations

When Pompey could not prevail with a city to billet his army with them, he persuaded them to admit a few weak, maimed soldiers; but those soon recovered their strength and opened the gates to the whole army. The little temptations are the most dangerous.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Locusts and Waste Ground

Rose, writing of the locusts in Spain, proceeds: "Pointing to the corn-fields, a few hundred yards off, I inquired why the locusts were not to be found there. His answer indicated, and my own observation confirmed, the truth of the saying that the mother-locust's instinct is so fine that she always plants her eggs in *waste* ground, that they may be undisturbed and be hatched in peace." Was not the source of the sin of Ananias found in the fact that the Spirit of God had not been allowed to take possession of his whole personality? Satan was only able to fill his heart because he had, to a given extent at least, left it empty. The devil seeks the waste ground in which to sow his destructive germs—idle hands, vacant imaginations open to loose suggestion, divided affections, unguarded hours. Here is the vantage ground which he readily seizes. "Neither give place to the devil."—*From Dr. W. L. Watkinson, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Why Satan Left the Judge Alone

You have heard the story of the old judge and the old slave whom he used to take with him around from one court to another over the circuit The judge said: "Sambo, how is it you are always talking about your fight with the Devil—about the conflicts you have with the powers of darkness? I don't have any conflict with the Devil. I don't have any of these troubles—any of these fightings you have. How do you account for it?" And he flustered the poor negro. Of course he could not read. But the judge was a sportsman, and he got out his gun one day and killed a duck and wounded another. And he said, "Rush and get that wounded duck. Get that live duck." Sambo got the wounded duck. And Sambo had his illustration. He came back into the wagon, and said, "Jedge, I understan' dat question we were discussin' befo'. De Devil's after me. I'm wounded; but he's got you." When a man is dead in trespasses and sins, Satan lets him alone.—*The Christian Herald.*

Avoiding Temptation

A little Jewish newsboy was selling evening papers among the clerks in a large office in one of our great cities. Unawares, as he approached the cashier, he found himself right next to an open cash-drawer overflowing with

coin. The little fellow's eyes shone at the sight. But, quicker than a wink, he stepped back beyond reach, and nothing would induce him to approach any nearer, even to sell a paper, until the drawer had been shut. I happen to know that this little fellow comes from a home of poverty, where there are many children, and little time or strength is left for parental training of the children, and that the poor boy often goes hungry, finding it too far to go home for a bite, and not daring to spend a copper of his hard-earned treasure for self-indulgence.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Why Her Temptations Increased

It has not been long since a woman came to me and said, "I don't believe I am converted." I said, "Why?" "Because I have more temptations than I had before." And she was actually thinking of having her name taken off the church roll, because she had more temptations than formerly. "The Devil had rather get you now than when he had you before," said I. "If he can get you now he will hurt the cause of Christ. When he had you before he would simply hurt you." As a church member you don't simply hurt yourself when you fall; you hurt the church of Jesus Christ.—*Dr. L. G. Broughton.*

Instinctively Warned

I read a most suggestive thing the other day. A great menagerie had been sold. There was a good deal of straw that had been at one time or other used as a temporary bedding for the wild beasts. That straw was bought by a man who owned a livery stable. When he put the straw on which a lion had crouched into the stalls, the horses, though they had never seen a lion in their lives, were uneasy and restless, and would not go into their stalls. It was an instinctive dread of the enemy. So if we are wholly given over to do right and only right, we shall have a divine instinct which will warn us of the presence of evil.—*The Expositor.*

Watching Against Temptation

For the first five years after I was converted I used to think that if I were able to stand for twenty years I need fear no fall. But the nearer you get to the Cross, the fiercer the battle. Satan aims high. He went among the Twelve, and singled out the treasurer, Judas Iscariot, and the chief apostle, Peter. Most men who have fallen have done so on what was apparently the strongest side of their character. I am told that the only side upon which Edinburgh Castle was successfully assailed was where the rocks were steepest,—so that the garrison thought themselves secure. If any man thinks that he is strong enough to resist the Devil at any one point, he needs special watch there, for the tempter comes that way.—*From "The Way to God," by D. L. Moody.*

Earwigs in the Chrysanthemums

Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ (2 Cor. 10:5).

In a gentleman's garden I saw a long row of beautiful chrysanthemums being prepared for a flower show. "Each one of these has to be examined every day," said the gardener, "lest earwigs get into the tops and eat the buds." The under gardener then went from one to another, gently opening the leaves to see that no evil lurked within. What earwigs of thought and desire get into the heads of the Lord's plants! —*Rev. James Strachan, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

A Hint from Edison

When Thomas A. Edison was recently asked by a minister as to the best ways of avoiding temptation, the great inventor frankly replied that he knew nothing about the matter, for, during his long life, he had never been confronted by any situation involving a violation of the moral code. Of course, Mr. Edison realizes, as we do, that he has been peculiarly exempt from temptation by the intense application demanded by his perplexing activities, which left him no opportunity to let his mind run in dangerous and forbidden paths; but can we not draw a most profitable lesson from his testimony, realizing that if our minds and hearts are occupied to the full with wholesome activities our danger from temptation decreases in a wonderful degree? It is a well-known scientific fact that two things can not occupy the same space at the same time, and if our minds are filled with constructive, helpful, active building and planning, there will be little or no chance for harmful and dangerous thoughts and ideas to enter in and begin their destructive process. A full house has no place for tramp and vagabond ideas, which, if

once admitted, might find there an abiding-place, later developing into harmful words and deeds.

There are few of us capable of the intense application Mr. Edison gives to his work, but no doubt many of us could be more thoroughly in earnest in our Christian activities, thus leaving no time for debasing, undermining thinking and living.—*Selected.*

Calmness Under Trials

An Englishman traveling through Ceylon describes in the *London Telegraph* a startling experience that befell his hostess at a dinner in Trincomolee. The dinner was excellent, but when it was about half over I was startled by hearing my hostess tell the native servant to place a bowl of milk on a deerskin near her chair. Although she spoke calmly as if giving an ordinary order, I knew at once that there was a snake somewhere in the room, for these creatures prefer milk to anything else. As a hasty movement might have meant certain death, we all sat like statues; but for all that, our eyes were inspecting every nook and corner of the room. However, it was not until the milk was placed on the deerskin that the snake appeared. And then, to our amazement, a large cobra uncoiled itself from my hostess' ankle, and glided toward the bowl, where, of course, it was immediately killed. Imagine the nerve of the woman, although she fainted when the snake lay dead on the floor. How many could have remained motionless under such circumstances? [And when we are confronted by the Serpent, our great adversary, we must use the same quietness in trusting our Lord Jesus to deliver us.]—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Little Temptations

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation (Mark 14:38).

One of the men who accompanied Commodore Peary to the North Pole has since been drowned in a canoe in some waters near his home. After escaping the perils of cracks in the polar ice, and giving the most human account of the dash to the north, George Borup lost his life in what he must have considered quite a negligible peril, compared with those he had passed through. It is so in the moral life. Souls that can brave successfully the big outstanding perils are often the victims of the small ones. A temptation to be dishonourable in a big matter is easily overcome; but many yield to the temptation to be unduly angry over small things.—*Sunday at Home.*

Praying for Strength

Dr. Gordon tells of an old man, a farmer down in Rhode Island, who accepted this invitation one night during a revival. He had been a rough, bad man, and the next morning he was going down to the village. As he walked he was singing softly a hymn he had heard in the meeting, when all at once he smelled the fumes coming out of a saloon just ahead. The odours came out strong and gripped him. He said he began to wonder how he could go by. Always before he had gone in. "Just then," said he, "I happened to think, and I said, 'Now, Jesus, I am yoked up with you, and you must come and help me by.'" And then in his illiterate way he said, "And He come, and we went by, and we have been going by sence."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Testing His Strength

A coloured man got soundly converted. The next day a white man saw him put his hand into a chicken coop. "Say," called the white man, "I thought you were converted?" "I am, suh, I am," replied the coloured brother, "but I'm jes' trying out de strength of my resolution." It is safer to fight Satan on your own ground than on his.—*Chaplain James Small, in "Young Warriors and Their Temptations."*

Ready for Any Wind

"A friend from Scotland said to me, speaking of a place where I had been: 'Some time ago they had a storm that blew down between four and five thousand trees on that old estate.' Do you know why? The storm came from an unexpected direction. The trees had never had a storm from that quarter before. It is said that Edinburgh Castle, in all the wars of Scotland, was never taken but once. Then the enemy came up the steep rocks, where the garrison thought it was safe—they needn't guard it. Very often temptation comes from an unexpected quarter, when off your guard; hence the need of watching."—*From Moody's sermon on "Temptation."*

Overcoming Temptations

Scientists tell us that when a drop of water, according to popular language,

falls on an exceedingly hot stove, it never really touches the stove, but rests on a thin cushion of very hot air. The heat overcomes the law of gravity and holds the water away until it evaporates. When God's love is a flame on the altar of the heart, temptation may come, but it cannot touch us; for "greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world."—*Rev. W. E. Forsythe.*

THANKFULNESS

Ingratitude That Hurts

Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift (2 Cor. 9:15).

It was shortly after Christmas. I was absorbed in my work,—finishing a new violin. The unacknowledged presents of my friends were lying about my work-shop. I thought of the spirit that caused my friends to remember me with these gifts, and how disappointed they would be if I did not thank them. Then I thought how our heavenly Father must be pained if we do not accept, and express our thankfulness for, "his unspeakable gift."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Thanking God for Deliverance

After the appalling disaster of the sinking of the Titanic, with so many human lives thus ended unexpectedly, I looked in vain for any recognition from the saved that they owed their lives to God. A meeting of the survivors was called on board the rescue ship, the Carpathia, for the purpose of thanking the captain, crew, and passengers for saving the lives of the sufferers and ministering to their necessities. It remained for a woman, Mrs. F. W. Ryerson, of Philadelphia, to point out, after the resolutions had been drawn up, that they contained no reference to the all-seeing and merciful God. It needed but her timid suggestion to bring home to them all the truth that God was first in the work of rescue, and this entirely changed the resolution, so that it placed God first. It remained for *The Pittsburgh Sun* to speak editorially of the incident, and add, "In doing so she maintained one of the sweetest traits of womanhood—the spirit of devotion that made woman the last to leave the cross on Calvary and the first to arrive at the sepulcher." Unfortunately a daily newspaper is the last place we should expect to see such recognition, for in this day "He comes to his own, and they receive him not," even more than in far-off Palestine nineteen hundred years ago.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Source of All Good

"Forget not all His benefits." A boy was bringing home a loaf of bread, and one said: "What have you there?" "A loaf." "Where did you get it?" "From the baker." "Where did the baker get it?" "He made it." "Of what did he make it?" "Flour." "Where did he get the flour?" "From the miller." "Where did he get it?" "From the farmer." "Where did the farmer get it?" Then the truth dawned upon the boy's mind, and he replied, "From God." "Well, then, from whom did you get that loaf?" "Oh! from God." Here is a boy who, in the last resort, acknowledges God to be the giver of good. In this materialistic age, a man says: "My business supports me and my family." It is a lie; God supports you and your family. Men deal with God only as a last resource, and yet go on hoping to sneak into God's heaven when they have done with His world; but the God of Sinai is thundering out to this age: "Thou shalt put me first, and the baker second."—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

Welsh Miners' Thanksgiving

A visitor in northern Michigan, in 1882,, tells of being led by his host to the mouth of the famous Calumet and Hecla copper mine a little before five o'clock in the afternoon. "Stand here and listen," said his friend. There was silence for a moment, and then, coming from the earth beneath their feet, faint sounds were heard. They grew stronger and more distinct as they waited, seeming like the weird melodies played by the wind on telegraph wires. Nearer and nearer they came, mingled with the creaking of machinery, and resolving themselves at last into the familiar notes of "Nearer, my God, to thee." In a moment the cage reached the top of the shaft, and the day shift of Welsh miners, who had been singing their way up from a depth of hundreds of feet, stepped out and, baring their heads, joined in, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then quietly turned homeward. "They do this every night when their work is done," said the host. "It is their expression of praise and thanksgiving."—*The New York Evening Mail.*

Her Thanksgiving Offering

As some workers were decorating a church with flowers and fruit for the

Harvest Festival Sunday, an old lady entered the church rather late, bearing a huge parcel in her arms. She explained that her late arrival was due to the fact that she had had to walk nearly three miles, from a neighbouring village. "I am a stranger to you all," she said, "but last week I heard you were having a Harvest Thanksgiving here, and I wanted to bring something to my Lord's house. I'm living in an almshouse, on my old age pension, but about a fortnight ago a friend came to see me and left a few shillings in my hand. I wanted to use that money as a love gift, so I bought flour with it, and made these" (here she uncovered two huge white loaves) "for you. I thought perhaps you would take them, and put them somewhere in a corner of the church, in remembrance of Him and His great mercy. God bless you all!" Little more was said, but next morning, when the worshipers had gathered for service, many present were puzzled to find there were no flowers on the Lord's Table; only a spotless white cloth, and two huge white loaves! —*The Christian Herald.*

Sharing Only the Weeds

There was once a tenant who was to bring his landlord a part of the products of the fields. But he was neglectful of his tillage, and when the year ended he came, bringing a sack of thistles and burrs, instead of a load of golden grain. How like that we are! When we have cares and worries and sorrows, we unload them on the Lord, but when we have joys and satisfaction we do not share them with Him. We are too much like the member of a certain church of whom the new minister was forewarned: "If he likes you, you will never know it; but if he doesn't like you, you will know it quickly enough."—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Try Thanksgiving

My mouth shall shew forth thy praise (Psa. 51:15).

Nothing so pleases God in connection with our prayer as our praise, and nothing so blesses the man who prays as the praise which he offers. I got a great blessing once in China in this connection. I had received bad and sad news from home, and deep shadows had covered my soul. I prayed, but the darkness did not vanish. I summoned myself to endure, but the darkness only deepened. Just then I went to an inland station and saw on the wall of the mission house these words: "Try Thanksgiving." I did, and in a moment every shadow was gone, not to return. Most people pray little, but praise less. If other things have seemed to fail, let us "try thanksgiving."—*Rev. Henry W. Frost, in The Sunday School Times.*

Thanksgiving and Grumbling

The head of the family at the morning meal asked the blessing as usual, thanking the Lord for the things so bountifully provided. Immediately afterwards, as was his bad habit, he began to grumble about hard times, the poor quality of the food he was forced to eat, the way it was cooked, and much more. His little daughter interrupted him: "Father, do you suppose God heard what you said a little while ago?" "Certainly"—with the confident air of an instructor. "And did He hear what you said about the bacon and the coffee?" "Of course"—not quite so confidently. "Then, father, which did God believe?"—*Onward.*

Thanking Santa Claus

And Jesus answering said, Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? (Luke 17:17).

Some ingenious gatherer of statistics tells us that during a recent year thousands of letters from children, addressed to Santa Claus, reached the Dead Letter office before Christmas, but that in the whole month after Christmas only one letter came addressed to Santa Claus with a message of thanks. Ten lepers were cleansed, all receiving the same great blessing, but only one of the ten returned to thank the Healer.—*From "The Gate Beautiful," by J. R. Miller.*

Thankful for What She Had

Dr. Campbell Morgan tells of a poverty stricken fish-wife who was found on Christmas Day eating a Christmas dinner which consisted of a piece of bread and a toasted herring. Her visitor said something to her of the poverty of her fare, and the old woman, with face aglow, replied: "Poor fare? Dear heart, don't you see that the Lord has laid tribute on sea and land to feed me this blessed Christmas Day?"—*The Presbyterian Record.*

Praising God in the Alps

What a beautiful custom that is of the herdsmen in the Alps. They use a horn to call their cattle; but the horn

is also used for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared, and its last rays are glimmering on the summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells farthest up the mountains takes his horn and trumpets forth: "Praise God the Lord." Instantly all the herdsmen in the neighbourhood take their horns and repeat the words, "Praise God the Lord." This continues for some minutes while on all sides the mountains echo the praises of God. A solemn stillness follows and every one offers his silent prayer on bended knee. By this time it is dark, and then the herdsman on the loftiest height peals forth in his own musical French, "Good-night," and "Good-night" is repeated on all the mountains, from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks.—*The Christian Herald.*

Thanking God for What We Have

A gentleman who owned a small estate wished to sell it. He sent for an agent and asked him to write an advertisement telling about the estate. When the advertisement was ready the agent took it to the gentleman and read it to him. "Read that again," said the owner. The agent read the description of the estate once more. "I don't think I will sell after all," said the gentleman. "I have been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I did not know that I owned it." Have you praised the Lord for what you possess in Christ?—*The Free Churchman.*

Rarity of Thanksgiving

Sailors have often been known to pray during a great storm, but seldom, if ever, has it been known that they assemble for thanksgiving and praise after deliverance. Some one in charge of the Dead Letter Office at Washington has made the statement that every year there come to that office hundreds of thousands of letters addressed to "Santa Claus," telling him the things they want him to bring to the writers. But never, except once, have they received a letter to thank Santa Claus for bringing what they received.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Whom to Thank

Did you ever know a potter thank a vessel of his own making for its beauty and usefulness? Surely the praise is due, not to the clay, but the potter. So praise is due to God for the graces and works which He has given to us.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Count Your Blessings

One night, during the Chapman-Alexander meetings, a poor paralytic was wheeled down the aisle and placed just before the platform. In the preliminary part of the service, Mr. Alexander caught sight of him, and said, "What is your favourite hymn?" He immediately answered, "Count your blessings!" There was no wail, no complaint from the poor cripple; just a vivid sense of the goodness of God.—*The Christian Age.*

TOBACCO

About Cigarettes

The Tobacco Merchants' Association of the United States, in a booklet entitled "About Cigarettes," mentions Robert Louis Stevenson, with others, endeavouring to show that smoking does not lessen mental or physical power and strength. Mention is not made, however, of the fact that this gifted man was in poor health and died at forty-four, *from a stroke of apoplexy.* Dr. D. H. Kress, of Washington, D. C., says apoplexy is often caused by smoking; that nicotine increases the blood pressure, thus paving the way for the fatal stroke. Scores of other physicians of note concur in the statement. Apoplexy has increased 83 per cent. in the last thirty years, keeping closely to the increased use of tobacco.

In sharp contrast with Robert Louis Stevenson may be mentioned William Cullen Bryant. With a constitution always delicate, yet by careful living he reached the age of eighty-four—almost twice that of Stevenson. In addition to his strenuous journalistic career of over half a century, as editor of the New York *Evening Post,* Bryant did much literary work. Concerning his habits, he himself wrote: "I never meddle with tobacco, *except to quarrel with it.*"

In an effort to show that smoking does not affect the voice for singing, the booklet above quoted says: "Caruso smokes cigarettes almost continuously." Recent press dispatches carried the news that Caruso bursted blood vessels in his throat twice within ten days during the month of December, while singing in New York—another instance showing what increased blood pressure from the effect of nicotine will do. Even though smoking should not noticeably affect the voice

of a singer, any school boy or girl knows that a vocalist can not long continue bursting blood vessels in his throat and "get away with it."—*The Lookout, Feb. 6, 1921.*

Base-Ball Player Opposes Cigarettes

It is said that Hans Wagner, Pittsburgh's popular favourite in professional baseball, was offered a thousand dollars to consent that his picture should be used on the boxes of a brand of cigarettes. Wagner positively refused. The representative of the tobacco company expressed surprise. "I thought all you ball-players were money-crazy," he insinuated. But Wagner answered indignantly, "I'm not crazy for any money that means encouraging any boy to smoke cigarettes. If my name and picture on a card or box will have that effect, I tell you I'm not going to sign up, no matter how high you go with your offers." —*The Christian Herald.*

Why the Apache Quit Cigarettes

Every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible (1 Cor. 9:25).

"Allen Soontay doesn't play on your ball team now," said a missionary to an Apache boy. "No,—heart's bad—cigarettes, I guess." Going to his home the sight of the weak, listless figure lounging there confirmed this diagnosis. Later she found him brighter and learned that he was now following a physician's orders to the letter. "How about cigarettes?" "I've quit,—coffee, too," and he busied himself preparing a hot drink that would strengthen his weakened body. Months passed, and the visitor noted the healthful colour and vigour returning to this lad, who had known the danger in cigarettes but had yielded to the influence of the idle camp life. New strength, gained by constant care in obeying his orders, brought an interest in better things, so papers were subscribed for and he became known as the most intelligent young man in his tribe. At his country's call he enlisted. As some white friends packed his comfort kit he noticed a package of cigarettes beside the Testament. "That doesn't look good to me," was his quiet remark, and so at least one American soldier entered the army without carrying his deadliest enemy in his own equipment.—*The Sunday School Times.*

How to Kill a Cat

A physician once captured a large cat, and, soaking a pinch of fine-cut tobacco, injected a little of this fluid under the cat's skin. In twenty minutes the cat died in convulsions—killed by a smaller quantity of tobacco than it takes to make a cigarette. What can kill a cat in twenty minutes cannot be good for the growing child, and must be injurious to a grown person.—*The King's Messenger.*

What We Send to China

The Great Northern Steamship Minnesota at Seattle, June 2, on the sailing-day, carried to Japan and China twenty millions of cigarettes and a little group of returning missionaries. One of the awful demoralizing influences today in China is forced on them by the makers of the many brands of cigarettes, who come from Christian lands, each vying with the others in a ruinous trade.—*The Christian Herald.*

Tobacco Using Wasteful

Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch no unclean thing (1 Cor. 6:17).

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years: A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business. "Do you drink?" asked the millionaire. "Once in a while." "Stop it. Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again. "Do you smoke?" asked the successful man. "Now and then." "Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again." The young man went home determined to break away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he abstained from smoking for a year, and presented himself again. "Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist. "Yes, I do," was the desperate reply. "Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again." The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing I

must have saved enough to start myself in business. AND I HAVE."—*The Boys' World.*

Couldn't Pray with Tobacco

The Gospel Messenger of recent date recorded this incident: At a recent evangelistic meeting in Akron, Ohio, a large package of tobacco was thrown on the platform just before the closing prayer was to be offered, and a voice in the large audience said, "I can't pray with that in my pocket." Not a word had been said about tobacco, but this was the signal to others, and before the meeting closed the platform had a goodly collection of tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, etc., willingly discarded by the owners.—*E. E. Lowry, M.D.*

Moody and the Smoker

Look therefore carefully how ye walk (Eph. 5:15).

They had agreed to meet at the Tremont Hotel, and at the appointed hour Mr. Moody went down to meet Mr. William Reynolds. They were not very well acquainted. Mr. Moody walked quickly around the office, and, not discovering Mr. Reynolds, was about to walk out when Mr. Reynolds jumped up, and said: "Hello, Moody, didn't you see me?" "No," said Mr. Moody, "I didn't expect to find you here smoking a cigar." "You don't see anything wrong in smoking a cigar, do you?" asked Mr. Reynolds. "No," said Mr. Moody, "but you and I are representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ. Suppose I had come to meet the Lord Jesus here by appointment; do you think I would have found Him smoking?" "No," said Mr. Reynolds; and that was the last cigar he ever smoked. —*The Way of Faith.*

Smoking Destroyed His Influence

Overthrow not for meat's sake the work of God (Rom. 14:20).

R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, says: "I want every last ounce of influence that I can have with anybody, and if there is anything, I don't care how innocent, pure, or pleasant, that will hurt my influence with anybody, I am going to give it up. One of the godliest ministers I ever knew, who smokes, was invited by a Christian woman to her home. When dinner was over her husband said to the minister, 'Would you mind my smoking? Of course you don't smoke.' 'Yes, I occasionally smoke a cigar.' No sooner had the minister lighted his cigar than the man hurried in to his wife, and said, 'Come and see your saint smoking on the front porch.' And never could that minister reach him after that."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cigars or Testaments?

A prominent business man in Syracuse gives away four copies of the Testament daily. It had been his habit to smoke four cigars each day. Some years ago he found that the price of each cigar would buy a Testament, so he stopped the smoking habit and began the New Testament gift habit. A delegate to the Y. M. C. A. State Convention stopped off at Syracuse recently, to thank him for the gift that had led him to Christ. Be a Bible-giving Christian.—*"Practical Talks," by Crossley and Hunter.*

Not Ready to Give Up Tobacco

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart (Psa. 119:2).

A lady who had been doing temperance work among the Freedmen told of one coloured woman, a member of the church, but addicted to drink, who had finally given up the habit. She had struggled and prayed, and God had helped her, she said. Then she honestly added: "But I ain't give up my terbaccer yit. Yaas'm, 'course I knows he'd help me dar, too, but you see I ain't rightly felt like axin' him 'bout dat." Few of us would so frankly admit the fact, but that is the real reason why a good many sins continue their sway.—*Forward.*

Jim Jeffries' Advice

Hundreds and thousands of boys and young men would take to heart the advice of the strongest fighting man in the world, and would pay little attention to any kind of thinking man, no matter how strong his thoughts. James Jeffries was asked by a New York reporter what advice he would give to young men. Jeffries said: "I'd give a boy the same advice that his mother would give him. But the boys today seem to think they know more than their parents, and when they find that they don't it is too late. Every boy that smokes a cigarette may be perfectly sure that he is doing his best to make himself of no account. . . . Cigarette smoke ruins a boy's lungs, it poisons and hurts his brains. Do you think I'd have this chest on me if I'd

had a box of cigarettes in my pocket when I was a boy? What I tell you about cigarette smoking is true of drinking. . . . The best thing a boy can do is to mind his mother. She knows what is good for him, and the boy that thinks she doesn't is a fool."—*The Sunday School Times.*

His Yellow Fingers

One of Chicago's old-time stockyards magnates, who was a philanthropist as well as a pork-packer, had an intense dislike to cigarettes, and would not allow any one to smoke them in his office. One day, many years ago, a half-grown youth found him alone at his desk and asked for a job as office boy. The packer looked him over kindly enough, but shook his head. "I'm afraid you won't do, son," he said. The lad, rather effeminate in appearance, had received several similar answers during the day and was somewhat discouraged. So now he said with some bitterness, "I suppose it's my yellow hair." "What is your name, my boy?" "John Harris." "Well, Johnnie," said the millionaire packer, "it isn't your yellow hair; it is your yellow fingers."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Gave Up His Pipe

Two brothers lived in Glasgow during one of Mr. Moody's visits to the city. One was a converted man, but his brother was a worldling and an inveterate smoker. One day the former said to his brother, "Look here, Charlie, if you give up that pipe for three months, I will give you half-a-crown." "Done!" said Charlie, and he laid the pipe on the mantel-shelf, and his brother put the money alongside of it. The three months expired, and the brother said, "Now, Charlie, I suppose you will pick up the old pipe again and have a smoke?" "No," said Charlie, as he pocketed the half-crown, "I was converted at Moody and Sankey's meeting last night, and I have been promised a whole crown if I don't take up that idol again, and, thank God, I have accepted the offer."—*The Christian Herald.*

Wasting God's Money

Says a correspondent of the *Ohio Observer*:—"When the use of tobacco was fashionable even among the genteel, in walking through a village, I passed a store where I knew there were some very fine cigars. I was immediately seized with the hankering so well known to habitual smokers. The determination arose to lay out a few shillings in purchasing some. As I had been endeavouring to accustom myself to regard my money as the Lord's, and myself as the steward, I tried the rule in that case. I found myself unwilling to charge such an item on my account book.—*Rev. K. Arvine, A.M.*

Did Not Fit With Prayer

A missionary working in Australia among Kanakas from the Solomon Islands, led a number of these men to Christ. Among the group that had accepted Christ he noticed one that had evidently stopped smoking. He was no longer seen with the familiar cigarette between his lips. The missionary spoke of this fact to the man and asked him why he had stopped smoking. The Kanaka answered, "Him no likee me play [pray] along dirty-flelow lip." "Who doesn't like it?" asked the missionary. "Him, Jesus," said the Kanaka. "But who told you that Jesus didn't like it?" urged the missionary, for he thought that some one must have had a word with the new convert about the tobacco habit. Then the man in response simply said, "Him."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Ashamed of Smoking

Tobacco was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in smoking it privately, he did not intend it should be copied. But sitting one day in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small-beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and, running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire, help!"—*Rev. Elon Foster.*

A Chinese Woman Smoker

One day a Chinese woman puffing at a cigarette appeared at a meeting held by a missionary in an out-station in China. Her face and hands were yellow beyond the native colouring from the excessive cigarette smoking. Politely the missionary asked her not to smoke in the meeting. "But," exclaimed the woman in amazement, holding out her cigarette, "these came from your honourable country."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Non-Smokers Preferred

General Wheeler was talking with Mr. Schwab, head of the great steel

combine, and he asked him, "Is it true that in these big corporations, other things being equal, the man is promoted who neither drinks nor smokes?" Mr. Schwab answered that that was the invariable rule in dealing with two or three hundred thousand employees under him. "When two men," he said, "seem equal in skill, preference is given to the abstainer and non-smoker."—*The Christian Herald.*

TRANSLATION OF THE SAINTS

Then Shall They Shine

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun (Matt. 13:43).

I have read of an old sculptor who had among other pieces of work in his workshop the model of a beautiful cathedral. It was covered with the dust of years, and nobody admired it, although it was an exact model, inside and out, of a fine cathedral. One day the old attendant placed a light inside the model, and its gleam shone through the beautiful stained glass windows. Then all stopped to admire its beauty. The change that was wrought by the light within was marvelous. Many of the righteous are hidden in obscurity today. None so poor as to do them reverence. But when the Lord comes the light within will blaze out, and they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Then the beauty of the Lord will be seen upon them, and the glory of the Lord will be revealed through them.—*From "Talking Sunbeams," by The Rev. J. Learmond.*

TRIALS

God's Presence in Trials

The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him (Psa. 34:7).

I was attending a prayer-meeting when a poor woman rose to speak, and I looked at her, wondering what she could say, little thinking she was to bring a message to my soul. She said she had great difficulty in living the life of faith on account of the second causes that seemed to control nearly everything that concerned her. Her perplexity became so great that she began to ask God whether He was in everything or not. After praying for a few days, she had what she described as a vision. She thought she was in a perfectly dark place, and that there advanced toward her from a distance a body of light which gradually surrounded and enveloped her and everything around her. As it approached, a voice seemed to say, "This is the Presence of God." While surrounded with this Presence all the great and awful things of life seemed to pass before her,—fighting armies, wicked men, raging beasts, storms and pestilences, sin and suffering of every kind. She shrank back at first in terror, but she soon saw that the Presence of God so surrounded and enveloped each one of these that not a lion could reach out its paw, nor a bullet fly through the air, except as His Presence moved out of the way to permit it. And she saw that, let there be ever so thin a sheet, as it were, of this glorious Presence between herself and the most terrible violence, not a hair of her head could be ruffled, nor anything touch her, unless the Presence divided to let the evil through. It was so also with the small and annoying things of life. Her difficulty vanished. Her question was answered for ever. God was in everything, and the angel of His Presence saved her.—*From "Is God in Everything?" by Mrs. Pearsall Smith.*

Assurance Brings Rest

Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself (Matt. 6:34).

It is said that the way the natives in the East take honey without being stung by the bees is very wonderful. They are protected by their dress in the very least degree, and yet, although surrounded by clouds of angry bees, they rarely suffer. The explanation given is that these natives are quite passive, deliberate in their movements, making no effort to protect themselves, not attempting to drive the swarm away, and if a bee settles upon them, it stings them no more than it would attempt to sting a log of wood. The Westerner, on the other hand, is nervous, restless, combative; he attempts to frighten the bees, is manifestly scared himself, makes a noise, gesticulates, runs away, and ends by being badly punished. Our troubles in life compass us about like bees. Let us fret and fume, and we shall feel the sting and miss the honey; let us live in quietness and confidence, and we shall taste the sweetness and escape the sting.—*The Epworth Herald.*

Not Discouraged by Trials

The father of Isaac Watts was determined that his boy should not be-

come a poet, and when he caught him making rhymes, after tiring of remonstrating with him, he flogged him. As he applied the whip, young Isaac cried out:

O father, do some pity take,
And another rhyme I shall never make.

This provoking the father still more, he applied the lash with more severity, and young Watts again cried out:

O my father, do spare my back from pain,
And I shall never make a rhyme again.

The father, thoroughly discouraged in his vain attempt to beat the poetry out of the boy, sent him away to school with a special request that the principal flog the boy if he caught him making rhymes. The first morning at the chapel exercise the boy Watts, looking up at the ceiling during prayers, saw a rat coming down the bell rope. He laughed so loudly that the teacher, stopping in his prayer, demanded why he laughed. The boy tremblingly answered:

Well, teacher, as there were no stairs.
The rat came down the rope to say his prayers.

The teacher discovered the genius of the boy, and encouraged his rhyme-making, and his hymns to this day are sung the world around.—*Literary Digest.*

Faces in the Clouds

In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloud-land." It hangs at the end of a long gallery; and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused colour, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up nearer to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub face it would see: "Whom I love, I chasten." Another angel would say: "All things work together for good to them that love God." In still another sweet face the heavenly words are coming forth: "Let not your hearts be troubled: believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. Where I am, there shall ye be also."—*Cuyler.*

Satan Scared Away

One of the happiest men I ever knew was a man in Dundee, Scotland, who had fallen and broken his back when a boy of fifteen. He had lain on his bed for about forty years, and could not be moved without a good deal of pain. Probably not a day had passed in all those years without acute suffering. But day after day the grace of God had been granted him, and when I was in his chamber it seemed as if I was as near heaven as I could get on earth. When I saw him, I thought he must be beyond the reach of the tempter, and I asked him: "Doesn't Satan ever tempt you to doubt God and to think that he is a hard master?" "Oh, yes," he said, "he does try to tempt me. I lie here and see my old schoolmates driving along in their carriages, and Satan says, 'If God is so good, why does He keep you here all these years? You might have been a rich man, riding in your carriage.' Then I see a man who was young when I was, walk by in perfect health and Satan whispers, 'If God loved you, couldn't He have kept you from breaking your back?'" "And what do you do when Satan tempts you?" "Ah, I just take him to Calvary, and I show him Christ, and I point out those wounds in His hands and feet and side, and say, 'Doesn't He love me?' and the fact is he got such a scare there eighteen hundred years ago that he cannot stand it; he leaves me every time." That bedridden saint had not much trouble with doubts; he was too full of the grace of God.—*D. L. Moody.*

Faith Amidst Trials

Read how a labouring man, shut up in the ill-fated mine at Cherry, Illinois, had a faith that would not be denied: When death was staring them in the face, with half of the miners either dead or dying right before their eyes, William Cleland, one of the miners and a devout Christian, encouraged the others as follows: "Keep up your hearts, lads. God is with us. Don't despair. Others have been shut off from the light of day as we are, and in God's good time came out alive. So will we. The Lord is with us, even

here, and great is His mercy." When the rescuers went down, a week after the accident, the first sound that came out of the depths to cheer them was the air of a religious hymn. In a little pause, one of them said, "Listen, boys." Then, like an echo from far away, came the sound of a voice singing. They strained their ears, and presently they caught the words of the well-known hymn:

"Abide with me,
Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens,
Lord, with me abide."

The sound died out, and the miners were wiping their eyes, not realizing its significance for the moment, when one of them cried: "That's Bill Cleland. I know his voice." And it proved to be Cleland, who had kept hope alive in the men by his brave Christian spirit.—*The Christian Herald.*

The Promise of Light

Dr. Horton, who was in danger of losing his sight, went to Germany to consult a specialist. One day he was in the consulting-room of the oculist in Wiesbaden, and as he waited he put his hand into his pocket and drew out his little Bible,—not to read it, but to see if he could. As he opened it his eyes fell on the text in Second Samuel: "For thou art my lamp, O Jehovah: and Jehovah will lighten my darkness." "I had not been aware," says the doctor, "of the very existence of this text, and do not know who but an angel could have led me to it, but I felt, whether I received sight or not, those words were enough."—*From the British Congregationalist.*

Getting Rid of Crosses

We all know that a cross is made of two straight bars laid across each other. A Christian father once told his little daughter that the longer piece stood for God's will, and the shorter piece, our will. When our will was contrary to God's will, then we had to bear a cross. A lady has a little gold cross; on the upright part of the cross the words "God's will" are graven. On the cross-bar are the words "My will." By touching a spring the cross disappears, and leaves only a straight beam bearing the words "God's will." So when our will is lost in God's, and we are indeed dead unto sin, it is no longer a cross to follow Christ.—*The Sunday School Times.*

This is Life

A little sun, a little rain,
A little joy, a little pain,
A song of praise, a dirge's strain,
And this is life.
Sometimes a crown, sometimes a cross,
Sometimes pure gold and sometimes dross,
Sometimes it's gain and sometimes loss,
And this is life.
Sometimes we're good and sometimes bad,
Sometimes we're happy, sometimes sad,
Sometimes good-humoured, sometimes mad,
And this is life.
Some poverty and then some wealth,
Some days of pain and then some health,
Some days of frankness, some of stealth,
And this is life.
A little wrong, a little right,
A little day, a little night,
A little shade, then all is light,
And this is life.

—*Selected.*

Transformation

Only a little shriveled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As a box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last a precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

Burdens Become Bridges

When I was on holiday I came to the top of one of the high hills of Devonshire. My attention was attracted by an ant, which I watched carrying a long straw, and looking like a man carrying the longest telegraph pole you ever saw, until it came to a crack in the rock which was like a precipice to the tiny creature. After attempting to

take its burden across in several ways, the ant got to one end of the straw and pushed it in front of him over the crack till it reached to the other side, crossed over on the straw, and then pulled it after him. There is no burden you and I carry faithfully but some day is going to become a bridge to carry us.—*Rev. W. Charles Piggott, in The British Weekly.*

Happy In Prison

The cage is a prison for the bird; yet it sings behind the bars, as a brave little prisoner should. Every note calls cheerily, "Be brave; be brave." When Samuel Rutherford lay in Aberdeen prison, he used to write at the top of his letters, "God's Palace, Aberdeen." Brave heart! When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the castle at Vincennes she said, "It seems as if I were a little bird whom the Lord has placed in a cage, and that I have nothing now to do but sing." Can we be brave and happy when things do not please us? When we are sick, for instance, and cannot play? Or when we are in pain? Or when we are mocked, or cheated, or lied about?—*R. P. Anderson in The Christian Endeavour World.*

Snow-Fed Springs

I heard a farmer say a little while ago, "There is nothing like snow for feeding the springs!" And I have known men whose souls were desert-like, who have been graciously blessed by the Lord under the snows of some chilling sorrow or disappointment. And most assuredly the genial springs have been born again. It is very frequently a seasonable moment, when you want help from anybody, to go after they have passed through some grave and serious affliction. The wells of sympathy are flowing, the first step has been taken in the transformation of the desert.—*From a sermon, "The Rejoicing Desert," by J. H. Jowett.*

God Shuts the Door

God sometimes shuts the door, and shuts us in,
That He may speak, perchance, through grief and pain,
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door, and keeps us still,
That so our feverish haste, our deep unrest,
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,
If 'tis His hand, shall we not wait and see?
If worry lies without, and toil, and sin,
God's word may wait within for you and me.

—*The Interior.*

Comfort In a Cloud

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble in her little room; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew the Rock. "Why," said he, "Mary, you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said; "when I am very low and dark, I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received him out of their sight.' And I look up and see the cloud, sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."—*From The Treasury of Religious Thought.*

Flying Against the Wind

The bird of paradise, which has such a dower of exquisitely beautiful feathers, cannot fly with the wind. If it attempts to do so, the current, being much swifter than its flight, so ruffles its plumage as to impede its progress and finally to terminate it. It is, therefore, compelled to fly against the wind. So the Christian must not attempt to go with the world. If he does it would not only hinder, but end, his religious progress.—*From Dr. Davies.*

Trials Develop Character

Dr. Dixon has been telling his people that during his visit to Christiania, on entering some exhibition grounds, he saw a beautiful statue simply radiant with all the colours of the rainbow. He thought it was of variegated marble, but as he approached he found it was made of—soap-suds. Some soap manufacturer had so constructed it that he had a real statue made out of soap bubbles, and in the distance it looked solid. After an hour or two Dr. Dixon came back, and the soap bubbles had slobbered down, and it really was a

most unsightly object. Many of us are just like that. If we had no sorrow our character might be like the soapsuds; it might have a passing beauty. But it takes pressure, it takes heat, it takes the furnace to make real character out of the material God has in His hand.—*Sunday at Home.*

Cloudless Lives

Cloudless lives are not the most beautiful. A life with clouds of struggle and sorrow, all lighted up with the rays from the Sun of Righteousness, far excels in beauty any sunset ever seen. The spray thrown up by the rushing torrent of Niagara greatly adds to the beauty of the Falls, because the sun paints rainbows upon it. And so lives with Niagara torrents of struggle are the more beautiful for the clouds raised by such struggle, if they are flooded with light from heaven. There is one place where clouds are never seen: and that is the desert of Sahara. Desolation and death are twin monarchs there. The lives which have been richest in good works have been like the life of the Man of Sorrows, full of clouds, and a bow of promise on every cloud.—*Dr. A. C. Dixon.*

Imaginary Lions

Once in my early days in Newcastle-on-Tyne I went out for a walk on an exceedingly misty day. Suddenly, as I looked ahead, I saw what looked in the fog like a gigantic lion. Well, I am happy to tell you that I was brave enough to go on, and when I got up to this great, massive lion in the fog, it turned out to be a church. The enemy that I feared in the mist proved to be the very sanctuary of God! I cannot tell you how many times in my ministry I have seen a lion in my way and I have said to myself, "I wonder if that will not prove to be the shrine of the Almighty?" Nine times out of ten I have found that the apparent hostility and menace was the sanctuary of the love and grace of God.—*Rev. J. S. Holden in Record of Christian at Work.*

Beethoven's Deafness

The great musician, Beethoven, had always a great horror of deafness, and his feelings may be imagined when he found that he was becoming "hard of hearing." When the first symptoms of the infirmity became apparent, he became the prey of an anxiety bordering on despair. Doctors and quacks alike were consulted, and the Royal Library at Berlin possesses a collection of ear trumpets and similar instruments which he made in the vain hope of assisting his weakening sense. But the deafness increased until at last he conversed only by means of writing. Yet it was after he was dead to all sense of sound without that Beethoven wrote his grandest music. Out of a calamity came forth sweet music.—*The Home Messenger.*

Hurts But Does Not Injure

A skilled physician about to perform a delicate operation on the ear said reassuringly to the patient, "I may hurt you, but I will not injure you." How often the Great Physician speaks to us that same message, if we would only listen? Richer life, more abundant health, for every child of His, is His only purpose. Why defeat that purpose?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trials Escaped

He was a young soldier back from service in South Africa, and a lady was endeavouring to persuade him to tell of his experiences. Tommy, who was Irish, tried to get out of it by saying that nothing had ever happened to him; but the lady was persistent. "Something must have happened," she declared. "Now tell me, in all your experiences in South Africa what was it that struck you most?" "Well, ma'am," said Tommy, after some cogitation, "th' thing that shtruck me most was th' number of bullets that missed me." So Paul would be struck most by the number of dangers that threatened him, only to be diverted by the protecting hand of God.—*Adapted from The Expositor.*

Leaving Troubles with God

"Oh, Hannah, I do not see how you could bear so much sorrow!" "I did not bear it," was the quick reply, "the Lord bore it for me." "Yes," said the visitor, "that is the right way. You must take your troubles to the Lord." "Yes," replied Hannah, "but we must do more than that. We must *leave* them there. Most people," she continued, "take their burdens to Him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and as unhappy as ever. But I take mine and *leave* them with Him, and come away and forget them. And if the worry comes back, I take it to Him again. I do this over and over, until at last I just forget that I have any worries

and am at perfect rest."—*From The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.*

Safe In His Father's Arms

In a great steamship disaster a father was seen carrying a sleeping six-year-old child in his arms to a life boat. The boy was awakened by the commotion and fear about him, he opened his eyes to look up into his father's face, and then he snuggled a bit more closely into his father's arms and closed his eyes again in sleep. He was interested only to know that he was in the protecting embrace of his father. In the storms of life it is not the sound of the waves that matters, it is the sense of the enfolding arms of God about us that makes for peace.—*From S. C. Cooper.*

Weight of Our Burdens

Sir Robert Ball, the great astronomer, said that a man who carries a sack of corn on earth could as easily carry six sacks of corn on a globe the size of the moon. But in a world as vast as the sun, even to pull out a watch from the pocket would be to tug at a weight of five or six pounds. It would be impossible to lift an arm, and if once a man were to lie down there, he could never get up again. So, in the spiritual realm, the weight of our burdens depends upon the attraction of the earth. If the world is all to us, alas! how true it is that its burdens crush and overwhelm us.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Blessing In Drought

We sometimes think that God does not rule the weather for the best; but His ways are mysterious. The very last letter from Pitkin, who was shut up in Paoting-fu surrounded by the Boxers, said that if it would only rain things might calm down and they might be saved. His last word in that letter was, "Pray for rain." But out of that drought, and what followed, God was bringing such a revival in China as the world had never seen. The Lord rules the weather for the welfare of the world, even on rainy Sundays.—*From Speer's Life of Pitkin.*

Thankful for Small Crops

Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many, says that one year his crop of potatoes turned out so poorly that when he was digging them Satan, at his elbow, said, "There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes!" He stopped digging, and replied, "Ah, Satan, at it again; talking against my Father, bless His name! Why, when I served you I did not get any potatoes at all. What are you talking about?" And on he went digging and praising the Lord for small potatoes.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Toughened by Storms

A recent writer, who had found in a newspaper cutting a casual item about a violin-maker who always went into the forest himself and chose his violin woods from the *north* side of the trees, writes thus: "You don't think anything about it at the moment; it probably isn't true. But I'll wager that never again will you wake in the night to listen to the wind without thinking of the great storm-tossed, moaning, groaning, slow-toughening forest trees —learning to be violins!"—*Young People.*

Satisfied with God's Will

Payson was asked, when under great bodily affliction, if he could see any particular reason for the dispensation. "No," he replied, "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand; God's will is the very perfection of all reason."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Jeremy Taylor's Trust

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (Luke 12:15).

When Jeremy Taylor's house had been plundered, all his worldly possessions squandered, and his family turned out of doors, he congratulated himself that his enemies had left him "the sun and the moon, a loving wife, many friends to pity and relieve, the providence of God, all the promises of the gospel, my religion, my hope of heaven, and my charity toward my enemies." Can you see the glory of the Lord in the cloud?—*Onward.*

Our Captain Is Strong

A life-boat was pitching and rolling in a fearful storm, when the old captain cried aloud to all, "Hold on! Hold on!" The response came, "Ay, ay." But one little voice answered, "I can't hold on." Instantly the strong arm of the captain was thrown around the trembling child and he was safe. That

is how God holds us, when we let Him. —*Golden Hours.*

Do Not Worry But Trust

Fear not, only believe (Mark 5 : 36).

A man on a dark night, rolling down a steep place, caught a bush growing out of the rocks and held on in the grimness of despair. His muscles strained, and his grip was maintained with frenzy. At length endurance reached its limit. In despair he let go and dropped—just six inches. Some people worry and struggle, with nerves at the utmost tension, when all the time they only need to let go to find the Everlasting Arms beneath them.—*The (London) Sunday School Times.*

Not Easily Discouraged

A lady, noticing a small boy who was having frequent mishaps on the ice with a pair of new skates, said to him: "Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up. I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others." With tears on his cheeks the child looked from his adviser to his skates, and replied: "I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."—*J. R. Miller, in "Record of Christian Work."*

Christ Ready to Help

A father placed his little son on a table and told him to jump into his arms. The little boy looked down, and said, "Papa, I'm afraid." Then the father said, "Look at me and jump," and the boy looked up into his father's face, then jumped into his arms with perfect confidence. If we look down to earthly things, we are filled with doubts and fears, but when we look up to the Father, we find the loving arms of Jesus ever ready to save us.—*From the Life and Labours of Moody.*

What Adversity Is For

A small girl who had been promised the privilege of climbing to a neighbouring hilltop where her brother delighted to go, drew back in dismay when she came in sight of the steep and rough ascent. "Why, there isn't any smooth path up. It's all bumpy and stony!" she exclaimed. "How would we ever get up if it wasn't?" demanded the more experienced brother. "The stones and hummocks are what we climb on."—*Kind Words.*

Pulling Over Hard Places

"There's always a hard place in every hill," said the teamster, patting the panting horses. "Some will settle back and balk at the very first tug and pull it gives them; and there's others that you'll see grow bright-eyed and resolute, with a set of the shoulders that means going to the top unless the harness breaks. There's men and women that way, too, when you come to think of it."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Results of Crushing

Wherefore I take pleasure in weaknesses, in injuries, in necessities, in persecutions, in distress, for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong (2 Cor. 12 : 10).

There is a pretty story about the gravel-walk and the mignonette: "How fragrant you are this morning," said the gravel-walk. "Yes," said the mignonette, "I have been trodden upon and bruised, and it has brought forth all my sweetness." "But," said the gravel-walk, "I am trodden on every day, and I only grow harder."—*The Ram's Horn.*

A Sack of Worries

A wayfarer carried a heavy sack under which he toiled and complained unceasingly. From none could he get help or comfort.

And as he slowly journeyed, groaning under his burden, the Angel of Optimism came to him and spoke kindly, saying:

"Brother, what carriest thou?"

The man answered surlily, "My worries."

The angel smiled pityingly upon him and said, "Let us look into thy burden and examine thy worries."

And so they looked in. But lo! the sack was empty.

"Why, surely," cried the man, "there were two great worries, too heavy for man to bear. But—ah, yes, I had forgot—one was a worry of yesterday, and so it is gone."

"And the other?"

"That—why, that was a worry of tomorrow, and it—it has not yet come."

Then the angel smiled with infinite pity, saying:

"Hearken! He who bows himself down under the worries of yesterday and tomorrow wears himself out for nought. But he who carries only the worries of today hath no need of a sack for his sorrows. If thou wilt cast this black thing aside, and give all thy

strength and cheer and courage to the things of today, real misfortune never can burden thee."

Wondering, the man did as the angel commanded.

And as he took up his journey and went lightly, swiftly on, his heart and his hands were free to relieve many a brother wayfarer of his burdens and to pluck sweet fruits and flowers along the wayside.

And when he came at last to the setting of the sun it was with smiles and a song.—*The Christian Herald.*

Trials a Method of Treatment

Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God (Acts 14:22).

The Methodist Review thus quotes from an article by Arthur C. Benson: "The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment. I remember that once to a friend of mine was sent a rare plant, which he set in a big flower-pot close to a fountain basin. It never throve; it lived indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone the flower-pot was broken by a careless garden-boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned, he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries, and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool. Even so has it been times without number with some starving and thirsty soul that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed, that sorrow has brought on some latent unselfishness, or suffering energised some unused faculty of strength and patience."—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

God Knows What Is Best

A Persian legend runs that a certain king needed a faithful servant, and two men were candidates for the office. He took both at fixed wages, and his first order was to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying that he would come in the evening and see their work. After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said, "What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in one side it runs out on the other." The other answered, "But we have our wages, haven't we? The use is the master's business, not ours." "I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; throwing down his bucket, he went away. The other man continued until he had exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining—a diamond ring. "Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed. "If the bucket had brought the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. Our work was not useless." Christians, when called upon to do or suffer something which seems unreasonable and useless, must believe that their divine Master knows what is best, and that in due time they themselves will know and understand.—*The Christian Herald.*

Trials Over-Ruled for Good

Among the members of the Korean church that was a center of the Japanese persecution was a young man who had been but a month back from the Waseda University, Kobe, where he had been a student. He was put in a cell by himself, and chafed under the restraint that kept him from preaching the gospel to the other prisoners, as his fellow-Christians were doing. Then this youth was unexpectedly banished to a neighbouring island. He told the story afterwards with shining face: "Just think! I had been longing for a chance to tell about Jesus to those who did not know Him, and mourning because I could not preach in jail. Then God sent me off to an unevangelised island, where there was plenty of work to do for Him, and Japan paid my fare!"—*The Baptist.*

Our Burden-Bearer

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows (Isa. 53:4).

A station-agent at Bloomington, New Jersey, saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing household utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the track, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train. The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred, and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopped. How many of us Christians make the same mistake! Our Lord wants to bear *all* our burdens and hold us in continual freedom from care and from the power of sin.—*The Christian Herald.*

God Is Always Love

It is said that Spurgeon, the great English preacher, while visiting at a friend's home in the country, was attracted to a beautiful weather-vane which the friend had placed upon the cupola of a new barn which had just been built. On the weather-vane was inscribed the magic words, "God is love." Mr. Spurgeon expressed his surprise at the choice of such a motto for such a place, and said, "What do you mean by putting that text of Scripture on the weather-vane? Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "Oh, no," said his friend, "I mean to say that God is love whichever way the wind blows." This was the attitude of Stephen who in death as in life confessed that God is good.—*Hugh T. Kerr, D.D.*

Rising Above Trials

"Be like the bird, that halting in her flight
A while on boughs too slight:
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings."

—*Victor Hugo.*

Satan's Worst Became God's Best

An astonishing thing is that these converted people in Central Africa have a kind of technical phrase for the death of Christ. Whenever they talk about the death of Christ, they always speak of "the *victory* of Golgotha." Before leaving Africa, I said to one man: "Now, before I go to England, just you tell me what that means. I can not understand it. When the very God became very man and died the death of a felon, I cannot understand how you people see anything but defeat in it." He took a little bit of stick and held it up and said: "Here is the cross." Then he took another little bit and laid it across the first one and said: "Just here at the cross, when Satan did his very, very worst,—just here, just then God his His very, very best." At the cross the very worst and the very best met.—*Dan Crawford.*

Alone with God

The Christian Advocate gives a glimpse of Mr. Sankey in his closing days. For a long time he had been unable to leave his house. The writer noticed on his last visit that the great singer was much emaciated. "He did not think he would live two weeks. His sightless eyes were expressionless. We knew him well, had often conversed with him when he was in full vigour. The recollection seemed to cause him a thrill. He invoked the blessing of God upon us, and thanked us, and after a little further conversation, we propounded to him this question: 'Mr. Sankey, does the Spirit of God and the power and truth of religion seem to you as clear and strong as when the tens of thousands were hanging upon every word that came from your lips and congratulating you upon your popularity and success?' He hesitated a moment, and said: 'It is more powerful. Then there were many distractions. God and I are together now most of the time.'"—*William J. Hart, D.D., in The Sunday School Times.*

Blessings In Disguise

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil (Psa. 23:4).

There is a beautiful figure in one of Wordsworth's poems of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. And it battles against the storm with desperate effort, eager to wing back again to Norway. But all is vain, and so at last it yields, thinking that the gale will carry it to death—and the gale carries it to sunny England, with its green meadows and its forest glades. Ah, how many of us have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God! And we thought that life could never be the

same again when we were carried seaward by the storm. Until at last, finding all was useless perhaps, and yielding to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, we have been carried to a land that was far richer, where there were green pastures and still waters.—*G. H. Morrison, in his "Weaving of Glory."*

Wanted Their Own Burdens

An essayist in *The Spectator* once described a vision in which every mortal received permission to lay aside some one care. Then came the command for each one to take from this heap of cast-off burdens any one he might choose in place of the one he had thrown down. It was not long until all complained that the new burdens were less tolerable than the old, and begged to have their own again.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Broken Things

"But broken pitchers bearing light—
Yet Gideon's host triumphant sang;
And through the stillness of the camp
Their shouts of victory rang.

"A shipwreck, and but broken spars,
All tossed upon an angry main;
Yet one of them enabled Paul
Melita's coast to gain.

"A broken body on the cross,
A wound whence blood and water flow;
That every fettered child of sin
Might full deliverance know.

"And in that feast of memory
The broken bread, the poured out wine,
In silent manner speak to us
About the love divine.

"How dear to God are broken things,
What power in His hand they gain;
Then trust Him with your shattered hopes,
And bodies racked with pain."

—*Anna Temple.*

Why Trials Come

I remember when the Boston subway was opened, between my first and second visits to that city. The first time I found the streets in the center all congested and blocked from excess of car traffic, but on the second visit a subway had pulled the congestion underground and left the streets clear. It was a great engineering feat, and my host that second time said, "We shall go and view our new subway." As we neared the entrance in Park street, he went ahead of me. Let him do it. There are turnstiles and wicket-gates between me and the subway, but I, coming after him, had not to deal with them. It is number one, not number two, of the party who gets the tickets. So all our difficulty comes through our persistent and foolish clinging to the number one place, whereas rest and peace and the open door come from our becoming number two. How our knuckles get sore beating against iron gates we have no business to try to open. Is it not so? Let the Lord go first, and you fall in behind. Peter is in behind the angel, and the iron gate is to be dealt with by number one of the party. So "it opens to them of its own accord." The iron gate bows to the messenger of God, and Peter, as number two, slips out while it bows to number one. Peter is free!—*From John Robertson, D.D., in The Sunday School Times.*

Sophie Wright's Trial

A girl cradled in poverty, crippled so that she must be strapped to a chair till nine years old, compelled to wear a steel harness and use crutches the rest of her life, and never free from pain. But at nine she went to school; at fourteen she hung out a sign—"Day School for Girls. Fifty Cents a Month." To keep in advance of the twenty pupils she gathered, she attended an afternoon school, paying for her instruction by giving elementary lessons to beginners. When she was eighteen, a stranded acrobat asked her to help him prepare for a civil service examination, but had no money to pay her. Although already teaching in two schools and studying in another, she gave him her evenings. Others came with him, and soon she had the first free evening school in her city. Before she completed her service she had also seen the need for an institution to care for crippled children, and had raised the money to house it. Had she been made of the same stuff as the ten spies, Sophie Wright, of New Orleans, would have died unknown and unwept.—*Youth's Companion.*

Benefits of Persecution

They therefore that were scattered abroad upon the tribulation that arose about Stephen traveled as far as Phoenicia, and Cyprus, and Antioch, speaking the word (Acts 11:19).

At Dunkeld, in Scotland, is a high

rock, covered at the top with pine-trees. At one time the rock was perfectly bare, and one of the Dukes of Athole, who had a passion for planting trees everywhere, wished to cover it, like the other heights around it, with wood. But it was found impossible to climb up to the crevices and ledges of the huge rock in order to plant young trees, until Alexander Nasmyth, father of the great engineer, suggested a plan. In front of the duke's castle was an old cannon which he removed to a convenient point near the rock; then putting a large quantity of pine and fir seeds into a round tin canister, he rammed it into the mouth of the cannon with a charge of gunpowder, and fired it at the top of the rock. The canister broke into bits, and scattered the seed in every direction. These fell into the nooks and crannies of the rocks, where a little moss or soil had gathered. After years of slow and steady growth they became trees, which completely clothed the naked rock and made it one of the most picturesque parts of the landscape. So the scattering of the early Christians, through persecution, led to the growth of the kingdom of God.—*The London Sunday School Times.*

Absurd to Worry

Casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you (1 Pet. 5:7).

The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work. I felt weary and sore depressed, when suddenly as a lightning flash came the verse: "My grace is sufficient for thee." And I said: "I should think it is, Lord"; and burst out laughing. It seemed to make unbelief so absurd. It was as if some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry; and Father Thames said: "Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee." Or it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after seven years of plenty fearing it might die of famine; and Joseph might say: "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Again, I imagined a man away up on yonder mountain saying to himself: "I fear I shall exhaust all the oxygen in the atmosphere." But the earth might say: "Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee." O brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your souls to heaven, but great faith will bring heaven to you.—*C. H. Spurgeon, in Sabbath Reading.*

Wanting An Easy Life

Doctor Brown smiled gently as he heard the boy talk. "Did you ever hear," he asked, "of the woman who meant to take a dose of quinine, but swallowed a large dose of morphine instead? Her appearance soon became so alarming that a physician was called. He tried to rouse her from the lethargy in which she lay. 'If only I could go to sleep, I'd be all right,' she drowsily insisted. 'Unless she is roused, she will die,' the physician answered—which is an allegory. How often in life we face the same danger! We cry, 'I want life to be easier!' 'If only I didn't have this unending financial strain!' 'If only I were not compelled to work so doggedly!' 'If only I were relieved of this anxiety and that burden!' which is our way of saying, 'If only I could sleep, I'd be all right!' But the Great Physician sees our need more clearly. Our souls are wakened and we really live. The Great Physician has saved us."—*The Youth's Companion.*

Dr. Gray's Trial

Once when I was convalescing from a long illness, it was suggested that for the benefit of the change I visit the British Provinces. The arrangements were all made when, unexpectedly, another malady threw me on my bed again. How disappointing this was! For what was I waiting longer in the sick room? I soon received a satisfactory answer. Picking up the newspaper I read that the steamer in which I would have sailed struck a reef on entering St. John harbour, and almost instantly sunk. It may be that in His mercy God is now holding back some of you from a more disastrous shipwreck. Before you embark upon the ocean of eternity, He would have you take passage in the only craft that can furnish assurance of a safe voyage, and bring you to the desired haven. It is this that you may be waiting for. Waiting to be saved!—*From a sermon by Dr. J. M. Gray in the Expositor.*

Best Men Endure Trials

Speaking of the Cuban War and his Rough Riders, Roosevelt declared: "The men I cared most for in the regiment were the men who did the best work: and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to the most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from them the greatest service, and of making them

incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours without sleep and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men for whom I cared most where death might smite them, as it did the two best officers in my regiment, Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me had I acted otherwise." And does not the Captain of our Salvation demand the same thing of us?—*From Rev. T. M. Fothergill, Ph.D., in The Expositor.*

Life Not All Trials

"People talk as if the blessed Master only got fruit out of us with a prunin' knife,—always standin' over us, an' a-cuttin' here, an' a-loppin' there. Why, bless His name, sunshine and showers, and the gentle south winds, have a deal more to do with a bunch of grapes than prunin' knives have. We do want a bit o' prunin' now and then, I dare say, but don't 'e go a-thinkin' about the dear Lord as only standin' over us for that. A-standin' there with all His kindness and care—why, He is trainin' the branches, and is watchin' over us, and wardin' off blights, and keepin' off enemies,—slugs and snails, and such like, that do harbour in a man's soul; and His gentleness and lovin' care have a deal more to do with the fruit than the knife has."—*From Mark Guy Pearse, in "Daniel Quorm."*

Derailing Switches

The railroad from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs drops more than four thousand feet in forty miles. All along the line are signs marked "Derailing Switch." I asked the conductor the meaning. "Why," said he, "if an engine should lose control of itself and come plunging down this fearful grade it might destroy a whole trainload of people below; so we are always ready to wire to the first derailing switch, where the switchman will throw the engine into a ditch or against the rock. It is better to destroy one train than two." All along the track of history God has had "derailing switches," into which individuals, cities, and nations that have lost control of themselves and become menaces to the world have had to be thrown.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Men Need Frosts

A young man had worked for years to establish himself as a peach grower and had invested his all in a small peach orchard which bloomed bounteously—then came the frost. He didn't go to church the next Sunday, nor the next, nor the next. His minister went to hunt him up and inquired the reason. The discouraged young fellow exclaimed: "No, and what is more, I'm not coming any more. Do you think I can worship a God who loves me so little that He will let a frost kill all my peaches?" The old minister looked at him a moment in silence, and then replied kindly: "Young man, God loves you better than He does your peaches. He knows that while peaches do better without frosts, it is impossible to grow the best men without frosts. His object is to grow the best men, not peaches."—*From the Rev. J. F. Cowan in Herald and Presbyter.*

Spoiled His Painting

Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, and after having finished one of the compartments, stepped back gradually, to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far that he was out almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it. A man present, who saw the danger, snatched up a brush, and rubbed over the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was turned to thanks, when he was told, "Sir, by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter." So God sometimes deals with His people, destroying the riches and pleasures which are preventing the good seed from bearing fruit to His glory.—*Sunday-school Teacher.*

Misunderstood God's Plans

In his "Confessions," St. Augustine pictures his mother, Monica, praying all one night, in a seaside chapel on the north African coast, that God would not let her son sail for Italy. She wanted Augustine to be a Christian. She could not endure losing him from her influence. If under her care he still was far from being Christ's, what would he be in Italy, home of licentiousness and splendour, of manifold and alluring temptations? And even while she prayed there passionately for her son's retention at home, he sailed, by the grace of God, for Italy, where, persuaded by Ambrose, he became a Christian in the very place from which his mother's prayers would have kept him.—*From "The Meaning of Prayer," by Harry E. Fosdick.*

Trusting His Father's Care

I remember, many years ago, a little boy on a trundle bed, having just retired for the night. Before going to sleep he turned in the direction of the large bed on which his father lay and said, "Father, are you there?" and the answer came back, "Yes, my son." I remember that that boy turned over and went to sleep without thought of harm. Tonight that boy is an old man of seventy, and every night before going to sleep he looks up into the face of his Heavenly Father and says, "Father, are you there?" And the answer comes back, "Yes, my son." And then he asks in childish faith, "Will you take care of me tonight?" And the answer comes back, clear and strong, "Yes, my son." Whom need we fear if God our Father be with us? —*From Henry Clay Trumbull, in The Expositor.*

Undisturbed

I knew a man, since gone to his rest, who carried on an active service for his Master in the busiest of all cities, and who selected for himself a telegraphic address which might stand at the head of his note paper. What do you think this busy man's address was? It was this: "Undisturbed, London." And it always found him at home; that is to say, in God, so far as I could judge of his dwelling-place in the days when I knew him, before he had run out his leasehold in the church militant and taken up his freehold in the church triumphant. Such a one, living at such an address, verifies the truth of Scripture which says of the good man that, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—*Dr. J. Rendel Harris.*

Untroubling Trouble

A little girl came running to her mother in tears, asking, "Mamma, how can I *un*trouble trouble?" Jesus gives the answer to this question, which is your question and mine, as easily as He could quiet a stormy sea.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Mounting Up As Eagles

Mr. Beecher, referring to the necessity of every business man's having a high standard, used the illustration of an eagle: "If it walks on the ground it will be kicked; if it flies to a tree it will be stoned; if it goes to the top of the tree it will be shot. There is no way but to soar up in the air above all these attempts. And so it is with a Christian. He must put his standard so high that it will be above all the power of men."—*Onward.*

Christ Always Lord

A dear friend of mine put the words "Christ is Lord" on the dial of his watch in the place of the numbers, and when he looked at it in his times of trial he would say to himself, "Well, Christ is Lord, whatever time it is," and it brought him peace.—*Rev. F. W. Ainley.*

The Father's Shadow

As, when a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

His Father Knew

A little boy was helping his father to unpack some boxes of dry-goods. His father took the pieces of goods from the box and put them on the outstretched arms of the boy. "Don't you think you have load enough?" said some one passing by. "Father knows best. He knows how much I ought to carry," replied the boy—*The Biblical Illustrator.*

Trusting and Worrying

"She trusted it all to the Lord, whenever she said her prayers; and then she worried about it the rest of the time." It would be easy to smile over this description if it did not set forth so exactly why many Christians fail to conquer their trials. Trust and worry cannot be yoked together to pull any load.—*Forward.*

Not Afraid of Giants

There we saw the giants.

Speaking of these gigantic foes, Joshua and Caleb said, "They are bread for us." If so, the bigger the foe the bigger the loaf. This has been the experience of God's host.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Strengthened by Fire

Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God (Acts 14:22).

A man, going through a great pottery, came upon a young woman,

slowly and carefully painting a delicate flower on a costly vase. He stood and watched her, as she bent patiently and tenderly over her task, working slowly, anxiously, intent upon every touch of colour. "That is slow work," he said to her. "Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes to him, "very slow." "You have been working on it for hours, and yet I could take my finger, and with one sweep could wipe off every trace of it. How do you make the impression remain there when you have painted it?" "When I have finished painting the flowers on it, a man will come and take it to the fire. After it has passed through the fire, no power on earth can take it off."—*Young People's Weekly.*

Trusting Our Pilot

Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the storm that caught a vessel off a rocky coast and threatened to drive it and its passengers to destruction is thrilling. In the midst of the terror one daring man, contrary to orders, went on deck, made the dangerous passage to the pilot house, saw the steersman lashed fast to his post holding the wheel unwaveringly, and inch by inch turning the ship once more out to sea. The pilot saw the watcher and smiled. Then the daring passenger went below and gave out a note of cheer: "I have seen the face of the pilot, and he smiled. It is all well." Blessed is he who, in the midst of earthly stress and storm can say with equal assurance: "I have seen the face of my Pilot, and He smiled."—*The Expositor.*

God's Discipline and Mercy

Our life is like the dial of a clock. The hands are God's hands passing over and over again; the short hand, the hand of discipline; the long hand, the hand of mercy. Slowly and surely the hand of discipline must pass, and God speaks at each stroke, but over and over passes the hand of mercy, showering down twelvefold of blessings for each stroke of discipline or trial; and both hands are fastened to one secure pivot, the great unchanging heart of a God of love.—*Record of Christian Work.*

Easter Soon After Calvary

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day—
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day—
Were just one day apart.

—*Young People.*

Verse Selected by President

When Woodrow Wilson took the oath at the beginning of his second term in the office of President of the United States, he kissed the Bible at this particular verse, "God is our refuge and strength, A very present help in trouble."—*Daily Press.*

Our Light Afflictions

What are our light afflictions here,
But blessings in disguise?
They only make for us a home
Of rest beyond the skies.

What if we oft are weary now,
With burdens hard to bear?
They only make the crown more bright
When we that crown shall wear.

O, cast thy every care on Him,
Thou weary burdened one,
And raise to Heaven the trusting prayer,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

So, when the toil and care shall cease,
With Jesus thou'lt be blest:
When, folded in His loving arms,
The weary are at rest.

CHORUS

'Twill all be over soon. 'Twill all be over soon.
'Tis only for a moment here. 'Twill all be over soon.

—*The Sunday School Times.*

On the Hilltop

"Oh, the glory of the hilltop where the breath of heaven blows,
And the vision sweeps the valley where the golden sunlight glows.
There forgotten are the trials that beset our upward way,
For we're compassed with the grandeur of a love-begotten day.

"There are many by-paths leading from the roadway up the hill;
There are pleasant little niches that we easily might fill;
But up yonder on the hilltop shines a glory all sublime,
Luring noble spirits upward howsoever steep the climb.

"Oh, the glory of the hilltop after toiling up the steep;
Oh, the music of the soul-chords as the breezes o'er them sweep.
There we feel His presence nearer and we sing His wondrous fame,
As we joyfully acclaim Him, shouting praises to His name."

—*Lois E. Holcomb, in The Angelus.*

Made Strong by Trials

A bee-keeper told me the story of a hive,—how, when the little bee is in the first stage, it is put into a hexagonal cell, and honey enough is stored there for its use until it reaches maturity. The honey is sealed with a capsule of wax, and when the tiny bee has fed itself on the honey and exhausted the supply, the time has come for it to emerge into the open. But, oh, the wrestle, the tussle, the straining to get through that wax! It is the strait gate for the bee, so strait that in the agony of exit the bee rubs off the membrane that hid his wings, and on the other side is able to fly! Once a moth got into the hive, and fed on the wax capsules, and the bees got out without any strain or trouble. But they could not fly; and the other bees stung them to death. Are you congratulating yourself on having an easy time? No hardness, no difficulties, no cross? Beware lest, like the bees, you lose your wing-power, and perish miserably in the dust.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Looking Behind the Clouds

An old coloured woman once went to a Christian delegate at Vicksburg who was very ill with fever and much depressed in spirit, and said: "Massa, does yo' see the bright side dis mornin'?" "No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it." "Well, massa, I allus see de bright side." "You do," said I; "maybe you haven't had much trouble." "Maybe not," she said; and then went on to tell me in her simple, broken way of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children one by one, of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years. "Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa." "But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?" "Allus, massa, allus." "Well, how did you do it?" "Dis is the way, massa. When I see de brack cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be settling down there—"an' 'pears like it's comin' crushin' down on me, den I jist whips aroun' on de oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar, and den it's all right and cl'ar. De bright side's allus where Jesus is."—*The Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Overcoming Trials

Some years ago there was a great flower show in London, and the peculiarity of it was that all the flowers were grown in London. It is an easy matter to grow flowers out in the country, under the blue skies, in the sweet clear air and the bright light. It is a small matter to rear beautiful blossoms in the open fields, but it is a different thing to grow prize lilies and roses, orchids and palms on narrow window sills, in dingy cellars, and in dusty attics. No wonder the nobility went to see those flowers. They had been reared in defiance of the smoke of myriads of chimneys, and had come to beauty amid the most discouraging conditions on earth. And so it is that heaven's glory and pride are not in the angels who have grown in everlasting sunshine, but in human blossoms which have become glorious in the midst of poverty, tribulation, and struggle.—*From "The Lord's Arrows," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

When Trials Become Wings

There is a fable about the way the birds got their wings. God made the wings and put them down before the wingless birds, saying, "Come, take up these burdens and bear them." The birds had lovely plumage and sweet voices, but they could not soar into the air. They took up the wings in their beaks and laid them on their shoulders to carry them. For a little while the load seemed heavy and hard to bear, but as they carried them they grew fast to their little bodies, and they soon discovered how to use them, and were lifted by them into the air. The weights became wings. It is a parable. We are the wingless birds, and our duties and tasks are the pinions God has made to lift us up and carry us heavenward. We look at our burdens and shrink from them. But as we lift them they become wings, and on them we soar toward God. God means our tasks to be our helpers heavenward. To shrink from a duty is to decline a new opportunity for growth.—*J. R. Miller.*

Why Trials Are Allowed

Professor Lewis Swift, the astronomer, personally known to the writer, tells this incident which occurred when he was in charge of the Warner Observatory in Rochester. There was in the city a sculptor named Mundy, who was nearly blind. Dr Swift determined to make him see a star once more. It was winter, and magnificent Sirius, brightest of all the fixed stars, was shining in the south. Swift led Mundy

into a dark alley, set up the instrument, trained it on Sirius, and bade the sculptor look. He reported that he could not see a thing. Observing a street-lamp burning at the corner of the alley, the astronomer suspected that even its feeble light was blurring what was left of the sight of his friend. He ran and turned it out, then making his way back he adjusted his instrument carefully, fixed the focus, and bade Mundy look again. It was a thrilling moment to him who for a long time had seen little of earth and none of heaven; and when a flood of light poured down from a far-away world, the sculptor exclaimed in rapture, "I see it! I see it!" It may be that God puts us in the darkness sometimes that we may see his light up yonder.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trials Drive Us to God

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted (Matt. 5:4).

The springs at the base of the Alpine mountains are fullest and freshest when the summer sun has dried and parched the verdure in the valleys below. The heat that has burned the arid plains has melted the mountain glacier and snow, and increased the volume of the mountain streams. Thus, when adversity and sorrow have dried the springs of earthly comfort and hope, God's great springs of salvation and love flow freshest and fullest to gladden the heart.—*The Friendly Visitor.*

Sang When He Felt Bad

A little seven-year-old boy fell into one of the deep excavations for the New York subway one day, and was taken, bruised and suffering, to the nearest hospital. When the doctor began to examine his injuries little James drew a deep breath. "I wish I could sing," he said, looking up at the big doctor. "I think I'd feel weller then." "All right, you may sing," said the doctor; and James began. So brave and sweet was the childish voice that, after the first verse, there was a round of applause from the listeners. As the doctor went on with his examination the boy winced a little, but struck up his singing again. The nurse and attendants, hearing the sweet, clear soprano, gathered from all parts of the building, until he had an audience of nearly a hundred. Through all the pain of the examination the child never lost the tune; and everybody rejoiced when the doctor announced: "Well, I guess you're all right, little man; I can't find any broken bones." "I guess it was the singin' that fixed me," said James. "I always sing when I feel bad," he added simply—*Onward.*

God's Will Is Best

Many people think of God's will as something hard, to be endured, when really it is the very best thing that we could ask. Several years ago a woman, with her little baby, was riding in a stage-coach in western Montana. The weather was bitter cold, and, in spite of all the driver could do to protect her, he saw that the mother was becoming unconscious from the cold. He stopped the coach, took the baby, and wrapping it warmly, put it under the seat, then seized the mother by the arm, and dragging her out upon the ground, drove away, leaving her in the road. As she saw him drive away, she ran after him, crying piteously for her baby. When he felt sure that she was warm, he allowed her to overtake the coach and resume her place by her baby. Can we not imagine her gratitude when she realised that he had saved her life? He had done as God sometimes does, to shake us out of soul-lethargy and moral sleep which would end in death.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Trials Make Us Look Upward

"It's a splendid room," said the young woman who had just rented it. "It is bright and sunny, and everything in it is harmonious and artistic except that the carpet clashes with everything else. I am learning, though," she said with a laugh, "to avoid that clash by always looking upward when I go into my room. The paper and curtains blend perfectly, and if I keep my eyes raised I forget the rest." It is surprising, too, mused the moraliser, how often in life we are led to look upward because something in the life around us is not just as we would have planned it. Something in our daily surroundings jars upon us at every turn, or something makes life unattractive and dull; but if, like the tenant on the carpet which jarred, we cultivate the habit of looking above it where the eternal harmonies reign, it soon ceases to wear upon the soul. Doubtless that is just why the lack of harmony is there, that the soul may be driven to the upward look instead of resting satisfied with mundane things.—*Onward.*

Perfect Through Suffering

I once heard, from the lips of a beloved pastor, a beautiful illustration

A naturalist one day was studying a cocoon in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature. Taking a tiny lancet he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he expected to see. It lay struggling on the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously coloured wings that he had expected to see were weak, shriveled members. What was the matter with this creature that should have been so fair? The prison gates had been opened too soon, the obstacle had been removed before the struggler had developed sufficiently through struggling to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers. O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonise to be free, when Thou dost not cut away the barriers, is it not because in Thine infinite wisdom, Thou seest that we are weak and dost want us to become strong?—*The Christian Observer.*

Trials Automatic Derailers

Some of the railroads have installed a device which, if an engineer runs by signals set against him, thus entering a region of danger, one already occupied perhaps by an onrushing train, automatically calls into play a contrivance which derails the offending train, gently piling it into the ditch, out of harm's way, and out of the way of harming another train. A train running from Boston to New York found itself in this predicament. The engineer, it is said, ran past signals set against him, and this sagacious invention forthwith upset the engine and six out of the seven cars that followed it. The engineer was badly scalded by escaping steam, and his skull was fractured. The fireman was much bruised. No one else was hurt. I wish we had such a machine for our highways of life. I wish, when a man is swinging along into forbidden territory, when some terrible death is hurtling toward him, that he could be automatically pitched. If there were enough water in the ditch to break his fall and cool him off, all the better.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Looking Away from Trials

Did you ever notice that any one afflicted with "blues" usually walks or sits with downcast eyes? A traveler, once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, became so dizzy as to be near losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow under his chin from a hunter, who was his companion, with the words, "Look up!" He did so, and recovered his balance. Looking on the turbulent waters endangered his life, and looking up saved it. Looking on ourselves, our wants, our cares, our disappointments, causes us to become spiritually dizzy. Looking up, unto God in prayer, who will according to promise, "supply all our need," will help us to "rejoice evermore."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trusting Through Trials

"Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

"The shuttles of His purpose move,
To carry out His own design;
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, or yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each sombre fold;
For lo! within each darker thread
There twines a thread of gold.

"Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God."

—*Anon.*

Lost Faith In God

"A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. The horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated, and she was in imminent peril. But she was rescued, and some one said to her, 'Madam, how did you feel when the horse ran away?' 'Well,' said she, 'I hardly know how I felt; you see, I trusted in Providence at first, but when the harness broke then I gave up.'" That is it; that is not faith; faith is not dependent on results. Suppose you are sick and see no results? Then you must exercise faith and work on. Faith is walking right into a black cloud, though you see no sign of daylight beyond, though you see no silver lining. Faith is walking to the edge of the precipice and then—stop? No, but setting your foot right into the void, you find solid rock rise up to rest upon; and so onward. That is faith.—*From "Social Responsibilities," by John B. Gough.*

Trials Helped Make Him

Into one of our college communities there came, last commencement, an old man of splendid presence and fine oratorical gifts. The boys, in their parlance, "went wild" over him. There was but one sentiment among them—"That's the man I want to be like." "Boys," said an old professor, "that's a fine ambition; there isn't a nobler man in the country than Mr. R——. God bless him! But before you make up your minds to be like him, let us count up the cost." Then the professor told his eager listeners something of the private history of their hero from boyhood up; of privations, of thwartings, of misunderstandings, of losses, of crosses, of disappointments, aye, and of failures, all of which had gone to make up their man. "You may be sure," he said, "God needed every one of those strokes; He never wastes workmanship. Are you willing to pay the price for noble manhood?"—*Forward.*

God Sends What Is Best

God granted the request of the people, yet that did not satisfy them. "I need oil," said an old monk, as he planted an olive tree. Then he prayed, "Lord, it needs rain that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." Then the Lord sent the rain. "Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray Thee." Then, after the shower, came the sun, filling the earth with gentle warmth. "Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the man of prayer. The little tree sparkled with the frost. But in the evening it was dead. Then the monk went to one of his companions, and told him of his disappointment. "I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He Who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed no ways or means. 'Lord, send it what it needs,' I prayed, 'storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and Thou dost know.'"—*The Sunday Circle.*

Overcoming Trials

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness (2 Cor. 12:9).

A buoy is fastened securely to a rock at the bottom of the sea. The waves splash around it; it floats serenely in its appointed place. The tide rises and falls; it is still there. The Atlantic rollers come racing towards it; it mounts them one by one and rides upon them as they roll past. The tempest descends, the billows rush upon the little buoy, and for a moment it is submerged. But immediately it rises to the surface and is in its place again, unmoved and unharmed. What a picture of the conquering life! What a power and a privilege for a soul to be able thus to rise lightly above every opponent, every vexation, never to sink into discontentment, never to be overwhelmed with fear and doubt, always to be on top of the fretful sea of life!—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Trials Blessings In Disguise

The attack of the Jews to destroy Paul saved him from their power, and transferred him to the protection of the Romans, by whom he was taken to Rome, and through imprisonment was protected from the Jews there, and was enabled to preach the gospel. The plot led to his transference to Cæsarea. The trial gave him a rare opportunity to preach the gospel to those who otherwise would have been beyond his reach. During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon-shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops, who were stationed in that vicinity, an abundant supply of pure cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of mercy to the parched and weary soldiery of the allies.—*From The Christian Age.*

Blessings Through Trials

The manager of one of the great Clyde shipbuilding yards was, when a young man, completely laid aside for two years. It looked as if his career was at an end. But, unable to use his limbs, he gave himself to the study of the higher mathematics, with the result that when he was restored to health he found himself able to take an entirely different position in his profession, as he was now able to study at first hand the most intricate problems of design and engineering. When doors in Jerusalem were closed to Paul other doors in Rome opened to him with opportunities for wider service.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Grace Sufficient for Trials

The Rev. Prebendary H. W. Webb-Peploe in one of the Northfield meetings related an experience of his earlier ministry. It was on one of life's dreary days. A much-needed vacation had been cut short by the death of his little child, and he was struggling in weariness and despondency to prepare his sermon for the coming Sabbath. In his extremity he threw himself on his knees, begging God that His grace might be sufficient for his great need. Not yet assured, he opened his eyes, which instantly rested on a wall motto before him, with the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," so arranged in colour scheme that the word "is" stood out vividly. The conviction flashed into his soul that there was no need to beg for that which was divinely assured as a fact. His life from that moment was revolutionised.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Plowing Around Obstacles

This was Lincoln's counsel concerning obstacles: "When you can't remove an obstacle, plow around it." But evidently he was not thinking merely of getting around the obstacle. Plowing usually implies planting. Men plow in order that they may drop in seeds and look for harvest. To plow around an obstacle, then, may mean to invite harvests hard by our hindrances. And I can but think that an obstacle has a different aspect when we look at it across a waving harvest field. Life has obstacles aplenty, and some of them are irremovable. We cannot get them up and away. They may be left when we have passed on. To plow around them, making even the opposing rock yield a cooling shadow, is to bless the world and ourselves in the bargain.—*George C. Peck.*

Trials Steady Us

One cold day when ice covered the sidewalks in a large city, a dray loaded with trunks drove up in front of a certain house and stopped. A strong man alighted and made his way toward the house to see whether or not it was the right one. He fell twice on the way, and many other times just escaped falling. Finding the house to be the right one, he returned to the dray and ordered the heaviest trunk put on his back. His companion thought him foolish. He felt sure the man would slip and fall and the trunk crash down upon him. But, instead, his feet were steady. He did not even slip. His burden was heavy enough to steady him. Burdens of responsibility are blessings in disguise.—*Light and Life Evangel.*

Trials Build Character

All this hard work was building character as well as building wall. We were watching the plumbers as they worked on the new home. One, with a simple little cold chisel, had by dint of numerous brisk taps in a circle around it cut in two a large iron pipe. Another was busy with a similar chisel, cutting in halves a large piece of lead. "Easy work," I said, as I watched the latter drive the chisel into the soft material. "Yes," he replied, "but this work spoils the chisel." "Lead is not hard enough to spoil a chisel," I insisted. "No," the workman replied, "but it takes all the temper out of it, so that it is good for nothing else. To cut much lead will spoil the finest cold chisel." Soft seats, easy tasks, and pathways strewn with roses, take the temper out of character, and produce good-for-nothing lives. Difficulties impart their own splendid fiber to those who master them.—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Thanking God for Trials

Robert is a very affectionate child. Sometimes, after his mother has punished him, he says with quivering lips, "Thank you, mamma, for trying to make Robert a good boy." If children of the Heavenly Father would look up and say, "I thank Thee," while yet the lips were quivering, how rich the bitter experiences of life would become.

Bridges Over Trials

She was only a tiny girl, unused to traveling, and it happened that in the course of the day her train was obliged to cross two branches of a river and several wide streams. The water seen in advance always awakened doubt and fear in the child. She did not understand how it could safely be crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared and furnished a way over. Two or three times the experience was repeated; and finally the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence. "Somebody has put bridges for us all the way," she said in trusting content. That is the Christian's life. God has built bridges for us all the way.—*Forward.*

Praying While the Sun Shines

If we would only give God our best, our brightest days, we would have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on. A little girl who suffered greatly during thunder-storms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now." What a lesson we who are older might learn from this incident! How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to Him for shelter and protection!—*The Lutheran Observer.*

Resting Under Burdens

A few years ago, while climbing the gray slopes of Lebanon on a fiery, hot afternoon in July, I met some men employed in gathering thorns from the rocky mountainside, rolling them into huge bales, half as large as a cartload of hay, and then carrying these swaying, prickly burdens to the limekiln, half a mile away. While thinking that such trying toil under the blazing Syrian sun on that waterless, treeless, barren slope seemed too heavy for the human frame to bear, my attention was caught by one of the huge thorn bundles motionless by the wayside, and to my heart's delight there lay the thorn-gatherer asleep by the side of and under the shadow of his burden. Often I have told my parable to other burden-bearers, and have urged them, "Drop your burden for a while, and learn to rest under its shadow."—*F. E. Hoskins, D.D., in The Temple Review.*

Flying from Trials

John Wesley said: "My brother Charles, amid the difficulties of our early ministry, used to say, 'If the Lord would give me wings I would fly.' I used to answer, 'If the Lord bid me fly, I should trust Him for the wings.'" —*Wesley's Year-Book.*

Thanking God for Trials

Here are the testimonies of two precious saints who, in extreme age, are able to say of the afflictions which have befallen them, "I am glad":

"I am glad the dear Lord has permitted me to be entirely deaf. I am shut in as in a closet with my Lord."—Mary H. Mossman.

"Oh, I am so glad the dear Lord permitted me to be blind since I was six weeks old. Why, He could not have done a better thing than to suffer blindness to come to me—He has shut me in with Himself."—Fanny Crosby.

Yet who more active in word and in deed than these saintly souls!—*Woman's Home Missions.*

God Nearer In Trials

God always appears to His children when they are most sorely oppressed. Dr. Dawson tells of a man who once said his whole life lay suddenly broken off in disaster; his work ended, his heart broken, himself in the hospital suffering cruel pain; and then he said: "Oh, Dawson, what visions of God I had as I lay in the hospital! What a sense of eternity, and the reality of things spiritual! I tell you, if I knew today I could only gain such visions of God and truth by repeating my sufferings, I would crawl upon my hands and knees across this continent to get that disease."—*The Evangelistic Note.*

Trials Form Character

In the world ye have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world (John 16:33).

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden says, in "Supposition and Certainty": "One of our great Scotch novelists, George MacDonald, put these words into the mouth of one of his characters who had been buffeted by inexplicable circumstances, and who, complaining to a friend about the hardness of her life, said in anger: 'Oh, I would to God I had never been made.' 'Why,' replied her friend, 'my dear child, you are not yet made; you are only being made, and you are quarreling with God's processes.'"—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

When Tempted to Grumble

Aunt Jane Smith, an old lady who, without any intellectual equipment to boast of, was exceedingly fond of moralising over the aspects in which life presents itself, was calling on a neighbour who was convalescing from a severe illness. "Well," said Aunt Jane, when the usual condolences and congratulations had been exchanged, "I'll tell you what it is. When we don't feel very good, then we think we are pretty bad off; but when we get

worse, then we wish we was as well as we was when we thought we was bad off." Which nobody can deny.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Overcoming Faith

This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith (1 John 5 : 4).

During the Boxer rising in China the little chapels outside Pekin were destroyed by the Boxers, and the majority of the native Christians foully murdered. The chapels have been erected again. I have read the account of the opening of one of these restored sanctuaries; and who took part in the re-opening? The remnant of the decimated church! Men stood there whose wives and children had been butchered in the awful carnival; there they stood, their love undimmed, their faith unshaken, themselves "ready to be offered" in their devotion to their Lord. —*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

Living In God's Will

It was not you that sent me hither, but God (Gen. 45 : 8).

I should like to draw a circle, the circle of God's will, and then step into it, and keep in it all my life; then whatever came to me must come through the encircling will of God. If Joseph's brethren put him into the pit, it is not they who sent him into Egypt, but God. If Judas brings the cup, Jesus says, "The cup which the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" When I am living in the Father's will, and then step in it, and keep in it, my enemy may shoot an arrow against me; by the time it reaches me it may glance aside, if God wills, but if He wishes it to strike me, by the time it reaches me it has become God's will for me.—*From "The Soul's Ascent," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

Why God Allows Darkness

The photographer takes his sensitive plate into a dark place to develop his picture. Sunlight would mar it. God often draws the curtain upon us, and in the darkness brings out some rare beauty in our life, some delicate feature of His own loveliness.—*From "The Hidden Life," by J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Trials a Preparation

It is a fact attested by physicians that we are never so well able to match and appreciate colours as when we have been spending some little time in total darkness. The artist who invited a friend to his studio in order to show him his picture was well aware of this physiological fact. The friend was ushered, not into the studio, but into a dark room, where he remained for a quarter of an hour. Then it was explained to him that if he had come into the studio with the glare of the street in his eyes, he would not have been able to appreciate the fine colour on the canvas. The "shut-ins" and those who have to spend their time in the dark-room of affliction may be only having their eyes prepared to see the wonderful vision of the Father's love.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Trials Develop Us

The female eagle often crowds her fledgling out of the nest and over the edge of the cliff, allowing it to fall, that it may be compelled to use its wings. But she watches its downward plunge, and, sweeping toward the earth, she expands her wings to the utmost, and rising from beneath catches the falling, trembling bird on her own mother pinions, and soars with it to the eyrie. So Jehovah's wisdom and love led and educated His people. He was training them to use their wings; urging and encouraging, aiding and directing their feeble efforts till they should dare longer and sublimer flights. At the Red Sea He bore them over on His pinions. When they felt themselves falling to destruction He was spreading "everlasting arms" beneath them and lifting them out of danger and want.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson, in Record of Christian Work.*

When It Rains

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down!

"It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!"

—*From "The Gates of Silence," by Robert Loveman.*

Looking Above Troubles

Wesley was walking one day with a troubled man who expressed his doubt of God's goodness. "I don't know what I shall do with all this worry and trouble," he said. At that moment Wesley noticed a cow looking over a stone wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow is looking over that wall?" "No," replied his troubled companion. "I will tell you," said Wesley—"because she cannot see *through* it. That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over it and above it." Faith enables us to look over and above every trouble, to God, who is our help.—*The Sunday Circle.*

God's Purpose In Trials

"God never would send you the darkness,
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

"So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

"Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer someone behind you
Whose courage is sinking low."

—*The Crisis.*

The Load Limit

Temptation is never unbearable. Have you ever noticed those trucks on the railway? You see on one truck 5-3-0. What do the figures mean? They represent what is called the "load limit" of the truck. That truck can only carry five tons, three hundredweight, and it is dangerous to impose upon it any heavier weight. Every man has a "load limit," and He who permits the temptation will also regulate it.—*J. Gregory Mantle, in The Northfield Calendar for 1913.*

Trusting Day by Day

Give us day by day our daily bread (Luke 11:3).

"God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by hour
And day by day
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulder, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place
We could not go,
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour."

—*From "Making the Most of Life," by Dr. J. R. Miller.*

Blessings from Trials

A man sick of the palsy.

His infirm distorted body was really the means of his salvation. Had he been sound and well he would probably never have been brought to Jesus or cared to have his sins forgiven. There is many a saint in heaven who will thank God forever that he had a helpless, disfigured body when on earth. To illustrate: The great plates of glass in the window of an unfinished store are always bedaubed with whitewash. Why? It is because the workmen have been in the habit of throwing things through the vacant space, and if the glass, when put in, were left transparent, they might not see it, and continue to do so. The glass, for its own protection, is besmirched and discoloured.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

The Water Test

A jeweler will tell you that an imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone, but sometimes the inexperienced eye cannot detect the difference. A simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation diamond is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is visible. The contrast between the two when under the water will be apparent to the least experienced eye. Many of us have failed at

the "water test." God places us under the waters of trouble, and we no longer shine for Him. But if our faith is true, we shall shine even under the water.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Seeing Farthest at Night

You may think you see farthest in the daytime, but you don't. At midnight you see the stars. You would be dreadfully short-sighted if you had to live always in daylight.—*From the Northern Christian Advocate.*

Growing Under Trials

There is a plant known as the rose of Jericho, which flourishes in lack of all things in which plants delight—in the hot desert, in the rocky crevices, by the dusty waysides, in the rubbish heap. The fierce sirocco will sometimes tear it from its place and fling it far out upon the ocean, and there, driven by the storms, and tossed by the salt waves, it still lives and grows. So it is possible for our spiritual life to grow in any and all circumstances where we may be cast,—in sorrow, in hardships, in misfortune, in suffering. A deathless life is in us, and we should be unconquerable. This is the message of Easter.—*The Sunday-school Classmate.*

Perfect Through Sufferings

F. B. Meyer gives us this illustration: "A bar of iron worth one pound, when wrought into horseshoes, is worth two pounds; if made into needles, it is worth seventy pounds; if into penknife blades, it is worth six hundred and fifty pounds; if into springs for watches, it is worth fifty thousand pounds. What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to be worth this; but the more it is manipulated, the more it is hammered and passed through the fire, and beaten, and pounded, and polished, the greater its value."—*From "Our Daily Homily," by F. B. Meyer.*

Melody from Trials

There is a valley in America called the Singing Valley, covered over with loose fragments of broken stones and shingle, and when a morning breeze passes over it you may hear most melodious sounds issuing from all parts of it. Think of this as an emblem. A broken spirit's débris or loose fragments may send forth sweet melody when the Spirit breathes over the valley. This soul of loose, broken thoughts and feelings, shattered toys, shivered hopes, smooth-worn cares, becomes an Æolian harp in the Spirit's hand.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Beating Out the Bubbles

A visitor to a famous pottery establishment was puzzled by an operation that seemed aimless. In one room there was a mass of clay beside a workman. Every now and then he took up a large mallet and struck several smart blows on the surface of the lump. Curiosity led to the question, "Why do you do that?" "Wait a bit, sir, and watch it," was the answer. The stranger obeyed, and soon the top of the mass began to heave and swell. Bubbles formed upon its face. "Now, sir, you see," said the man, with a smile, "I could never shape the clay into a vase if these air bubbles were in it, therefore I gradually beat them out." Is not the discipline of life just a beating out of the bubbles of pride and self-will, so that the Master may form a vessel of earth to hold heavenly treasures?—*The Sunday at Home.*

Borrowing Trouble

When Carlyle lived in London he had a neighbour possessed of an interesting coop of chickens, whose male member disturbed Carlyle's slumber by his loud crowing. The owner of the fowls was expostulated with. He replied that there ought not to be any complaint as "the cock crew but three or four times during the night." "That may be," replied Carlyle, "but if you only knew how I suffer waiting for him to crow." That is our trouble. We think too much of what is going to trouble us, and so worry ourselves into early graves waiting for it to happen.—*The Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Looking at the Wrong Side

Dr. George F. Pentecost tells about going to see a parishioner who was in deep affliction. He found her embroidering a sofa pillow cover. He asked her to let him take it in his hand. He purposely turned it on the wrong side, and then remarked to her that it did not seem beautiful to him, and that he wondered why she should be wasting her time upon it. "Why, Mr. Pentecost," she replied, "you are looking at the wrong side! Turn it over." "That is just what you are doing," he replied, "you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but He has a plan

—here a stitch and there a movement of the shuttle—and in the end a beautiful work."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Victory Assured

When the Carthaginians were investing Rome, the spot outside the walls on which stood the tent of Hannibal, the dread invader, was up for sale at auction in the Forum. After a brisk competition it was knocked down to a citizen, who bid for it a large sum of money. He and the other bidders had faith in the triumph of their armies, although the foe was thundering at the gates. Such faith ought every Christian to have in Jesus Christ, who has assured us in every possible way that He will lead us to certain victory.—*The Home Herald.*

Satisfied Though Poor

One of Dr. Campbell Morgan's stories relates to a poverty-stricken fish-wife who was found on Christmas Day eating a Christmas dinner which consisted of a piece of bread and a toasted herring. Her visitor said something to her of the poverty of the fare, and the old woman, with face aglow, replied: "Poor fare? Dear heart, don't you see the Lord has laid tribute on sea and land to feed me this blessed Christmas day?"—*Selected.*

When Grief Is Needed

Too long a period of fair weather in the Italian valleys creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveler sighs for a shower. He is smothered, his clothes are white, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth and finds its way down his throat. Prosperity long continued breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit and insinuates itself into the soul; a shower or two of grief proves a mighty blessing, for it deprives the things of earth of somewhat of their smothering power.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Surmounting Difficulties

Ibsen in one of his books describes two persons attempting a great climb in Norway. The people tried to hold them back, but they were determined to go and do it, and the man shouts out to those who would detain him, "There is no precipice too steep for two." Worth remembering, that! *If God is the other,* there is no precipice too steep for God and me, no hill too high, no difficulty too big, no sorrow too terrible, no duty too onerous if only you walk with God.—*From the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton.*

Red and White Roses

"My garden has roses red;
My garden has roses white;
But if, when the day is sped,
I stand by the gate at night,
One fragrance comes, when the day is dead,
From my roses white and my roses red.

"The roses of joy are red;
The roses of pain are white;
But I think, when the day is sped,
And I stand by the gate at night,
I shall know just this, when the day is dead,
That a rose is sweet be it white or red."

—*From Poems and Sonnets, by the Rev. Percy C. Ainsworth.*

Happy Though Afflicted

"What an afflicted family they are! The father lame, the mother going blind, the daughter a cripple, and their small fortune gone! I don't see how they can endure it." The man who made the exclamation was silenced by the words of one who had overheard. "They endure it because they seem unconscious of the fact that there is anything to endure. They are so thankful that they have one another that lameness, blindness, and poverty are minor matters. There is more smiling and laughter in their home than in any other I know of."—*Forward.*

Strength In Trials

"A snowdrop thrust itself through three inches of macadam. How was that? It did not believe in environment. And if when God puts this power into the bulb it can thrust itself through three inches of macadam, and look at the blue sky, and get the kiss of the sun, do you think God will surround you with difficulties that will shut you out from the higher world and higher life of fruit-bearing?"—*The Sunday at Home.*

From Black to Gold

Dr. Stuart Holden has told his congregation how, when he visited a factory in the North of England where costly china was being made, the thing

that interested him most was the painting of the finished product. "It had been through many processes, and was taken to a studio for the artist to complete. I saw the pattern being put on in various colours, and noticed that a great deal of black was being used. On asking why, I was told, 'It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire.'" Is not this just as in our lives?—*The Sunday School Times.*

Knew It Was His Father

Some years ago several little boys were camping out in an old building some distance from any house. In the night a terrific thunder-storm arose, and the boys were greatly frightened. In the midst of the storm's uproar they heard some one at the door, and, more frightened than before, they clung to each other in an agony of fear. One little boy, however, ran to unfasten the door and led in a man. "It's my father," he said quietly; "I knew he'd come." It takes faith to recognise the Saviour in the storms of life.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Deeply Rooted

"They get their water too near the surface," said a woodsman, explaining why some big pines had been so easily uprooted by the heavy winds. "Their roots didn't have to strike deep enough." It was a very significant explanation. A good many people are easily upset because life has been too easy with them; their roots have never struck deep because there was no great compulsion to make them go deeper for the source of life. Our very wants, if we do not succumb to them, but go deeper and deeper till we find the heart's need, may become the means of our strength.—*Onward.*

Why He Was In Prison

God sometimes permits His servants to go through strange and even bitter experiences that seem at first unnecessary and unfruitful; but it is often an unexpected opportunity for service. As Joseph served under distressing circumstances, so we may find a modern parallel in the incident related by Dr. Heber Jones, a few months ago in the city of Toronto. A Korean preacher in the city of Seoul had been cast into prison without trial for an offense which his own son had committed. He found himself cast into a cell with eighteen criminals, and for five long months was confined there without a chance to speak a word in his defense. When he was finally released as guiltless of the charge, the eighteen criminals, through the words and witness of the Korean preacher, had become Christians. Some of them, since their release, have become preachers to their heathen fellows. This from personal experience of Dr. Jones was given as an example of the type of the Korean servant of God.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Finger of God

A boy placed a grain of sugar for an ant, but it didn't seem to understand, and was intent on going some other way. The boy placed his finger in front of the ant to change his course, but he still seemed unaware of what was intended for him. It was only after interrupting his course time and again that the ant finally came upon the rich provision. God often puts His finger in our way to turn us aside from our own purposes to the better and richer things He has for us.

Greater Sufferings

They said this of Jesus thirty years before, and now Paul feels what it is to be buffeted and persecuted. "There never were such sufferings as mine," said a poor fellow in a hospital bed. "Once," came a faint voice from the next bed. "Nobody knows what I pass through." "One," was the whispered reply. "Do you mean yourself?" asked the first speaker angrily. "No, indeed," was the answer; "I mean the Lord Jesus!"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Troubles Would Not Drown

A man who got into trouble through wrong-doing said he would drown his troubles in drink. Some time afterward he was asked by a friend if he had got rid of his troubles. "No, curse 'em," said he, "*they can swim.*"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Only Bluffing About Dying

I have heard of a poor man who was carrying a load of sticks when he became tired and sat down on a bank. Laying his sticks on the ground, he said, "I am sick and tired of this. I wish death would come and relieve me." Instantly, Death slipped up and said, "Here I am, what do you want of me?" "I want you to help me put this bundle of sticks on my back

again," said the astonished pilgrim. So we, like Jonah, express in our discontented moods much that we do not really mean."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Eagles Easily Cross Rivers

The eagle that soars in the upper air does not worry itself as to how it is to cross rivers.—*From "Thoughts for the Quiet Hour."*

TRINITY

Trinity and Candle-Light

An infidel was scoffing at the doctrine of the Trinity. He turned to a gentleman and said, "Do you believe such nonsense?" "Tell me how that candle burns," said the other. "Why, the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce light," said the infidel. "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes." "Will you tell me how they are three and yet but one light?" "No, I cannot." "But you believe it?" The scoffer was put to shame.—*The Pilgrim.*

TRUST

What Sustained Livingstone

At commencement in the great universities of England and Scotland it had been the custom from time immemorial for the undergraduates to have some boyish fun at the expense of the dignitaries and learned men who receive honorary degrees. They come armed with pop-guns and pea-shooters and good strong lungs. When David Livingstone visited Scotland after an absence of sixteen years in Africa, the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. When the students saw his gaunt form and dark face, tanned by the African sun and furrowed by the hardship of toil and fever, and the arm hanging by his side which a lion's bite had made useless, they forgot their fun and joined only in the applause. After Livingstone had referred to the honourable careers of most of his classmates, he turned to the young men and besought them to lead noble lives. "Shall I tell you what sustained me in my exiled life, among strangers whose language I could not understand?" he suddenly asked. And then in the hush that followed he said, "It was this that comforted me at all times: 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'"

"The effect of that solemn text, unexpected, evidently, by every one, could hardly have been surpassed on any occasion since its first utterance in Galilee," said one who was present. "Every heart felt the power of the grand promise, the grandest of all time. Doctor Livingstone was both its witness and its example."

"The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die."

That is our lesson today.—*Tarbell.*

Couldn't Trust the Ice

In the early days of emigration to the West a traveler once came, for the first time in his life, to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the mighty river was sheeted with ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears, and infinite caution, he crept out on his hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had gone in this way painfully half way over he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a coloured man driving a four-horse load of coal across upon the ice and singing as he went! Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same word. "Have faith in God." "Whoso putteth his trust in Jehovah shall be safe."—*The Expositor.*

The Dependable Parachute

An observation balloon over the lines of the Allies was suddenly attacked by a German aeroplane firing "tracer-bullets," which, if they pierced the balloon, would set it on fire. No one could help the two men in such dire need. What were they to do? Watching from beneath, we saw two black shapes drop like stones out of the car. They were observers. For two or three awful moments it looked as if they would be dashed to pieces. Suddenly a white cloud opened above their heads, and their fall stopped. It was their parachute, a frail thing of fine silk, but they cast their weight on it, the air filled it, and it sustained them. They floated gently and safely to the ground a little way off. I said to one of the

officers, "Isn't it rather awful, wondering if your parachute will open and hold you up?" "Not a bit," he replied, "it always works; you know it will." So faith is not believing a lot of things about God, it's trusting yourself to Him as completely as the observer trusts himself to the invisible air and the parachute.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Timid About Trusting God

This morning I wanted to feed the birds. It was gray and cold, and the ground was covered with snow. I stepped out on the porch and flung them handfuls of crumbs, and called to them; then I stepped back and watched them from my bedroom window. Would they fly down and eat? No, there they sat, cold, hungry, and afraid. They did not trust me; they did not believe it was food I had put out there; they did not care to fly from tree and fence even to see; and so they huddled close together teetering on the fence, as they let the snow drift over the food that meant life and warmth and cheer to them. And as I sat and watched and waited, it seemed to me I could get God's viewpoint more clearly than ever before. He offers, plans, watches, waits, hopes, longs for all things for our good. We are cold, hungry, forlorn, and afraid. We do not trust Him, and yet within our reach are all things, —food, raiment, warmth, light, and life, and above all the fullness of life and joy in Christ His Son! And God has to watch and wait, as I did for my timid friends.—*A. V. O. T., in The Sunday School Times.*

Worried About the Children

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon-wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twa'n't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doin' well, too; but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger ones is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line. No'm, there's nothin' special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck has done fine this year. Mother hain't had a touch of her rheumatism all summer, and she'd be pretty well off if 'twasn't for worryin'. Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve He's to be trusted with the children."—*The Wellspring.*

Trusting and Doubting

D. L. Moody says, in "The Fulness of the Gospel": "I was standing with a friend at his garden gate one evening when two little children came by. As they approached us he said to me: 'Watch the difference in these two boys.' Taking one of them in his arms he stood him on the gatepost, and, stepping back a few feet, he folded his arms and called to the little fellow to jump. In an instant the boy sprang toward him and was caught in his arms. Then turning to the second boy he tried the same experiment. But in the second case it was different. The child trembled and refused to move. My friend held out his arms, and tried to induce the child to trust to his strength, but nothing could move him. At last my friend had to lift him down from the post and let him go. 'What makes the difference in the two?' I asked. My friend smiled, and said, 'The first is my own boy, and knows me; but the other is a stranger's child whom I have never seen before.' And there was all the difference. My friend was equally able to prevent both from falling, but the difference was in the boys themselves. The first had assurance in his father's ability and acted upon it, while the second, although he might have believed in the ability to save him from harm, would not put his faith into action."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trusted the Rock

Mr. Moody said in his Christian Convention at Northfield: "We want more Christians like the Irishman who, when asked if he did not tremble during a certain storm when he was standing out upon a rocky eminence, said: 'Yes, my legs trembled, but the rock didn't and because my feet were on the rock I felt safe.'"—*The Sunday School Times.*

Trusting God's Faithfulness

The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells us of Hudson Taylor's visit to his church, when he spoke on the text, "Have

Faith in God." "This meant," said Mr. Taylor, "reckon on God's faith to you. All my life has been so fickle: sometimes I could trust, and sometimes I could not, but when I could not trust, then I reckoned that God would be faithful." Is not this the faith that wins?—*From "The Soul's Ascent," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

Trusting When All Is Well

Abraham Lincoln used to tell about an old lady who, describing a runaway, said: "I trusted to Providence till the breechin' broke, and then I didn't know what on earth I could do." There are some people who can trust God until some great calamity comes; when they most need His help they seem unable to trust Him.—*The Sunday School Times.*

First Class Trusting

"I will trust and not be afraid," was Moody's favourite text. He used to say, "You can travel first-class or second-class to heaven. Second class is, 'What time I am afraid I will trust.' First-class is, 'I will trust and not be afraid.'" Paul was fearless because he was trustful.—*The Quiver.*

Worry Is Not Trusting

Those who truly trust never worry. Said a good physician quaintly to an over-anxious mother as she bent over her sick child, "What makes you think you must do it all yourself? Why don't you give Providence a chance to help you?" I think he struck upon the root of the trouble. A worrier never truly relies upon the help of Providence. — *From "The Young Women of India."*

Trusting God In Extremities

A steam-packet was crossing a stormy bay when the engine suddenly stopped, and for a few minutes the situation was one of real peril. An old lady rushed up to the captain, and asked anxiously, "Is there any danger?" "Madam," was the uncompromising reply, "we must trust in God." "Oh, sir," wailed the inquirer, "has it come to that?" Many people are willing to trust in everything—except God. They can always see the coming storms, but cannot trust the goodness that sends them.

Was Trusting the Lord

The Rev. E. W. Smith, of the Primitive Methodist Mission, is the chief translator of a version of the New Testament in use among 120,000 tribesmen north of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. Mr. Smith tells a vivid story of how he accidentally discovered the Ila equivalent for "trust," after he had asked for it hundreds of times in vain. "One day I was working in my house, and had climbed up a very rickety old ladder, and as I stood there in an awkward position, reaching up with my hands above my head, I heard a boy say: 'If I were the missionary I should not *trust* that ladder. He will fall down and break his neck.' I was down the ladder with a rush to get that word 'trust' from the boy at once; it was the very word I wanted." —*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Why the Coin Helped Her

A nose and throat specialist had to operate on a poor little girl who was unable to take any anæsthetic. He took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and said, "That's for you to spend exactly as you wish. I'm going to hurt you a little, but take a good look at the fifty cents before I begin, and then hold it tight in your hand and remember what you saw while I'm at work,—it won't hurt nearly as much." When it was over the doctor patted her on the head and said, "You're a brave little girl. Tell me what you thought about while I was at work." "I thought of the words," she replied. "The words," said the physician, "the date, you mean?" for he hardly remembered that the coin had any words on it. "No, I mean the words at the top: 'In God we trust,'" she said quite simply, "it was the first half-dollar I ever saw, so I didn't know they were there; but it's lovely to have them, so the folks who have half-dollars can think about them all the time."—*From the Youth's Companion.*

Learned Trust From His Boy

Dr. Cuyler told the story of a prominent business man whose Christian wife had died praying for his conversion. One night, while lying awake in the darkness of his room, he heard a voice from the little bed at his side, "Take my hand, papa, it's so dark." He reached forth his large, strong hand, and took the small, trembling one in it until the frightened child fell asleep. Then that strong business man looked up through the darkness, and said, "Father, take thou my hand as I have taken the hand of my child, and

give rest of soul, for Jesus' sake." Then it was that he felt the comforting influence of the Divine Presence, and knew that God was nigh.—*The Christian Age.*

Could Trust God's Words

"Speak to me now in Scripture language alone," said a dying Christian. "I can trust the words of God; but when they are the words of man, it costs me an effort to think whether I may trust them."—*From Spurgeon's "Sermon Notes."*

Trusting As the Sparrows

Fear not: ye are of more value than many sparrows (Luke 12:7).

O wise little birds, how do ye know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether answer they,
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.
He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear."
Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth thee;
Would that I might as trusting be!

—*Anonymous.*

Not Afraid While God Is Awake

A little girl inquired of her mother one moonlight night: "Mamma, is the moon God's light?" "Yes, Ethel," replied the mother. "His light is always burning." Then came the next question from the little one: "Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?" "No, my child," replied the mother. "His lights are always burning. They never fail, because God never sleeps." "Well, mamma," was the little one's reply, "while God's awake I'm not afraid." Surely we can echo those words. If God has promised to protect us, and care for us, all *must* be well.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Trusted His Friend

Dr. J. R. Miller says: It is often given as a wonderful proof of confidence in a friend that once when the great Grecian emperor, Alexander, was ill, it was told to him in a letter that his physician intended to give him poison under the form of medicine. The emperor put the note under his pillow. The physician came, poured out the potion, and gave it to him. The emperor looked his friend full in the face, drank the contents of the goblet, then handed him the letter. It was a beautiful trust. Like confidence we are to have in the will of Christ for us. We are never to doubt His love nor His wisdom.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Defeat Changed to Victory

This incident is told of Morphy, the renowned chess player: Seeing a picture of a youth playing chess with Satan and doomed, to all appearance, to inevitable defeat, Morphy procured board and chess men, and with one move changed what was thought to be certain failure into positive triumph. Does your problem look impossible? Does failure seem to your discouraged vision inevitable? There is One behind this game of life that keepeth watch and ward above His own, and by a single move on the board can bring to you glorious winnings. Shall we not confidently believe in both His skill and His willingness?—*The Epworth Herald.*

What Trust Is

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them (Psa. 22:4).

A calm looking up into God's face with an unquestioning faith in Him under every sort of circumstance—this is trust. It is the native air of friendship. Doubt chills the air below normal. Anxiety overheats the air. Trust is risking something that is very precious. Trust is the life-blood of faith.

"If a wren can cling to a spray
a-swing
In a mad May wind, and sing
and sing
As if she'd burst for joy,
Why cannot I contented lie
In His quiet arms, beneath His
sky,
Unmoved by earth's annoy?"

—*From "Quiet Talks on Power," by S. D. Gordon.*

Trust Not An Effort

The Puritans speak of faith as a recumbency, a leaning. It needs no power to lean; it is a cessation from our own strength, and allowing our weakness to depend on another's power. Let no man say, "I cannot lean." It is not a question of what you can do, but a confession of what you cannot do, and a leaving of the whole matter with Jesus. No woman can say, "I cannot

swoon." It is not a matter of power.—*From Spurgeon's "Sermon Notes."*

Faith In Her Father

A father was nursing his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and, picking her up, walked off with her down the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, "Aren't you afraid, darling?" "No," she said. "But you don't know who has got you?" "No," was the prompt reply, "but you do, father." That was enough. She was in "the sight of" her father, and faith in her father's loving care banished fear.

Always a Way Open

And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm (Matt. 8:26).

In the early days of Britain, when the Christian Cuthbert and his companions were driven from the bitter land to sea, and then were cast upon a dreary shore by a terrible storm, they cried, "No path is open for us; let us perish: we are driven from land to sea and from sea to land." And Cuthbert answered, "Have ye so little faith, my comrades?" and then lifting his eyes to heaven he prayed, "I thank Thee, Lord, that the way to heaven is still open." When there is no other way to look for help, we may look up.—*The Classmate.*

A King's Word

When William, Prince of Orange, handed a chosen man a written pledge for a high position in his kingdom if the man would support him, the man declined it, saying, "Your Majesty's word is sufficient. I would not serve a king if I could not trust his word." The word of our King is worthy our fullest confidence, and we can rely upon its complete fulfilment. Upon the day that God fails to keep His word the universe will fall to pieces.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Trusting Through Trials

A man passing through perplexing experiences said to a friend, "I am simply holding on in the dark. I have no idea what all these difficulties mean, nor am I sure as to their outcome. Still I am at peace, for I know that God has me in His mills, and means to make something of me. Through all these strange events of recent months I know that, all unseen of me, there runs a divine purpose. I am ready to accept that purpose as soon as it shall be revealed."—*The Friendly Visitor.*

Trusted Their General

The French marshal Turenne was the soldiers' hero; they entirely trusted him. Once when the troops were wading through a heavy morass, some of the younger soldiers complained. But the older ones said: "Depend upon it, Turenne is more concerned than we are. At this moment he is thinking how to deliver us. He watches while we sleep."—*From The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Not Afraid If God Drove It

"Would you not be afraid to ride in the kind of chariot Elijah had?" asked one child of another. "Not if God drove it," was the reply.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Whom She Was Doubting

I heard of a lady in great spiritual difficulty, and the minister to whom she had come for help had tried everything to lead her into the light. But she ended it all up by saying: "Oh, I cannot trust Him!" The minister turned and said: "What has Jesus done, that you cannot trust Him?" and in a moment the light broke in. Will you venture your trust in Him now—your concerns, prospects, plans, failures, and sins—leave all to Him and say, "I will trust and not be afraid"?—*Rev. J. Sloan, in Keswick Week.*

He Leadeth Me

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with terror and with fright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this: wher'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—Author not known.

Learning to Float

A young man, distressed about his soul, confided in a friend. The friend said: "Did you ever learn to float?" "Yes, I did," was the surprised reply. "And did you find it easy to learn?" "Not at first," he answered. "What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued. "Well, the fact was I could not lie still; I could not believe or realise that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle and, of course, down I went at once." "And then?" "Then I found out that I must give up the struggle and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink." "Is not God's Word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea?"—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

The Weaver

I saw, beyond the sea, one at his loom
Weave ceaselessly through years of sun and gloom;
The tiniest portion done, his daily care,
Concealed from sight the peerless pattern rare.

Though he a fragment, not the whole, might see,
Yet, day by day, with closest scrutiny
He placed each thread of shade and texture true,
So, as the famed designer willed, it grew.

He wrought years. A tapestry, at length,
Superb in hue, grace, lineament and strength,
Adorned its niche on royal walls, and won
The workman from the Master His "Well done."

* * * * * *

I see the toilers at Life's loom, who weave
A plan outlined by God in heaven; they grieve
And fret while at the daily task below,
And crave the Planner's plan, complete to know.

Too humble, too concealed their task? Nay, nay!
But strand on strand unceasingly each day
The warp and woof must blend: Or dark or bright
Is no concern. The later, larger sight,

Time o'er, shall sate the heart: the plaudit won
From Him who framed the stars and set the sun
The due reward. Life's masterpiece shall grace
In God's eternal palace, its own place.

—Martha Arnold Boughton.

Nothing to Be Afraid Of

A Japanese police-officer had two little daughters who were very timid. One evening he wished to have a message delivered at a house a quarter of a mile away. He could not leave to deliver it himself, and was much disturbed when he found that there was nobody to carry it. He was greatly surprised when, learning of his difficulty, his own timid little girls offered to take it. Thinking it would do them good to conquer their timidity, he allowed them to go. They set off fearlessly, hand in hand, and when they returned their father looked at them curiously, and asked: "Were you not afraid?" "Oh, no," they replied. "At the mission-school the teacher said that God would take care of us wherever we went. We went upstairs and asked Him not to let any one hurt us,

and then we just trusted Him, and there was nothing to be afraid of." The father decided that a religion that could make his little girls so brave was worth knowing about, and, as a result of his inquiries, he became an earnest Christian.—*The Sunday Circle.*

Believe and Climb

It was growing dark in the old barn, and to the child straying in out of the fading afternoon light it looked more shadowy still. But some one was moving about in the hay overhead, and the little fellow came to the foot of the ladder and called: "Is you there, grandpa? I want to come up." "All right, come along then," was the cheery response. But the little foot placed on the bottom of the ladder paused, and a troubled face was lifted toward the dim loft. "Grandpa, I can't see the top step?" A reassuring laugh answered: "Put your foot on the round where you are, little man, and climb up. The last step is here, and you'll see it when you get to it." It was only the old lesson that we all need over and over again—the faithless cry we are always sending out to be allowed to see the end from the beginning, and the answer that in one way and another, by inspiration, by experience, is always coming to us: Climb from where you are. Take the step that is next above you, and wait for the one beyond to be revealed in its time. Believe and climb.—*The Optimist.*

Trusting the Conductor

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? (Psa. 27:1).

She was sitting in the seat in front of me upon the railway train, with apparently never a relative about. I leaned forward and began conversation, —she was but five. "Why, my little girl," said I, "aren't you afraid of riding all alone on this car?" Her eyes went wide at my folly; her lips bubbled with laughter. "Oh," she fairly squealed, "there can't nothing hurt me on this train; my papa's the *conductor.*" Here we are thundering through the universe at inconceivable speed, swept through joy and grief, sickness and health, death and life, while all the time our Heavenly Father is the Conductor—only we don't trust that way, don't laugh that way.—*Current Anecdotes.*

God's Responsibility

A number of men were once talking about the burdens of duty, and one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne. "Not," said another, "if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of His hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skilful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over I said to him, 'It must be a terrible thought at such a time that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings.' 'No,' he said solemnly, 'I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God Himself is responsible for all the rest."—*The Christian Age.*

Could Trust Her Father

It was in the late afternoon of a hot July day, and the evening-time was hastened by an approaching storm. A farmer was hurrying to drive the cows home from the pasture. While the wind swept through the trees overhead, the lightning flashed through the gathering gloom, and the thunder rolled, he walked with rapid steps through the narrow valley. Thinking he saw something in the path behind him, he turned and saw his little daughter of four summers hurrying along close behind him. He was alarmed lest the storm should break before they could reach home, but he only said to the little one, "Where are you going?" "I'm going wif *you,*" said she. Then the father asked, "Where am *I* going?" Sweetly came the answer, "I don't know." Then more distinct than the noise of the coming storm there came to that Christian father's heart this question: "Though the way seems dark, and often you are tempest-tossed, can't you trust me as your child trusts you?" And his faith was strengthened.—*The Sunday School Times.*

No Need to Worry

Be not therefore anxious, . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things (Matt. 6:31, 32).

In a poor but thrifty peasant's home sat a young mother plying her needle in the autumn twilight for the wee Willie whose ringing laughter from the little garden told its own sweet tale. The husband sat near his wife. "How shall we ever get on when winter comes,

George?" "Mary, lass, what art making there?" "A warm winter coat for Willie, George." "I guessed as much. Does the young rogue know about it?" "Not he, dear lamb!" "Won't you tell him, to hinder his worrying about the winter?" "He worry! Why, hearken to him, George; he's as happy as the day is long; and even if he had the sense to think about winter, he'd trust mother to keep him warm." "Aye, lass, and I vow the boy is wiser than his mother." Mary's eyes filled as she caught her husband's upward look, and the cloud of distrust was rolled from the heart by their child's trustfulness.—*The Ram's Horn.*

Wide Open Windows of Faith

"Sometimes I open my windows a crack, and let in a whiff of fresh air; and oh, how good it is, and how strong it makes me feel for a moment," mused a "shut-in" whose cheerfulness was the marvel of the neighbourhood. "But when I open the whole window, and just lie here and let all the outdoor air come right to me, it is like new life. I don't have to try to get a few breaths of it; it's all blowing in freely right about me. And," she went on happily, "I am coming to think it is so about the kindness of God. We sample little bits of it, we refresh ourselves with breaths of thankfulness now and then. But if we could only just lie still and open our hearts wide, and trust, and be glad, then it would all come right to us without any trying, and just be round about us, refreshing us all the time."—*From Forward.*

Our King Is With Us

Once during the wars between the Spanish and the French, the Spaniards, who were investing their foes, sent an insulting note to the French commander, General Coligny: "Surrender! We are more numerous than you." And General Coligny wrote his reply on a piece of paper and fastened it to an arrow and shot it into the Spanish camp. It read: "Surrender? Never! We have a king with us." When we are tempted to surrender because things seem to be going wrong in the world, we can fling back the same proud and defiant answer. We have a King with us.—*The Sunday at Home.*

The Lord Our Light

It is related that a minister, going from the village into the backwoods to preach to the settlers, on one occasion found it necessary to return at night when it was very dark. A backwoodsman provided him with a torch of pine wood. The minister, who had never seen anything like it, remarked, "It will soon burn out." "It will light you home," answered the man. "The wind may blow it out." "It will light you home," was again the answer. "But what if it should rain?" "It will light you home," was again the insistent answer. Contrary to the minister's fears, the little torch gave abundant light to his path all the way home. So Jehovah, who is our light and our salvation, will not fail.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Hudson Taylor's Trust

When the first party of China Inland Mission workers was preparing to sail, many of their friends could not but be anxious. "You will be forgotten," was the chief concern of some. "With no committee to represent you at home you will be lost sight of in that distant land. Claims are many nowadays. Before long you may find yourselves without even the necessaries of life." "I am taking my children with me," was Hudson Taylor's reply, "and I notice that it is not difficult for me to remember that the little ones need breakfast in the morning, dinner at midday, and something before they go to bed at night. And I find it impossible to suppose that our Heavenly Father is less tender or mindful than I."—*From "Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission," by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.*

Relying on God's Word

Certainly I will be with thee (Exo. 3:12).

I once saw the sun go down into the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. I saw it when it touched the water, a circular ball of fire, six feet in diameter. I saw it when it was half-way submerged, and I could almost hear the water boil. At length it passed out of sight and I saw the water roll over it. Though I saw this, I did not believe it, for I had read from a man named Sir Isaac Newton that the sun which I saw go down was really more than ninety-three millions of miles away, and I believed Sir Isaac Newton in spite of my eyes. Shall I trust a man in spite of my eyes and refuse to trust God?—*A. C. Dixon, in The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Mr. Spurgeon's Faith

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell how he once laughed when preparing a sermon, the only time he ever remembered laughing in so serious a business. He was going to preach on Joseph, but everybody knows that no matter where Spurgeon began he had a short cut to Christ, and he quickly made the journey. He had drawn a picture of the colossal stores of corn in Egypt, the granaries bursting with abundance. There was a supply of corn for seven years. And then in the midst of his vivid conception Spurgeon saw a little mouse in one corner of a granary worrying itself to skin and bone in the fear that there wasn't enough to live on.—*The Christian Herald.*

Struggling and Resting Faith

And ye shall find rest unto your souls (Matt. 11:29).

When Canon Harford Battersby, of Keswick, came back in 1874 from the Oxford Conference, he was asked what he had learned there that was new; and he replied, "I learned the difference between a struggling and a resting faith."—*From the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D., in The Sunday School Times.*

Cardinal Manning's Faith

If God is for us, who is against us? (Rom. 8:31).

The following is a well-known incident of Cardinal Manning's life. At a time when he was experiencing great depression of soul and a darkening of his faith he had to go into the shop of a well-known book-selling firm for a copy of one of his own books, entitled "Faith in God." As he waited for the book to be sent up from the storeroom he heard a man's voice call up from the lift, "Manning's 'Faith in God' all gone." The cardinal, we are told, took the lesson to his own heart.—*The Christian Herald.*

Not Fully Trusting

But when he saw the wind, he was afraid (Matt. 14:30).

Going by train over the long bridge across the Potomac, I heard two young women—they appeared to be teachers—conversing. One confessed to being very timid when crossing such long and high bridges. "But," said the other, "you must remember you are in the hands of God." "Oh, I know that, of course," her friend said impatiently; "but for pity's sake don't remind me of it till we are safe over." That kind of trust in God is not uncommon, I fear. —*Annie Trumbull Slosson, in The Christian Endeavour World.*

The Rock Does Not Tremble

Canon Hoare had been speaking of Christ, the Rock on which we stand, and said, "But if I am a poor trembling sinner, what good is a Rock to me?" To which a little ragged lad made reply, "My feet may trimble on the Rock, but the Rock won't trimble under me!"—*From "Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study," by D. L. Moody.*

TRUTHFULNESS

Geo. Washington's Truthfulness

Edna Groff Diehl tells a story about George Washington in the *Christian Intelligencer* which we have not seen before.

She says:

His mother owned an extremely spirited, blooded sorrel which everyone pronounced too vicious to ride. Young George was determined to ride this colt, so early one morning, taking his companions into the field, he told them that if they would catch the sorrel, he would do the rest.

No sooner was he mounted, than the animal began to rear madly, and plunge across the field. Washington's young companions were frightened, and pleaded with him to give up, but he kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or the mastery of the colt.

Suddenly, the young sorrel, determined to be rid of its rider, violently leaped into the air, and in so doing, burst a blood vessel, and fell dead.

Just then the boys were called to breakfast. Washington's mother, who was most fond of her horses, asked the boys about her spirited colt the first thing. They looked at one another, afraid to speak, for they knew how grieved she would be, but her son said, "The sorrel is dead. I killed him."

Then, regardless of his mother's flushed, angry face he told the whole story, not sparing himself. And so, in all his athletic youth, in all his fiery manhood, regardless of a high temper, while controlling and managing and directing others, he always kept the celestial fire of conscience alive in his breast.—*The New York Weekly Witness.*

A Truthful Soldier

In a Canadian camp somewhere in England a second George Washington has been found. He, in company with several others, had been granted four days' leave, and, as usual, wired for extension. But no hackneyed excuse was his. In fact, it was so original that it has been framed and now hangs in a prominent spot in the battalion orderly room. It ran as follows:

"Nobody dead, nobody ill; still going strong, having a good time and got plenty of money. Please grant extension."

And he got it!—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Chinese Gordon on Veracity

Speak ye truth (Zech. 8:16).

"If you tell the truth," wrote Chinese Gordon to his sister, "you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and a jealous Protector. We go to other gods,—Baal, etc.,—when we lie; we rely on other than God. We may for a time seem to humbug men, but not God. It is indeed worldly silliness to be deceitful. . . . Oh! be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your wayfarings." It is the fearless and exceptionless veracity of such men which gives them their power. To the men of acknowledged highest character no lie is justifiable. They do not gird their loins with deceit. In their inward parts is truth.—*Robert E. Speer, in The Sunday School Times.*

Lying Never Justifiable

Said one of the older citizens of Lawrence, Kan., to the writer a few years ago, "I never in all my life was in so tight a place as when one of Quantrell's band, in the great raid of 1836, with the muzzle of a cocked pistol close to my head, demanded to know if I were an abolitionist. The raiders were shooting down my neighbours all about me, but the thought flashed through my mind, if I say, No! I shall ever afterwards be ashamed to look any one in the face; so I answered, Yes. An officer in command, standing near, for some reason, I never knew what, shouted, 'Don't shoot him!' The pistol was removed. I assure you I took a long breath of relief, and have ever since been thankful that I was enabled to tell the truth."—*From "Principles and Practice of Morality," by Dr. E. G. Robinson.*

Avoiding the Trap

A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy." "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."—*From the Vermont Chronicle.*

Had Become Truthful

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old coloured man seated on a drygoods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington—am I mistaken?" "Well, sah," said Uncle Mose, "I uster 'member seen'n him, but I done fo'got since I j'ned de chu'ch."—*From The Expositor.*

An Honest Scientist

One of the good things told of Arago, a distinguished member of the French Academy, as illustrative of both his courage and his character, was his frank and fearless answer to a lady who came to him as though he knew everything, and asked the question: "What are comets made of?" "Madam, I do not know," was his reply. "Then what is the use of being an Academician?" "Madam, that I may be able to say I do not know."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

UNBELIEF

Horace Greeley's Test

On the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street, New York City, where Horace Greeley's Statue now stands, stood a man offering $20.00 gold pieces for $1.00 each. All day he kept up loudly announcing his wares, but of the thousands that passed him, most paid no attention and others either laughed or scowled at him. About fifteen minutes before six o'clock, when he was about to quit, a woman timidly approached him and, after carefully investigating the gold piece, by biting it and testing its sound, by throwing it on the pavement, she reluctantly paid the

dollar and pocketed the golden double eagle. Ten minutes later, just as the man was about to go home, the woman reappeared accompanied by two friends and between them they purchased the rest of the man's stock, consisting of eight double eagles, worth $160.00, for $8.00 in bills.

The next and for several following mornings, the street was crowded for blocks with the same woman in the lead waiting for the vender of gold coins, but he never appeared again. This story is known to be true and Horace Greeley is responsible for the incident in demonstration of his theory that most poverty is due to the fact that the general public refuse to believe even in the face of overwhelming evidence and there is the point.—*Selected.*

UNITY

Team Work

In one of his addresses Mr. W. C. Pearce tells of being on the street in Chicago one day when a trolley-car was held up for some time by a heavy wagon getting stuck on the track. Two span of horses vainly tugged to pull it off, but their efforts amounted to nothing, as they pulled alternately instead of simultaneously. After a little a teamster came along driving a compact team of bays. "Take off those horses," said he, "and let me have a chance at that load." The men laughed at him and said, "What can your team do when four horses have failed?" "Well," said he, "I'd like to have a try at it." Having hitched his team up to the load, he gently tightened the reins, and then quietly uttered the two words: "Steady—together." The horses responded by settling into their collars for a long, strong pull, with the result that the load moved, and the crowd cheered.—*Onward.*

The Bamboo Rods

Dr. Simpson tells the story of a bell that had been sunk in the river. "Unavailing efforts had been made by various engineers to raise it. At last a clever native priest asked permission to make the attempt, on condition that the bell should be given to his temple. He then had his assistants gather an immense number of bamboo rods. These are hollow, light, and buoyant, and can scarcely be kept from floating on the water. They were taken down by divers, one by one, and fastened to the bell at the bottom of the river. After many thousands of them had thus been securely fastened, it was noticed that the bell began to move, and when the last one had been added the buoyancy of the accumulated rods was so great that they actually lifted that enormous mass of bronze to the surface of the stream. Every whisper of believing prayer," he says, "is like one of the little bamboo rods. For a time they seem to be in vain, but it was the one more rod, the last featherweight of power, that made all the others effectual and brought the consummation.—*The Sunday School Times.*

The Unity of Christians

John said unto him, Teacher, we saw one casting out demons in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followed not us (Mark 9:38).

"Oh," said a woman to me the other day, "do you belong to us?" "Well," said I, "who are 'us'? That is a new denomination to me. I belong to Him." I like the Augustinian Creed: "A whole Christ for my salvation, the whole Bible for my study, the whole church for my fellowship, and the whole world for my parish, that I may be a true catholic and not a sectarian."—*Rev. Charles Inglis, in Record of Christian Work.*

United On Fundamentals

At a large party in a London drawing-room, a sceptic said, scornfully: "I've been wondering how you Christians can expect us rational men to accept your doctrines, when you are so ridiculously unable to agree among yourselves. I see here tonight English Churchmen, High, Broad, and Low, a Roman Catholic, a member of the Greek church, a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, a Congregationalist, an Irvingite, and a Quaker,—where and what is truth?" The gentleman addressed secured permission from his host to make an experiment. Obtaining silence, he asked the guests to give serious attention to a few words of supreme importance. "I appeal to you," he said, "in the cause of our common Christianity, and I solemnly call upon those who believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the Son of Mary, that He came into the world, was made flesh, and was crucified to save sinners, that He rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, ever liveth to make intercession for us, and will come again at the end of the world to judge the quick and the dead, I ask you to kneel and repeat with me

the prayer which He has taught us." And all knelt but one.—*From "More Memories," by Dean Holt.*

The International Gun

Professor Gamewell tells us the story of that old cannon, afterward known as the international gun, in the siege of Peking—that time of peril when every one was at work and when even missionaries became military engineers. Every man was either a soldier or a sentinel. The old gun was mounted on an Austrian carriage and was loaded with German powder and Russian shells. The old English six-pounder was fired by the trained eye and skilled hand of an American gunner. All the nations united in the fire of that old gun. Oh, if I could see that there could be such a concert in the desperate conflict with the enemies of the gospel in this wicked world!—*The Classmate.*

A Symbol of Christian Unity

Charles Reade says that on a blank leaf of his grandmother's Bible was drawn a circle with several radii converging to the center, which was named Christ, while on the radii were written the names of different denominations of Christians. Underneath the circle were written the words, "The nearer to the center, the nearer to one another."—*The Christian Herald.*

Co-Operation of Churches

The following incident happened in a small Western town where the people are poor and where, though there are several churches, they frequently borrow each other's equipment and work together in harmony. One evening a church bell was heard ringing vigourously. The family seated around the tea table looked up in surprise. "What bell is that?" they asked in chorus. No one seemed to know until at last one exclaimed, "Oh, I remember now! That is the Episcopal bell ringing for the Baptist revival that begins at the Presbyterian church tonight." There was no hard feeling there!—*The Youth's Companion.*

VANITY

Burning of the Vanities

Savonarola once marked his strong condemnation of luxury by collecting a large number of articles which he regarded as vanities during the carnival to be burned in the Piazza della Signoria, Florence, on Shrove Tuesday, 1497. In this "burning of the vanities" were included fancy costumes, carnival masks, false hair and rouge pots, cards and dice boxes, books and pictures, together with casts and valuable sculptures of questionable character. Built up into a pyramid of seven stages—signifying the seven deadly sins—the pile was burned by lighting fagots placed in the center, while children standing round sang hymns before the assembled crowds.—*Sabbath Reading.*

A Vain Church-Goer

A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited, and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said it had been trimmed on the wrong side. "But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it should be." "It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back, or right or left, it must be on the church side." "Church side," gasped the astonished girl. "Yes, church side. I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it." Some so-called Christians arrange their spiritual decorations in the same way.—*The Youth's Companion.*

WAR

Sandy's Trophy

And he made of one every nation (Acts 17:26).

Scene: An English hospital. A Highlander with a German helmet.

"So you've brought back his helmet, Sandie, my man?
And you've killed him, I guess? It's a trophy you've won?"
"Na-a, na-a," replied Sandie, "that wasna the plan;
The man was a freend, gin ye'll wait till I'm done.
I dressed his wound, and he sorted mine.
No' a word could we speak, the ane tae the ither;
But I lookit at him, and I kent him a brither;
And I gied him my bonnet, in token ye ken.
He lauched, an' he grippit may han' —and then

He gied me his helmet; it came tae my mind,
Here's a trophy, thocht I, of a new-fangled kind.
I dressit his wound, and he dressit mine.
No' a word could we speak, the ane to the ither;
But, tho' he was German, I kent him a brither."

—*A. J. Dawbrey, in Australasian Field.*

Why the Firing Ceased

And on earth peace among men (Luke 2:14).

A day was dawning on a battlefield in Northern France through a fog so thick that no one could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had gone forward, but between the two positions a lonely farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose, heavy guns began to boom. But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a strange, dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible! But it was not, for there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe. This spot which had been an inferno of shot and shell, was now something like a peaceful island or a cool friendly oasis in a desert. Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. No shots came from the trenches, but along both lines there rang out a mighty cheer. The coming of a little babe had brought peace, just as nearly two thousand years ago, when the Prince of Peace was born on that Christmas morning, He brought peace and goodwill to men.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Small Causes of War

Nine hundred years ago a dispute between Modena and Bologna over a well bucket began a war which devastated Europe. A Chinese emperor once went to war over the breaking of a teapot; Sweden and Poland flew at each other's throats in 1654 because the king of Sweden discovered that his name in an official dispatch was followed by only two etceteras, while the king of Poland's had three. The spilling of a glass of water over the Marquis de Torey led to war between France and England, and a small boy, by throwing a pebble at the duc de Guise, led to the massacre of Vassy and the thirty years' war.—*Argus.*

Converting War Implements

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation (Isa. 2:4).

I saw a picture the other day which was intended to represent the reenshrinement of peace. A cannon had dropped from its battered carriage, and was lying in the meadow rusting away to ruin. A lamb was feeding at its very mouth, and round it on every side flowers were growing. But really that is not a picture of the Golden Age. The cannon is not to rust: it is to be converted; its strength is to be transfigured. After the Franco-German war many of the cannon-balls were remade into church-bells. One of our manufacturers in Birmingham told me only a week or two ago that he was busy turning the empty cases of the shells used in the recent war into dinner-gongs.—*J. H. Jowett, in Hastings' "Great Texts of the Bible."*

Stonewall Jackson's Prayer

Even the mightiest fighters themselves realise that it is better to walk in the paths of God. "As Stonewall Jackson stood one morning at the door of his tent, the soldiers in blue in the distance, beside him the soldiers in gray, a battle being imminent, he offered a prayer like this: 'O God, bring quick victory to one army or the other. O God, settle this cruel warfare, and send us back to our homes, to our God-given purpose of winning men to Jesus Christ.'"—*From "Men and Religion."*

WISDOM

Wisdom Better Than Rubies

Wisdom is better than rubies (Prov. 8:11).

One of our children, still in the lisping, stammering age, mangled this line badly by reading: "Wisdom is better than rubbish." And yet how true it is that all is rubbish in comparison with the true wisdom,—which begins only with the fear of the Lord.—*W. S. C. Webster.*

WORK

Work!

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamouring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labour daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world. . . .
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so high as the aim of it,
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills,
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the Master heart. . . .
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendour of work!

—*Angela Morgan.*

WORLDLINESS

We Then That Are Strong

A young girl, who was being urged to come into the church, said frankly:

"I am fond of dancing and cards, and, though I don't see any harm in them, I know most religious people are opposed to them. If I should join the church and keep on at these things, lots of people would think I was a hypocrite."

"Well, what of that, if you are sure you are right?"

"Why—why, I'd be harming the people who didn't believe in me. At least, I couldn't do them any good."

Out of her own mouth she had condemned herself. She had confessed that these worldly pleasures were responsible for her remaining out of Christ, and she had no reason for believing that her case was an exceptional one. She had admitted that they spoiled the Christian influence of those who indulged in them. The only plea in their favour was, "They do not hurt me."

Has this command gone out of fashion, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," or have we substituted, "We then that are strong ought to do as we please because we can"?—*The Lookout.*

Safety Only In Instruction

Just out of reach from my window stretches a wire, which carries a heavy current of electricity for light and power. It is carefully insulated at every pole that supports it, and is carried well out of common reach. If I could lean far enough out to touch it, death would be swifter than the tiger's leap or the serpent's sting, as swift as the lightning stroke. Yet the doves light on it and take no harm. The secret is that, when they touch the full-powered wire, they touch nothing else. They give themselves wholly to it. My danger would be that, while I touched the wire, I should also be touching the earth through the walls of my house, and the current would turn my body into a channel for escape. But they rest wholly on the wire, and experience neither dread nor danger. They are one with it, and they are safe. So would God have us seek our safety in complete surrender to His power and love. It is when we reach one hand to Him, while we yet keep fast hold of some forbidden thing with the other, that we are in danger.—*The Christian Endeavour World.*

Minding Earthly Things

"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and had it fixed so it would swing round easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it—the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She stayed a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down, I asked her if she'd discovered anything new. 'Yes,' she says, 'why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their windows and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!' And actually that was all that woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbours! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."—*The Epworth Herald.*

Too Busy to Love God

A father had a daughter about eleven years old. They were great friends and much in each other's company.

About this time the father noted a change in his daughter. He was not able to get her company as he had been. If he went for a walk, she excused herself from going. He grieved about it, but could not understand. When his birthday came, she presented him with a pair of exquisitely worked slippers, saying, "I have made them for you." Then he understood what had been the matter for the past three months, and he said, "My darling, I like these slippers very much, but next time buy the slippers and let me have you all the days. I would rather have my child than anything she can make for me." Some of us are so busy for the Lord that He cannot get much of us. To us He would say, "I know your works, your labour, your patience, but I miss the first love."—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

A Race-Track Gambler

A gentleman was traveling from Cambridge to York. Ere he started he furnished himself with a pocketful of tracts; and as the train glided out of Cambridge station, he began to hand them around. One of the passengers refused, and taking a race card out of his pocket, he held it up, saying, "You see this; that's my religion." "It is, my friend?" "Yes," he replied. "I suppose you have a good many of those cards?" "Oh, yes, I have them pinned all over my mantel-piece." "Well, then, go on and collect as many more as you can; pin them all around your room; and when the doctor tells you that you have only ten minutes to live, take them all down, count them over, and see what your religion is worth." They sat quiet, the one in silent prayer and the other in anxious thought. When the gentleman opened the door to alight, the man said, "I say, you can give me one of those papers if you will." The tract was immediately given; but the result is known only to Him who will not let His Word return void, but will make it accomplish His purpose.—*The British Evangelist.*

Closing the Door

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by-and-by said sharply, "If you'll shut the door you can hear." His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice, but the street and store noises too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been shut enough. Man's voice and God's voice get mixed in their ears.—*S. D. Gordon in "Quiet Talks on Prayer."*

Making No Progress

Two intoxicated Scotchmen, a few years ago, got into a boat to start to their island home. Each took an oar, and, after casting off the headline, began to row. They rowed and rowed and rowed. They were not in a condition to discover the curious and eccentric motion of the boat. After they had rowed an hour or so one of them said, "It seems to me, Sandy, that we're a long time getting off from land." And they actually spent a whole night in rowing before they discovered that the stern-line had not been cast off. There are a great many Christians who row and row, but they keep bounding back, and they do not know what the matter is, till finally they discover that they have not cast off the stern-line,—they have not cut loose from the things that are behind, and so they cannot reach unto the things that are before.—*From "George F. Pentecost's Life, Labours, and Bible Studies," by Rev. P. C. Headley.*

Could Go Anywhere

Evil companionships corrupt good morals (1 Cor. 15:33).

"I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continual attendance at some doubtful places of amusement. "Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party. "Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked, petulantly. "Yes, mum," returned the old man, "there is nothing to keep you from wearing a white frock down there, but there will be considerable to keep you from wearing one back."—*L. A. Banks in Record of Christian Work.*

Why the Boat Did Not Move

Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men (Luke 2:52).

A gentleman was walking on the parade at Llandudno, and was watch-

ing a pretty little vessel with its white sail shining in the sunlight. "How is it that that ship does not seem to be moving?" he said to a seaman standing by; "her sails are spread, and there is plenty of breeze, but she seems to make no progress." "She's anchored," replied the sailor. "That's just how it is with many of us," said the gentleman in answer, "there is everything to help us on in our heavenward journey, but we can make no progress at all because we are anchored to something here on earth—some sin indulged in, or some worldliness we will not give up."—*The Home Messenger.*

Going Straight Home

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith (2 Tim. 4:7).

A gentleman was hurrying along the street one evening just as the great army of clerks was hurrying out from one of the stores like a swarm of bees. Suddenly he noted at his side a couple of young men; one of them was asking the other to go with him to a place of entertainment, and he noted the tone of decision as the reply was given, "No, thank you, I am going straight home," and away he went at a quick, strong stride. As the gentleman walked on he thought of the heavenly home, and the question came to him, "Am I going straight home, through all the turmoil and weariness of life's day? Is my face always steadfastly turned toward that home?" As Paul looked back upon his life he was able to say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Worldliness and Soul-Winning

Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men (Matt. 4:19).

A young lady, once a society belle, and fond of worldly amusements, consecrated her life to the Lord's work. In a rescue mission she was asked to speak to a poor wreck of a man who had been a gambler. He looked at her suspiciously as he asked, "Do you play cards, or dance, or go to the theater?" 'No, not now," she replied. "Well, then you may talk to me; but I won't listen to one word from you fine folks who are doing on a small scale the very things that brought us poor wretches to where we are." And the young lady afterward said she had found more real joy in the leading of that lost soul to Christ than she ever found in the pleasures of the world.—*From "The Art of Soul-Winning," by J. W. Mahood.*

Earth Loses Its Attraction

The weight of a load depends upon the attraction of the earth. But suppose the attraction of the earth were removed. A ton on some other planet, where the attraction of gravity is less, does not weigh half a ton. Now, Christianity removes the attraction of the earth, and this is one way in which it diminishes men's burdens. It makes them citizens of another world. What was a ton yesterday is not half a ton today.—*From Drummond's Addresses.*

Not Real Christians

And the evil spirit answered and said unto them, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? (Acts 19:15).

Last summer I heard Gipsy Smith tell of a certain woman he once saw in a gipsy camp. She was well disguised, and was telling fortunes to people. Mr. Smith, because he so thoroughly knew his own people, readily saw that she was not what she claimed to be. After talking with her for a time, she laughed and said: "Oh, I can't fool you; I ain't a real gipsy; I just joined." The sweet-spirited evangelist lamented that there are, in the family home of Christ, so many who have "just joined," and are not "real" Christians.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Not Following Christ

Cleave unto Jehovah your God (Josh. 23:8).

One of the most effective answers I have heard to the oft-recurring question of doubtful amusements in the Christian's life was that given at a Question Meeting at Keswick Convention some years ago by a speaker who quoted a conversation between a worldly church-member and her pastor. The worldly one, defending her practises, said, "But, Mr. X., I can take Jesus Christ with me to the theater and ballroom." To which the pastor quietly replied: "Indeed, is that so? You 'can take Jesus with' you. I did not know that was the order—that it was yours to lead and His to follow."—*The Sunday School Times.*

How to Decide

Do all to the glory of God (1 Cor. 10:31).

The story is told of a man who spent a considerable time one morning debat-

ing with himself as to whether or not his collar was too soiled to be worn another day. Economy was not to be entirely overlooked in his affairs, yet he did not wish to wear an untidy neck-piece. His wife settled the question for him finally by remarking, "If it's doubtful, it's dirty." As a rule avoid the thing that is doubtful, and you will be on the safe side.—*Onward.*

A Dishonest Church Member

A professing Christian sold a bale of poor hay to a certain colonel, who rebuked him, and the church-member whined, "I am a soldier, too." "You!" ejaculated the colonel in a tone of disgust. "What kind of a soldier are you?" "I am a soldier of the cross," said the skinflint, with a detestable flourish of the hand. "That may be," said the colonel, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you." —*Adapted from The Expositor.*

Driving Fast—But Where?

Mr. Huxley, it is said, was once on his way to a meeting of the British Association in Dublin, and, arriving late at the station, he threw himself into a jaunting-car and called out to the coachman, "Drive fast." Away went the cab, jolting over the streets, until Mr. Huxley inquired, "Do you know where you are going?" and the driver answered, "No, I don't know where we are going, but anyway I'm driving fast." Is that not a picture of the modern life,—driving fast, but going nobody knows where: a speed without purpose, a restlessness without end or peace?—*From "Afternoons in the College Chapel," by Francis G. Peabody.*

Giving Up, or Taking?

To most young people the first thought which presents itself is, "What must I give up if I become a Christian? Of what pleasures must I be denied? What good times must I forego?" David asked, "What shall I render [give up] unto the Lord?" But the answer came immediately, "I will take—" And that which we are to take far outweighs that which we give up. If we want to gather flowers, we must not fill our hands with weeds.—*Condensed from "A Young Girl's Religion."*

Not Giving Up the World

A man said to D. L. Moody, "Now that I am converted, have I got to give up the world?" Mr. Moody answered, "No, you haven't to give up the world; if you give a good ringing testimony for the Son of God the world will give you up pretty quick; they won't want you around."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

It Cost the World

"I would give the world to have your experience," said a wealthy man to a devoted Christian lady. "That's just what it cost me," she replied; "I gave the world for it."—*The Herald of Salvation.*

The Nardoo Plant

In Central America there grows a plant called the nardoo, which, although it satisfies hunger, is said to be destitute of all nutritious elements, and a party of Englishmen once perished of starvation while feeding daily upon it. This is the experience of those who find their portion in earthly things. Their desires are crowned, but they are actually perishing of want. God gives them their request, but sends leanness to their souls.—*Alice M. Upton.*

Coming Out From the World

Kosantone, a converted Chinese, when in America on a visit, was deeply impressed with the little difference he saw between the style of living of many professing Christians and the men of the world. Adverting to the matter on one occasion, he said, making at the same time a large sweep with his arm, "When the disciples of my country come out from the world, they *come clear out.*"—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

Unhappy Lukewarm Christian

An old coloured woman was describing a young member of her church, as having "jes' 'nough r'ligion to make her miser'ble—too much to be happy at dances, an' too little to be happy in pra'r meeting'." Alas! the type is common—a troubled spirit that halts half way, afraid to go back and unwilling to go forward. There is no peace in the borderland. The half-way Christian is a torment to himself and no benefit to others.—*Christian Endeavour World.*

An Ocean Between

How long go ye limping between the two sides? (1 Kings 18: 21).

An eccentric man once built his house on the extreme western coast of

reland, because he wished to reside ext to an American town. In a sense e did live next to one, yet the Atlantic)cean stretched between. When we ave brought the worldly, sensual, or elfish life as near the Christian life as ossible, an ocean wider and deeper ian the Atlantic will roll between iem. We must belong to one or the ther. The Israelites must serve God r Baal.—*From "The Education of the leart," by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson.*

Tired of Border Christians

And be not fashioned according to his world; but be ye transformed by he renewing of your mind (Rom. 2:2).

I am sick and tired of border-Christians. I wish they would stay in ie world, unless they will come clean ut. . . . There's a great difference etween being in the world, and having ie world in us; let a ship be in the vater and it's all right, but let the vater be in the ship and down she oes.—*D. L. Moody.*

Drowning Christians

A few years ago a policeman shouted o a boy in the Canal at Preston, Eng-nd, "Hello! Why are you bathing iere?" "Please, sir, I'm not. I'm rowning," was the boy's answer, and e sank almost immediately. The po-ceman dived and rescued him. Many ersons who are supposed to be having good time in the world are really osing their lives. It is the duty and rivilege of Christ's followers to rescue iem.—*Living Water.*

Feeding at the Swill Barrel

The man who turns his back on hrist and heaven for the devil and ell is like a humming-bird leaving a ower for a swill barrel.—*From a ser-ion by Billy Sunday.*

Speaking of Kings

The pupils of a certain school were sked to write an essay on "Kings," nd one boy who was original produced ie following composition: "The most owerful king on earth is Wor-king; ie laziest, Shir-king; one of the worst ings, Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; ie quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, rin-king; the slyest, Win-king; the oisiest, Tal-king."—*Rev. T. J. Gaehr.*

Worldly Churches

The proper place for the ship to be in the water, but if the water gets into the ship the ship will sink. The proper place for the church is in the world, but if the "world" gets into the church the church will go down in disgrace.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Double-Minded Christians

Serve him with a perfect heart (1 Chron. 28:9).

God's chosen builders must be characterised by singleness and simplicity. He can do nothing with "double" men, who do things only "by half," giving one part to Him and the other part to Mammon. It is like giving the stock of a gun to one man and the barrel to another; and the effect is nil. No, the entire gun! The "perfect heart"!—*From "My Daily Meditation," by J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

The Right of Way

I found when I was studying law that there was a law of reserved right. For instance, suppose I should sell ten thousand acres of land, and should retain one acre in the center. I would have a right to go over those 9999 acres to get to mine. One trouble with us is that we reserve a room in our hearts which belongs to Satan, and he knows it and uses his right of way.—*A. T. Pierson, in Record of Christian Work.*

Debauched by the Theatre

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Evangelist,* speaking of the arrest of a theatrical manager who since has been convicted and imprisoned, says: "On his former arrest, among those who appeared against him was a leading politician, who, in great distress, stated that his only son, a lad of sixteen, had been debauched through the influence of this theatre, and had become a drunkard, vicious, and every way dissolute. The mayor heard him in silence, and then replied: 'I am sorry for your son, but I have small sympathy for you. Five years ago I introduced into our legislature a bill to abolish these places. It passed the senate, and was defeated in the house by your single opposition.' Inquiry at the mayor's office confirmed this statement as literally true. If the numbers of youth debauched and ruined by our theaters could be ascertained it would prove to be exceeded only by the number ruined by the dram-shop."—*The Sunday School Times.*

What Self-Control Means

People say to me, "Oh, religion—it is all about limitations and restrictions.

It means that a man is to be reined in, and not allowed the legitimate use of his natural passions and appetites." Not at all. I have lately had an opportunity of seeing some of the dark and erratic ways of motor-cars, and one of the great things they say of a car is, "I have got it under complete control." Well, what does it mean? That it won't go? You don't suppose that the man who has got a motor-car at the side of a road, which absolutely will not move, is inclined to say, "My car is under such perfect control." The ideal of a car that is subject to perfect control is that it will travel easily at its highest speed, that it will do exactly what is required of it, and do it easily without stress or strain. That is the complete ideal.—*Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, M.A.*

The Perfect Law of Liberty

A man who was seeking to become a Christian thus bemoaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ: "I shall have to give up so much. There are many things I do now that I can't do then." "But," said the Christian brother, "there are many things you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thorough-going Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." In accepting Christ we do not surrender our liberty, but slavery; then we become free to do what we please because we are pleased to do God's will. Therefore, "if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new."—*Record of Christian Work.*

Going Into Rattle-Snake Dens

Roy Jones, clerk in a hotel at Los Angeles, California, stumbled over an embankment into a den of rattlesnakes, at the mouth of Eagle Rock Canyon. He said, "It seemed as if a thousand pairs of eyes were focused on me, the forked little tongues glistening in the sunlight. I was almost paralysed with fear. One big rattler wound itself around my camera, and then my friend Ben called to me. He climbed down to my rescue with two big sticks, and we killed four or five snakes, and then got out of the way in a hurry. That experience will remain fresh in my memory as long as I live." Jones stumbled into the den of snakes by accident. There are many that go down into dens of moral evil intentionally, some of them being poisoned to death by the serpent's bite; others, aroused by the call of a friend, make good their escape from death.—*F. C. Iglehart, in The Christian Herald.*

Trapped by the Sundew

A man lying upon the grass noticed a little plant of sundew; presently a tiny fly alighted upon it, and tasted one of the tempting glands which grow upon the sundew. Suddenly three crimson-tipped, finger-like hairs bent over and touched its wings with a sticky touch, which held it fast. The fly struggled in vain to get free, but the more it struggled the more hopelessly it became besmeared. It still, however, protruded its tongue, feasting as it was, being more and more firmly held by other hairs, or tentacles, as they are called. When the captive was entirely at the mercy of the plant, the edges of the leaf folded inwards, and looked like a closed fist. Two hours later the fly was an empty sucked skin, and the leaf was opening for another unwary visitor. So we often do not realise the danger of sin until it holds us bound.—*Dr. Crafts in The Christian Herald.*

The Alluring Grass Slopes

During the last year or two there has been an extraordinary number of Alpine accidents, and in several instances they arose from a disregard of the danger of a grass slope. The inexperienced mountaineer thinks that a grass slope must be safe, and setting his foot on the inviting green discovers that it is every bit as dangerous as the ice, if it be steep and terminate in a precipice. The short Alpine grass is remarkably slippery, and many a tourist who had safely traveled over rock and glacier has fallen a victim to the treacherous slope where the verdant patch and mountain flower tempt the climber. We are comparatively safe when a thing is nakedly evil and the situation confessedly dangerous, but the green slope lures us to our doom.—*From "The Duty of Imperial Thinking," by W. L. Watkinson.*

Made for the Sky-Road

A little lad listening to the mythical story of Pegasus, the winged horse, suddenly exclaimed, "Pegasus could not travel on the dirt road, could he, Auntie, because he was made for the

sky road?" Are not all Christians made for the sky road? If they are traveling the "dirt road" it must be because they have been disobedient to the heavenly vision.—*Adapted from the Record of Christian Work.*

WORRY

Borrowing Troubles

How we worry unnecessarily! I remember a bit of newspaper-verse. Where I read it, I do not know, but the words themselves "stick like burrs":

"Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived:
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived."
—*Elizabeth Shute Stoddard.*

Unloading Our Cares

Casting all your anxiety upon him (1 Pet. 5:7).

Where our version reads "casting," in the passage "Casting all your care upon him," the French translation is *unloading,* according to *The Christian Advocate.* "The word 'cast' might seem to bring to our mind the action of taking up something and throwing it over on Jesus; but many times, dear friends, have you not found the cares too heavy to lift? Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the cart a little pin, and the cart was so balanced on the axle that then, with a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up, and the whole load slide off to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take up the burden; just take out the pin of your little endeavours to help matters, and, with your hands of faith and committal, tip up the big load, and then run on, for 'He takes care of you.'"—*F. J. Hart, D.D.*

A Don't Worry Appeal

The best "Don't Worry" appeal has been issued by the United States Public Health Service. In a statement presenting statistics on nervous diseases and showing the tendency of the worry habit to shorten life this service says: "So far as is known, no bird ever tried to build more nests than its neighbour; no fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in which to hide; no squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of one, and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he did not have enough bones laid aside for his declining years."—*The Herkimer Citizen.*

WORSHIP

Making Heart Melody

There is a story of some monks in France who were beloved for their loving sympathy and kind deeds; but not one of them could sing. Try as they would, the music in their services was a failure, and it became a great grief to them that only in their hearts could they "make melody to the Lord." One day, a traveling monk, a great singer, asked for entertainment. Great was their joy, for now they could have him sing for their services, and they planned to keep him with them always. But that night an angel came to the abbot in a dream. "Why was there no music in your chapel tonight? We always listen for the beautiful music that rises in your services." "You must be mistaken!" cried the abbot. "Usually we have no music worth hearing; but tonight we had a trained singer with a wonderful voice, and he sang the service for us. For the first time in all these years our music was beautiful." The angel smiled. "And yet up in heaven we heard nothing," he said softly.—*The Youth's Companion.*

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